

SAINT
BERNARD

HIS
MEDITATIONS:

OR
Sighes, Sobbes, and Teares,
vpon our Sauours
PASSION:

In Memoriall of his Death.

ALSO
His Motiues to Mortification,
with other Meditations.

The third Edition, much amended:
By W. P. M^r. of Arts in Cambridge.

I COR 2. 2.

*I esteeme not to know any thing amongst you saue
Iesus Christ, and him crucified.*



LONDON:

Printed by T. S. for Francis Burton,
dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the
signe of the greene Dragon. 1614.



TO THE
Right Worshipfull,
Mr. I O H N B V L L O C K E,
of the Inner Temple,
E S Q V I R E.



YR, it was my purpose when I first vnderooke to translate these diuine and comfortable Meditations on the Lords Passion, and Motiues to Mortification, (selected out of the workes of S. BERNARD, and other auncient Writers, not verbally turned into English, but augmented with such other Meditations, as it pleased God to infuse into my minde) to haue dedicated them vnto your worthy Father, who (both in respect of his neere alliance, and other reasons of moment)

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might by his owne right haue challenged that duty at my hands.

But since it seemed good vnto the Diuine Maieſtie, to remoue him from earth, out of the ſocietie of mortall men, to liue for euer in the company of the bleſſed Angels in Heauen, before I could attaine to the accompliſhment of my wiſhed deſires: I could finde none more neere and decre vnto me then your ſelf, who might vouchſafe to giue the firſt kinde entertainement to my well-intended labours, when they ſhould come forth into the light. For as the Lord hath bleſſed you with a peaceable fruition of your Fathers poſſeſſions: ſo no doubt you are alſo a true heire of his commendable Vertues.

My deſire is to profit all, yet I am obliged by many priuate reſpects, to commend my labours, (ſuch as they are) in a more ſpeciall manner vnto your ſelfe, that thereby I might ſcale vnto you, a true aſſurance of my gratefull affection towards you. For farre be it from my thought, that eyther I ſhould forget your kind ſpeeches, or bury your good deed in the darke graue of Obliuion, expreſſed to mee, and extended towards mee at my laſt conference with you.

I know you cannot but kindly accept my ſmall mite, if you ballance it with the willing.

Dedicatorie.

willingnesse of my minde : and I am assured you will not mislike it, in regard of the matter, though happily you may finde some distaste in respect of the stile. I or what can be more fit for these times, then *Motiues to Mortification?* or more comfortable to the soule of a sorrowfull sinner, then a serious Meditation of the bitter Passion of our Crucified Redeemer, *who being God, became man for our sakes: suffered a most cruell death on the Crosse for our sinnes: and being buried, rose againe for our iustification?*

But it is not my purpose heere to relate what sweet streames doe flow from this christall and pure Fountaine, what wholesome fruits may be gathered from this fruitfull Tree, or what rich Treasure may be found in this golden Mine. I desire to containe my lines within the bounds of Mediocritie: especially when the Current of my words turneth towards One whom God hath blessed with capacitie, able to conceiue the great commodities which doe proceed from such Christian exercises: Yet before I make a full period, giue mee leaue (I pray you) to let you vnderstand, that I haue much endeauoured, so to expresse the grieuous Passion of our gracious Redeemer, as if it were now in present action before our eyes, that I might

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the better stirre vp feruent motions of Pietie in the minde, and kindle the sparkes of true deuotion in the heart of the Reader. For indeed, the full scope of my desire is, to glorifie G O D, and benefit my brethren. And that your owne soule, (as also the soule of euery religious Reader,) may be the more neerly and deeply touched, and wounded with a feeling consideration of our Sauours death, I suppose it the best way, after a due preparation thereunto by prayer (without which nothing can be sanctified vnto vs,) to beginne at the first Meditation, and so taking the History of his Passion before you, to proceed vntill you come vnto the yeelding vp of his Ghost vpon the Crosse.

In the progresse whereof, it may please God so to touch your heart with sorrow, that your eyes, (with those in the Gospell, who came to see his death, *Luke 24.48.*) may gush forth Teares for griefe, that so innocent a Lambe should be so despightfully and cruelly tortured, tormented, and crucified. Where also you (in whose person I speake vnto all) may iustly conceiue a double griefe.

First, that *Iesus Christ* (the Righteous,) was killed for sinne.

Secondly, that hee was killed for our sinne.

The

Dedicatorie.

The consideration whereof, should moue all, with weeping *Peter*, *Luke 22.62.* to shed salt and brinish teares of contrition, in remembrance of our offences, that being therewith pricked at the heart, *Christ Iesus* may say vnto our sorrowfull soules, as sometimes he did vnto the *Israelites*, *I haue heard your groaning, and will haue compassion on you*, *Iudg 2.18.* And may also thereunto adde, *Sonne, be of good cheere, thy sinnes are forgiven thee*, *Matth. 9 2.* *Come hither and taste how sweet I thy Lord am: with mee there is plenteous redemption.*

And as in matter of sorrow, it more deeply pierceth the soule of the hearer with griefe, or in matter of delight, more affecteth the minde with ioy, to heare the particular relation of some Tragical euent, or the parts and particles of some delightfull accident reported, then onely to heare a bare narration of either in grosse, without expressing the parts thereof: so likewise it cannot chuse; but more deeply wound the soule of euery Christian, to heare, or read, the speciall and seuerall sufferings of *Christ* in his *Passion*, then if it were onely sayd thus, *Christ died for vs.*

But least I draw my lines beyond the limits of due measure, I heere conclude: desiring the *L O R D* to blesse you, and

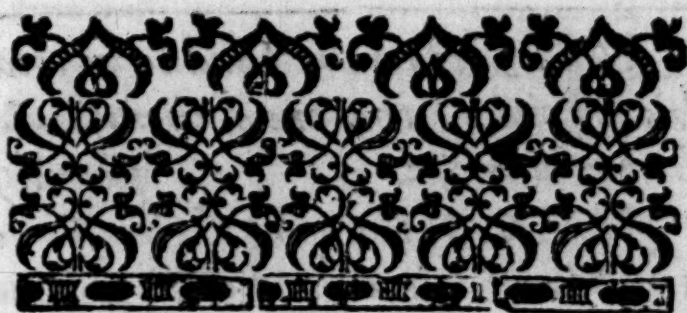
The Epistle Dedicatorie.

the rest of your Fathers issue, with many
happy dayes vpon earth, and when they
are ended heere in peace, to receiue you
all into his heauenly Kingdome of euer-
lasting Glory.

Yours ready at

command,

W.P.



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FINIS.



1919a





MOST DEVOVT
MEDITATIONS, vpon the
 most holy and bitter Passion of
our Lord Iesus Christ.

M E D. I.

A Meditation of the comming
 of the Lord Iesus into Hierusalem, ri-
 ding vpon an Asse, and the bringing in
 of him into the Citie, with Songs and
 Praises, and of his returne into Be-
 thany the same day.

*Into ^a Hierusalem our Saniour
 rides*

^a Mat. 21.5.

*Upon an ^b Asse, (a simple harm-
 lesse beast:)*

^b Mat. 21.7.

*The people spread their ^c clothes
 and boughes besides,*

^c Mat. 21.8.

*Crying ^d Hosanna, Thou in Hea-
 uen highest.*

^d Mat. 21.9.



He time approaching,
 which the Diuine prou-
 dence had from eternity
 pre-

prefixed, in which my most kinde and louing Iesus should come to his preordained Passion, & cruell death of the Crosse, which he willingly came to vndergoe, being the onely begotten of God, incarnated in the wombe of the Virgin, as through the whole course of his life he shewed exceeding great humility, so toward the houre of his Passion, comming to the place where hee should endure the torments of a most shamefull & cruel death, he tooke his entrance from humility, when riding meekly vpon an Asse, he came to the Citie, where he should sustaine the vnderferued punishment of the Crosse.

Therefore when the Lord Iesus, sixe dayes before the Passeouer, had made his Supper with his Disciples in *Bethanie*, the towne of *Marie* and *Martha*, in the house of *Simon the Leaper*, which was a friend to the said *Mary* and *Martha*,

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tha, (where *Mary* also had powred
 an Alablaster boxe of precious
 oyntment vpon his head) the
 morning following very carely,
 most kind *Iesus* calling two of his
 Disciples, said, *Goe into the towne*
which is ouer against you, where you
shall find a she-Asse tied and her Colt,
loose them and bring them vnto me:
And if any man shall say any thing
against you, say that the Lord hath
neede of them, and strait-way they
will let them goe. The lowly, and lo-
 uing Disciples obeying the com-
 mandement of their Master, li-
 cense being freely graunted to
 them by the Lord of all creatures,
 they presented the shee-Asse and
 her Colt, to their beloued Redeem-
 er. Then *Iesus* riding vpon the
 Asse, directeth his iourney to-
 wards *Hierusalem*: And when hee
 came to the going downe of the
 mount *Oliues*, many people which
 were come thither, hauing heard
 of

of the strange miracle of *Lazarus*, whom Iesus raised out of his graue, went forth to meete him: And that they might doe him the greater honour, some spread their garments vpon the ground, others cut down boughes from the Trees and strewed them vpon the earth, and all of them, some going before, and some comming behinde, cried, *Hosanna to the Sonne of Dauid, blessed is hee which commeth in the name of the Lord.* And vvith these praises and Iubilies they brought louing Iesus, euen to the Gates of *Hierusalem*, following after him with his Disciples.

And after Iesus beheld the Citie, he now fore-knowing the destruction of it to come (moued with compassion) powred forth teares ouer it, but the *Pharises* and *Scribes* enflamed with the fire of enuie, seeing Iesus to be extolled with admiration and honour, rebuked

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sole redemption, to deliuer vs out of the bondage of eternall death, and from the intollerable paines of euerlasting damnation, to be made coheires with him of a most blessed life in the Kingdome of Heauen.

Learne therefore (oh my soule) to imitate thy blessed Sauour, who abstained from meate to doe the will of his heauenly Father, by seeking by all meanes to winne their soules, who being void of all humanitie, sent him fasting out of their Citie. Oh hard-hearted Iewes, to giue such vnkinde entertainment to my bountifull Lord and louing Iesus ! But be thou kinde (oh my soule) like *Lazarus*, and ready like *Mary* and *Martha*, to receiue thy Sauour, that hee may giue thee *eueralsting bread for thy foode*, and *water of eternall life for thy drinke*. Come and suppe with mee (my sweet Sauour,)
C vouch-

vouchsafe to enter into my simple cottage: I confesse I am vnworthy that thou shouldest come vnder my roofe, yet I know that thou art alwayes willing to come, where thou art kindly and friendly inuited. Open thou the dore of my heart, that thou maist enter and dwell with mee for euer: then *saluation shall come to my whole house*, then I shall lie downe to sleepe in peace, and rise againe without any dread of danger: for I shall be safely couered vnder the shadow of thy wings, and remaine in peaceable securitie vnder thy mightie protection.

Consider (Oh my Soule,) and meditate often in thine inward thoughts, of the strange ingratitude of the stony-hearted Iewes toward thy Sauour I E S V S, who would not afford him so much as a meales meate at night, for his great paines hee tooke with them
all

Med.2. of the Lords passion, 35

all the day; but hee was constrained to returne hungry with his Disciples, from so oppulent and populous a Citie, to *Bethanie*, a poore and small village, there to refresh his weary and weake body: where hee made so small a supper, that he returned hungry to *Hierusalem* the next morning; and spying a Figge-tree which had onely faire leaues, but no fruit to slake his hunger, or to afford him any refreshing in his iourney, he was so highly displeased, that it made so faire a shew, and bare no fruit, that he *curst* it, and so it *withered*, and became *barren for euer*. Beware of
hypocrisie.

Wert thou (oh my gracious Lord) so highlie displeased with this fruitlesse Tree, and wert thou not grieuouslie offended with the vnthankfull Iewes? No doubt but thou hadst iust occasion to haue cursed that vngratefull Nation, whose hearts were so barren, that

they did beare no fruit, and their mindes so deuoid of all common humanitie, that although they euer stood in neede, yet they did neuer deserue any drop of thy sweet and comfortable mercie.

Oh Lord, who can worthilie laud the immeasurable largenesse of thy infinite mercie? who can thoroughly taste the sweetnesse of thy most excellent bountie? It was thy desire to haue wonne them by mildnes: it had beene thy delight to haue conuerted them by kindnesse: thou diddest curse that barren tree which had store of leaues, but no profitable fruit: to teach that gracelesse Nation what thou diddest expect at their hands, and what thou mightst haue iustly inflicted vpon them, for the hardnes of their harts, whose mouths were often filled with religious words, their hearts and hands being euermore emptie of charitable works.

Be

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Be thou wise therefore (oh my soule) thinke not that thou hast done enough if thou vtterly condemne those inhumane and hard-hearted *Jewes*, who had not so much kindnes, as to offer thy Sauiour a crum of bread, or a cup of colde water, vnlesse thou thy selfe make some prouision to entertaine thy louing Iesus, whensoever hee shall vouchsafe to come into thy Cottage, to visit thee in kindnesse: Oh how happie shalt thou be, if thou art prouided to welcome so good a Guest, whose acceptance shall bring thee eternall blessednesse, and who is so kinde, that he will dwell with thee for euer: and where he remaineth, their store is alwayes increased, their riches are multiplyed in abundance: he cannot, he will not be chargeable vnto thee, if thou wilt shew him infallible tokens of thy true loue, and make any prouision,

uision, be it neuer so meane, to receiue him with chearefulnesse: he expecteth no sumptuous preparation, hee longeth for no daintie cates, hee regardeth no magnificent pompe, hee hateth vaine ostentation and outward glorie, he can neuer abide to make any abode in that house which is not furnished with true humilitie. Oh happie is that soule that is not *unprovided at his comming*, but *standeth alwayes ready at the doore to open vnto him, whensoever hee knocketh, and is willing to enter.*

Consider also, ô my soule, the great paines and diligent labours of thy industrious Sauour, who continued the day time in the Temple, preaching, and teaching the people; and in the night, praying, or instructing his Disciples: therefore if thou wilt shew thy selfe a faithfull seruant to so good a Lord, and a louing Disciple to so kinde

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kinde a Maister, set him alwayes before thine eyes, as a perfect patterne and liuely example, to imitate him in the carefull execution of thy lawfull calling.

Weare not out the moment of thy poasting life in carnall delights, fulfilling the lewd desires of the wanton flesh, accounting worldly pleasure thy chiefeſt treasure, and making thy bellie thy God, *for the end of ſuch is eternall damnation.*

God hath giuen man an vpright countenance, that hee should lift vp his head, and looke towards Heauen, therefore derogate not so much from thy dignity, as to haue thine eyes, and thy thoughts, still fixed vpon the earth, like vnto the brut beasts, neuer well pleased, but when (like a Mole) thou art turning ouer thy siluer and golden heapes.

Thou feest (oh my soule) that
C 4 thy

thy louing Sauour Iesus, did seeke by all meanes to benefit the *Iewes*, his vnnaturall Country-men, and to do them all good, but they were alwaies so froward, that they were euermore forward to doe him nothing but mischief and hurt, who hauing exiled tender pittie from their eyes, & all humane compassion from their harts, had not onely so much kindenes, as to offer him a morsell of meat to refresh his weary body at night, when he had laboured all day to feed their soules with spirituall bread: but most vnkindely their chiefe rulers and the Scribes, held a Councell against him, *complotted many strange inuentions, forged many odious calumniations, and imagined many false crimes, cruelly to deprive him of his harmelesse life, and to accelerate his speedy death* : because the good deeds which Christ did daily to the people, were vnwelcome newes to their eares, and
bred

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bred nothing else, but sorrow in
their enuious mindes.

Therefore they raged with fury, and conspired in bitterneſſe of their malice, how they might *entrap* Christ Ieſus by craft and subtiltie, and ſo like an innocent Lambe, lead him away to the ſlaughter: for ſo fell was their hatred to the life of our Sauour, & ſo greedie were they to haſten his death, that had they not feared that the people would haue hindred their wicked purpoſes, interrupting the courſe of their malicious practiſe, they would haue vented their ſwelling ſpite, and diſgorged their full ſtomackes, ſurcharged with malice againſt him, on the feaſt-day: but they ſuſpected their cruell deede, at that time, would haue ſtirred vp greater tumults amongſt the people, which did reuerence Ieſus, as a Prophet: for if they might haue had their owne will, and ſatiſfied

the longing of their enuious humour, they would haue spared no day, nor regarded any place, so they might haue split his innocent blood.

Oh with what damnable counsell and diuellish deuises, doe I heare thy furious enemies consulting against thee, my innocent Iesus, thou Lord of eternall glorie?

What false imaginations, what monstrous inuentions, what helish stratagems, what forged accusations, did they coyne against thee, their hearts burning, and their hands itching, to cut off thy blessed life, to staine the earth with thy precious blood, and to worke (as they wickedly wished) thy finall destruction?

How cruelly doe these faithlesse Iewes conspire against thee? those impious wretches said within themselves (carried away with the violent current of their irefull imagina-

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imaginations) let vs oppresse that
 righteous man, let vs swallow him up
 in our rage, let vs sodainely deuoure
 him in our madnes, let vs set traps to
 take him, and lay snares to entangle
 him: let vs roote him out from the land
 of the liuing, that his name may neuer
 be remembred any more, because he
 is obstinate in contradicting our
 words, and peremptory in carping
 at our workes. Wee cannot, wee
 may not tollerate his arrogancie,
 wee will not brooke his opposi-
 tions.

Hee layeth open our sinnes, to
 increafe our shame, he professeth
 that hee hath the knowledge of
 God, and nameth himselfe the
 Sonne of God: He discloseth our
 secret thoughts, hee is loathsome
 to our eyes, wee cannot abide him
 in our sight, the course of his life
 is opposite to our Lawes, he is an
 open aduersary to our Decrees,
 hee abstaineth from our wayes, as
 though

though they were wicked, defiled with vncleannesse, and polluted with vices.

We are reputed of him as men of no worth, hee standeth not in awe of our authoritie, hee esteemeth our threatnings of no moment, and he arrogantly boasteth, that he hath God for his Father.

Let vs see if his protestations be faithfull, and if his speeches be true : and let vs assay and make tryall what things will happen vnto him.

If he be the true Sonne of God, hee will receiue him into his protection, deliuer him out of the hands of his foes, and keepe him safe from danger : Let vs examine him churlishly, and torment him cruelly, to make triall of his meeknesse; let vs condemne him to a most shamefull death, that we may proue his patience.

Such were the bitter words of the cruell Iewes, who sate in counsell.

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sell to kill my Sauour Iesus, the true Lord of life, whose good deedes were so odious to their vicious sight, and his sweet breath so noysome vnto their stinking nostrils, that they would not suffer him to liue any longer.

Oh that hellish enuie should so peruert the vnderstanding, and enrage the mindes of men to doe such mischief!

Why did the Iewes so furiously rage together? why did they imagine a vaine thing against the Lord and his anointed? saying, Let vs breake their bonds asunder, and cast away their cords from vs: But, the Lord had them in dirision: hee spake vnto them in his wrath, and vexed them in his sore displeasure, and placed his King upon his holy hill of Sion for euer.

Now, although the bloudy minded Iewes longed for the death of my innocent Iesus, yet they were loath hee should suffer
on

on the day of their Feast, not for any fauour they bare vnto him, but *for feare of the people.*

But thou my louing Lord, didst make choise of that time to offer vp thy selfe a Sacrifice for our sakes, that thou mightest receiue greater reproach, and that thy death might be acted with more shame, suffered onely for our sins.

Thy righteous life being not onely alwayes free from any euill action, but euermore so pure, that it neuer wastainted with euill cogitation. And also that thy death might be knowne vnto many (although lamented of few which did behold thee) the concourse of people being great, that flocked from many bordering townes and villages to *Hierusalem*, at the day of that great solemnitie: who seeing with their eies, had not Grace beene wanting, might haue vnderstood in their hearts, that thou
wert

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wert the true substance, whereof the Paschall Lambe was but a figure.

Oh Lambe of God which takest away the sinnes of the world, sprinkle my soule with some drops of thy precious blood, that although it haue lien long buried in the graue of sinfull iniquitie, yet at last it may be reuiued and liue againe by vertue of thy quickning mercy.

Now the bloody Iewes holding a wicked consultation, how they might depriue my beloued Sauour of his life, euen then came cursed *Indas*, and offered them (for money) to betray his louing Maister to death : saying, *What will yee giue me and I will deliver him vnto you ?*

Nor was hee a more greedie Traytor, to set his kinde Maisters blood to sale, then they readie chapmen to entertaine so bloudy an offer, seeing one of his owne familie

familie so forward to deliuer him
vp into their hands, whom they
had already murthered in their
hearts : So they proffered him
thirtie pieces of siluer; Oh cursed
Iudas to make such an offer ! Oh
execrable Iewes to accept it. But
most damned *Iudas* to performe it.

Had Malice (oh yee bloudie
Iewes) so hardened your hearts?
had Fury so blinded your eyes?
had Enuie so fired your grudging
affections, that contrarie to the
law of God & Nature, you should
animate such a damnable Traitor
to perpetrate so horrible a treason,
against your *Messias*, your master?

For what could be more hate-
full to God, more odious to good
Men? what more opposite to Na-
ture? what more contrary to good
Nurture, then that one of a mans
owne household should proue so
vnfaithfull, as to sell at so vilde a
price the dearest bloud of his lo-
uing

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uing Lord? or that any men should
 be found so monstrous, as to al-
 low and like of such a damnable
 offer? Oh thou most wicked trai-
 tor! oh thou most ingratefull and
 gracelesse Seruant! Oh yee gene-
 ration of Vipers, cursed Iewes,
 damned *Indas*! Oh thou dissem-
 bling Disciple by name, but in-
 deede a most bloudie enemy! are
 these the thanks thou dost giue
 to thy Maister for his kindenesse?
 is this the requitall of his loue?
 are these the most worthy rewards
 that thou canst spare him for his
 liberall bountie? are these the best
 arguments of thy gratuitie, for all
 his benefits bestowed vpon thee?
 Oh thou *Sonne of perdition*, execra-
 ble Traitor, and damnable Mer-
 chant, to sell the sacred bloud of
 thy faithfull Maister! Had my
 kinde *Iesus* committed any offence
 against thee? or had hee discon-
 tented thy minde, and vexed thy
 heart,

heart, that thou shouldst treacherously betray him into the hands of his foes, to be tortured and put to a most cruell and shamefull death? nay rather, what large liberalitie had he not vsed towards thee? what store of benefits had hee not heaped vpon thee? Oh thou vngratefull wretch! Oh thou hatefull traitor! my louing Iesus made thee one of the little number of his Disciples: admitted thee into the blessed societie of his elected, and made thee Steward of his familie, *to keepe the bag,* and *bestow the money* which was giuen to him and his Disciples: and dost thou in requitall of his fauourable loue, and in recompence of his extraordinary kinde-nesse, post to the cruell Iewes, whom thou, thou I say, knewest did alwayes prosecute him with deadly hate, and eagerly sought his innocent life) to offer them
open

Med.2. of the Lords passion. 51

open sale of the bloud of thy louing Maister,allured with the vn-satiabable desire of money, (a pleasant baite to take a couetous minde) bewitched with Sathans enticements, and instigated with the vnquenched thirst of damnable lucre, that distempered thy vnderstanding, and cleane put out the eye of thy naturall reason?

Oh how doth couetous lust tyrannize ouer our soules, and captiuate our senses, if it once seaze vpon our hearts, and take possession in our breasts! It maketh vs violate our Faith towards God, our Fidelitie towards Men: it maketh Parents vnkinde to their Children, and Children vndutifull towards their Parents: it armeth the wicked to commit bloudie murther: it maketh Subiects disloyall to their Prince, it eggeth and edgeth them to attempt the vtter ruine of their Country:
it

it kindeleth the fire of ciuill and
intestine Seditions: it bloweth vp
the sparkles of horrible Treason:
it excludeth kinde Hospitalitie, it
is the Cut-throate of Christian
Charitie: it pampereth all vices, it
starueth all vertues. What is it but
a Hellish Furie, the author and
actor of humane miserie? Oh how
happie is the heart that is not af-
fected to it! Oh how peaceable is
the conscience that is not infect-
ed with it! Tell me thou blou-
die Traytor *Iudas*, diddest thou
not see many wonderfull Mira-
cles done by thy louing Master
before thine eyes? diddest thou
not heare many diuine speeches
vttered by his blessed mouth?
didst not thou attend vpon him
preaching in the day? didst thou
not accompanie him praying in
the night? hadst thou so soone
forgot his blessed Sermons? went
all in at one eare and out at the
other?

Med. 2. of the Lords passion. 53

other? didst thou remember no better his heavenly Exhortations? hadst thou quite raced out of thy memorie his generall compassion towards all, and his particular goodnesse towards thee? why was thy soule starued for want of food in the midst of plentie? why were thy spirits dried vp with thirst, being so neare a pure fountaine? It was because thou haddest no grace to taste of that sweet celestiall *Manna*, or to drinke of that rocke of liuing water. Couldst thou esteeme so rare a Iewell, as my Sauour Iesus, at so base a rate? wouldest thou sell his precious bloud at so low a price that was sufficient to pay the greatest *price of our Redemption*? What base opinion mightest thou thinke the high Priest might haue of thee, prouing so vilde a Traytor, (although to serue their owne turnes they allowed thy Treason?)
 Diddest

Didst thou not thinke the whole
World would daily hate thee,
when being a Disciple, thou hadst
so vildely betraied thy louing Ma-
ster, and craftily plotted the death
of thy gracious Benefactor? But
woe be vnto thee, and to all of
thy condition: it had beene bet-
ter for thee thou haddest neuer
beene, then being, to haue beene
an instrument of such haynous,
such detestable, such horrible
Treason: Keepe my soule (oh
Lord) set a Watch before the
dore of my heart, that no coue-
tous desire may haue passage into
my bowels, or enter into my brest
to get dominion ouer my reason,
to wound my conscience, to in-
flict my minde with noysome
lusts, and to confound my vnder-
standing with greedy desires. Let
the memory of this sorrowfull
day, wherein thy couetous and
damnable disciple *Indas* sold thee,
my

my innocent and louing Sauour
 Iesus, vnto the murmuring and
 murthering Iewes, draw out
 floods of teares from mine eyes,
 and fetch out sorrowfull sobs and
 deepe sighes from my repenting
 heart, to bewaile the horroure of
 my transgressions, and to lament
 the innumerable multitude of my
 many most monstrous iniquities,
 which brought thy most sacred
 bodie to the market, there to be
 solde, and from thence to be led
 to the slaughter, cruelly to be
 slaine; that with thy most preci-
 ous bloud thou mightest pay the
 price of my Redemption, which
 am a most wretched and sinfull
 creature: yet let the sweet recor-
 dation of thy immutable loue,
 and the ioyfull remembrance of
 thy immeasurable mercy, so com-
 fort mee in the midst of my mise-
 rie, that although I finde much
 matter in my selfe to make mee
 feare,

feare, yet that I may neuer de-
spaire, knowing that thou art al-
waies willing to apply a *soueraigne*
salve to a *wounded soule*, and *sweet*
consolation to a *woefull conscience*,
whensoever (oh blessed Sauour)
we acknowledge our *maladie*, and
faithfullie desire thy sauing helpe
in our *miserie*.

Of

Med. 3. of the Lords Passion. 57

Of the Preparation of Christs last
Supper by the Disciples on Thursday :
of the washing of the Disciples feete,
performed by Iesus himselte : and of
many exemplary actions of Iesus at the
Supper.

M E D. I I I.

*Christ Iesus ^awashed his Disciples
feete;*

^a Iohn 13. 5.

*They loath, ^brefuse; but he enfor-
ceth it :*

^b Iohn 13. 8.

*For ^cSupper done, to Symon thus
said hee,*

^c Iohn 13. 2.

*Vnlesse I doo't, thou hast no
part with me.*

^d Iohn 13. 8. *B.*

T*He first day of the sweet bread,*
that is to say, the fift day of
the week, in the euening of which
day the Paschall Lamb was slaine,
and sweet bread was eaten, accor-
ding to the custome of the Iewes,
the Disciples came to Iesus, seeing
it was the time of the Feast, and
D that

that their Maister had no *resting place* of his owne, where he might *lay his head*, and said vnto him, *Where wilt thou that wee prepare for thee to eat the Paschall Lambe?* Teach mee here (my sweet Sauiour, by thy example) so to liue in the world, that I may be prepared euery day to leaue the world, esteeming my selfe as a Pilgrime, still trauelling, and euery day removing, & not to build my palace of pleasure here in this transitorie world, where all things are vncertaine, subiect euery moment to miserie, changes and mutabilitie.

Let neyther the pleasant baites of prosperitie, nor the bitter brunts of aduersitie, hinder me in my iourney, whilest I trauaile toward the heauenly *Ierusalem*.

Let thy humilitie be my greatest honour in time of prosperitie; let thy pouertie be my chiefest riches in time of aduersitie; and
let

let thy patience be my onely comfort in the sorrowfull day of affliction : let thy quiet contentment calme the tumults of my grudging minde, and barre out all repining thoughts, seeing thou the Lord of all, hadst not so much as a Cottage, to couer thy head from the dew of heauen, or to shadow thy face from the beames of the Sunne. But my sweet Sauour, although thou wert poore in respect of thy *Humanitie*, that thy *pouertie* might be our consolation in time of our distresses, and to teach vs to beare with patience the heauie burden of our afflictions, yet thou didst shew the bright beames of thy *Diuinitie* to thy Disciples, when they saw that performed indeed, which thou haddest told them in word, when they met with the man in the Citie, a meere stranger vnto them, whose heart thou haddest prepared to make prouision for

thee and thy Disciples, to celebrate the Feast of the Paschall Lambe.

Oh happie man (whom thou didst vouchsafe to choose for thy Hoste! Oh blessed house prepared to receiue such a Guest! Send thy holy Spirit (my louing Sauour) as a Harbinger, to prepare a lodging for thee in my heart, and so furnish my minde with thy heauenlie graces, that I may be able to giue thee such entertainment, that thou maiest like and loue to dwell with mee for euer. Now, when the Table was prepared, the Paschall Lamb made readie (with other necessaries) at euening, Iesus came thither with his disciples, and when the houre was come, he sate down to the Table. Oh happy feast! blessed are they (my louing Sauour) which sit downe to meate at thy Supper. Most happie and blessed are they (oh most mercifull

Med. 3. of the Lords Passion. 61

mercifull I E S V S,) who are so
dearely beloued of thee, and so
highly honoured by thee, as to
be made worthy to sit at thy
Table.

*Thou wilt giue them euerlasting
food for their meate, and water of life
for their drinke, so that after thy boun-
tiful Feast, they shall neuer know any
hunger, nor feelee any thirst.*

Graunt mee (Oh bountifull
Lord) to taste of that heauenly
food, and to drinke my fill of that
Cœlestiall water, so that my body
may be thy holy Temple, and my
soule thine euerlasting habitation.
Behold (oh my soule) how thy
louing I E S V S sitteth amongst
his Disciples; a meeke Lambe a-
mong meeke sheepe, except cruell
Indas, who although hee were a
deuouring Wolfe, fate downe to
the Table in their holy societie.
Oh most holy societie of thee, and
thy faithfull Disciples ! Oh most
D 3 glorious

glorious companie of all but one,
who had a Diuell!

These thy children, my most
louing Iesus, doe sit like *Oline branches*
round about thy Table: They
sate downe with thee lincked toge-
ther with the bond of perfect
loue, the mindes of all them being
faithfull vnto thee, and all their
affections longing after thee, one-
ly *Iudas* was an odious Traytor,
and thou knewest well enough
that he should betray thee.

They all eate with thee the meat
set before them, and they eate the
pure Paschall Lambe, after the
manner of the Iewes.

Oh blessed house, oh happie
supping-parlour, worthy of great
honour, in which my gracious
Lord vouchsafed to make his bles-
sed Supper.

Wherefore was not I there then,
my sweet Sauour, to attend vpon
thee, and thy faithfull Disciples?
I

Med.3. of the Lords Passion. 63

I would haue esteemed it as my greatest honour, to haue done thee any seruice. Certainly, I would haue gathered vp some of the crummes which fell from the Table of my Lord.

Oh how ioyfull would it haue beene to my hart! Oh how would it haue pleased mine eyes, to haue had but a view of thy amiable countenance! I would haue fallen downe flat at thy feete, and with *Mary Magdalene*, I would haue washed them with my teares. And thou oh my most mercifull Lord, which didst not *despise the teares of a sinfull and a sorrowfull Woman*, wouldst not haue reiected mee, a *poore Publican*, and grieuous sinner: and as thou wert compassionate towards her, so thou wouldst also haue beene mercifull to me.

Oh how comfortable would thy most pleasant speeches (my sweet Sauiour) haue beene to my sorrowfull

rowfull soule? how quickly would thy most wholesome words wherewith thou didst refresh thy louing Disciples, haue healed *the wounds of my griened conscience*? What did my Lord beginne to speake? what were thy first words when thou wert set at the Table? Thou saist, *I haue earnestly desired to eat this Passeouer with you before I suffer*: Oh how great is thy Charitie? how immeasurable is thy loue, my louing Iesus? Thou didst earnestlie desire to eat with thy Disciples, but it was not to slake thy hunger, or to refresh thy feeble nature: thou hadst no such neede of corporall food, but it was *thy meate to doe the will of thy Father*: Thou wert desirous to leaue some tokens of thy exceeding loue, with thy louing Disciples, before thy departure, and to seale them an *enerlasting assurance* of thy continuall *providence* ouer them.

Vouch-

Med. 4. of the Lords passion. 73

let the precious balme of thy so-
ueraigne mercie, heale the deepe
and deadly wounds of mine ini-
quitie: Oh my God, open thy *pit-
tifull cares* to heare my *petition*, an-
swere me *graciously*, and despise not
my prayer.

Command my wandring heart
to come out of the broad way
that leadeth to *Hell* and *damnation*,
and to returne into the *narrow
path*, which conducteth to *heauen*
and *everlasting saluation*: so that
being once againe returned into
it, it may neuer hereafter wander
out of it.

Shut all worldly cares and wic-
ked cogitations out of my heart,
that neither the heauie burthen of
them may so depresse my minde,
that the *denotion* of my *Prayer*
cannot *ascend* vp vnto thee, nor so
stop the *passage* of my soule, that
the *comfort* of thy *grace* cannot *de-
scend* downe vpon me.

Draw

Draw mee vnto thee, my most
louing Iesus, thou which art mine
assured saluation, in the day of my
greatest miserie, and my onelie
comfort and consolation in the
last and latest houre of my deadly
agonie: for I am wounded, and
my heart is *consumed*, because I
haue forgotten to eate my bread,
which should haue nourished me
to euerlasting life.

Indeed, I haue beene altogether
forgetfull of thee, my beloued Ie-
sus, for I haue not called to my
minde thy most holy Passion with
any zealous or serious medita-
tion: I haue had no delight to
thinke vpon thy precious *wounds*,
which thou didst suffer to *heale*
my sores: neither haue I found
any comfort in the pure streames
of *thy innocent bloud*, powred out to
wash away my sinnes, and to purge
my corrupted soule: I haue not
looked after my beloued in the day, I
haue

Med. 4. of the Lords passion. 75

haue not longed for my Bride-
groom in the night.

I confesse my gracious Lord, I
haue not beene mindefull of thee,
my thoughts haue beene wan-
dring abroad, my minde hath
not been exercised with any sweet
meditation of thy mercie : my
spirit hath not beene troubled
with sorrow for my sinnes, mine
eyes haue shed no teares, nor my
heart sent forth any sighes for my
manifold transgressions. There-
fore what shall I doe ? I will re-
turne to the Lord my God, and I
will call vpon him, I will not cease
to reiterate the most holy Name
of Iesus, vntill thy voice sound in
mine eares, there, there. Come
therefore (oh good Iesus) and
haue mercie vpon me. Heare (oh
sweet Iesus) the prayer of thy ser-
uant : infuse and dip my heart in
thy bloud, and diffuse thy grace
into my soule oh most mercifull
Iesus.

Iesus: let my heart oh most loving Iesus) be like waxe melting in the midst of thy bloody side. Cloath my minde with the mourning garment of thy Passion, and let my zealous affections burne like fire in my serious meditation.

Leade me (oh my most milde and kinde Iesus) to thy most holy Supper, where I may heare thee speaking to thy Disciples, sitting at thy Table, after thou haddest washed their feete.

Tell mee (oh my soule) if thou hast read what the Lord my Iesus did when he sate downe againe to the Table, after the washing of his Disciples feete. Verily, while they were yet eating, Iesus tooke bread, and giuing thanks, he blessed it, brake it, and gaue it to his Disciples, and said: *Take and eat this is my body which is given for you, doe this in remembrance of mee.* And when hee had giuen euery
one

Med. 4. of the Lords passion. 77

one a morsell, hee tooke the cup,
 and powring wine into it, giuing
 thanks, hee likewise gaue it to
 them saying: *Drinke yee all of this,*
for this is my bloud of the new Testa-
ment which is shed for you, and for
many, for the remission of sinnes, and
they all dranke of it. Let vs pause a
 while (oh my soule) and with de-
 uout meditation ponder in our
 mindes, and treasure vp in our
 hearts, the wonderfull things
 which our blessed I E S V S hath
 done for vs; for our mercifull and
 gracious Lord hath made a me-
 moriall of his wonders, hee hath
 giuen meate to them which feare
 him. Oh wonderfull Supper, in
 which so many admirable things
 were done and effected! This was
 thy last Supper (oh most sweet
 Iesu) which thou didst make when
 thou wert about to depart out of
 the world to thy Father. How ma-
 ny admirable wonders of thy
 excee-

exceeding loue? how many miracles of thy infinite mercy are presented vnto vs in this thy blessed Supper: but thou hast most speciallie ordained this mysticall, sweet, delightfull, and heauenlie sacrament of thy body and bloud, that the memorie of thy Passion might remaine for euer in the mindes of the faithfull: Oh wonderfull Sacrament, in which is contained such abundance of all kinde of sweetnesse! no sweetnesse be it neuer so dilicious can come neere it in goodnesse; no pleasure, be it neuer so incomparable, is worthie to be compared vnto it.

Oh most sweet Iesu, how pleasant, how sweet art thou, if wee might haue a true taste of thy exceeding sweetnesse? In this thy wonderfull Sacrament, thou dost feed vs with corporall bread, but after a spirituall manner. What therefore can I want to satisfie my desire?

Med.4. of the Lords passion. 79

what may I wish to augment my ioy, if I haue my Iesus present with me? Though now I see thee *darkely through a glasse*, yet hereafter I shall *see thee face to face*. I cannot satisfie my minde (oh my most bountifull Iesus) with admiration of thy vnmeasurable liberalitie: I cannot wonder enough at the exceeding largenesse of thy bountie.

What greater gifts couldest thou haue bestowed vpon vs? what more excellent benefits couldest thou haue deriued vnto vs? For in this thy blessed Testament, thou hast bequeathed great and precious Legacies to all thy Brethren that faithfullie loue thee, and constantlie beleue in thee: In verie deede thou hast left them a rich inheritance, wee cannot estimate the price, we can make no true account of the greatnesse. Some at their death leaue
to

to their heires, Cities and townes,
great possessions and store of mo-
nie : some build them sumptuous
houses, and erect statelie Sepul-
chers, that *their name might remaine*
among men, and their memorie
continue vpon earth. But thy
bountie, my most kinde and lo-
uing Iesus, doth farre exceed and
surmount them all : for thou hast
left thy owne selfe vnto vs, that
wee should haue a continuall spe-
ctacle of thy most holy Passion in
our mindes, and often thinke vp-
on thy innocent death in our re-
penting hearts. And in thy blessed
Sacrament, which is so highly to
be honoured of vs, and most re-
uerently to be celebrated by vs,
thou dost giue thy selfe for food
to be receiued of vs by faith, which
may nourish vs to euerlasting life,
and deliuer vs from the doome of
eternall death. Oh my most boun-
tifull Lord, oh exceeding, admi-
rable,

Med. 4. of the Lords Passion. 81

rable, and incomparable loue of my louing Sauour, my beloued Iesus! But how odious is mine ingratitude, my kinde and louing Iesus, how great and grievous is my forgetfulnesse, that I doe not continuallie remember the pangs of thy Passion, and euermore meditate on the paines of thy bitter death, when I participate thy wonderfull Sacrament, and celebrate thy blessed Supper, seeing by thy death thou hast merited for me euerlasting life, and by thy Passion hast purchased for mee eternall redemption.

Why doe I not remember that thou wert *wrongfully accused, scornfully derided, spitefully reuiled, cruelly scourged, and crucified* as a hainous malefactor, and put to a shamefull death as a wicked doer: and how patientlie thou didst endure the bitter paines of the crosse, to deliuer mee a most wretched
 E sinner,

sinner, from the curse of eternall death, iustly pronounced against mee, and readie to be inflicted vpon mee, if thy obedience had not appeased the wrath of thy heauenlie Father, and thy gracious mercy *salued the wounds of my misery.*

Oh my drie head, why doest thou not draw water with ioy out of the fountaines of thy Sauiour, for he is a Well of liuing water? Oh teares, why doe yee not streame forth in great abundance, with exceeding ioy and exultation, while I call to minde the exceeding sweetnesse of mine euerlasting libertie, and meditate vpon the greatnesse and goodnesse of my eternall Redemption, in this most sacred, holie, and wonderfull Sacrament represented vnto me? Why doe not my spirits faint with exceeding ioy? and why is not my minde rauished with excessiue mirth, when I consider the immeasurable

Med. 4. of the Lords Passion. 83

measurable greatnesse of thy loue;
 and the incomprehensible largen-
 nesse of thy bountie, whereby
 thou hast beene moued to *giue vs*
thy selfe for euerlasting meate, to nourish
vs to eternall life? Haue mercie
 vpon mee (oh my most mercifull
 Lord) because by reason of the
 imbecillitie of my dull vnder-
 standing, and by the hardnes and
 drinnesse of my heart, I am not able
 to relish the goodnesse, nor taste
 the sweetnesse of the wholesome
 fruit of thy holie and blessed Sa-
 crament: yet I (most vilde wretch)
 presume to come to thy Table,
 and to receiue this holy foode,
 though most vnworthie of so
 great a mercie.

But woe bee vnto my consci-
 ence, and horror vnto my woun-
 ded soule, because I haue approa-
 ched vnto thy holie Table, and ta-
 ken of thy *sanctified meate* with pol-
 luted hands, and vnwashed feete,

and yet I haue not blushed for shame, nor bewailed the follie of my *intollerable Presumption*. For I consider my most sweet I E S V S, that in this thy most glorious Supper, before thou diddest institute the most blessed Sacrament, as a memoriall vnto vs of thy bloudie Passion, thou the true Christall-glasse of Humilitie, taking the shape of a Seruant, didst wash the feete of thy Disciples, saying moreouer vnto *Peter*, *If I shall not wash thee, thou shalt haue no part with mee*. Shall it not therefore bee my great presumption, and shall I not incurre the danger of a most grieuous offence against thee, if I would haue any part with thee, when I approach vnto thy holy Table with vnwashed feete, and participate thy blessed Sacrament with defiled hands?

I know therefore (my gracious Lord) who, and what a one I ought

Med. 4. of the Lords Passion. 85

ought to be, when I come to such an excellent Sacrament.

I know my louing Lord that I should first wash my feete, heart and hands, and purge all my corrupted affections, before I should presume to receiue thy pure and holie Sacrament. I know my good and gracious Iesus, that it is needfull for mee *euery night to wash my Bed, and water my Couch with my teares*: Yea, and to wash my feet with teares of true compunction, and with streames of sorrow, flowing from the inward deuotion of a relenting and repenting heart.

But woe be vnto me (most vn-happie wretch) because that I a most vilde creature, doe not feare to approach vnto such an excellent Maiestie, infected from the crowne of my head, to the sole of my foote, with sores and loathsome diseases, and being a

most wicked sinner, wholie ouerspread with corruption, and stained with filthie pollution : doe not blush to come into thy presence, but presume to intrude my selfe into thy blessed societie, and to sit downe at thy holie Table, which art a diuine Spirit, alwaies pure from the spots of sinne, and staines of iniquitie. I come vnto thee my meeke and louing Iesus, puffed vp with pride, and lifted vp with rebellious thoughts, and I presume to eate with *impure hands*, and *unwashed feet*.

Notwithstanding my most mercifull IESVS, I know that thy clemencie is farre greater then mine indignitie, and thy mercie farre exceeding my miserie. And therefore confident in thy great benignitie, and relying whollie vpon thy immeasurable mercie, I am bold to receiue thee, and being infected with so manie dangerous
Rom 8 3
and

Med. 4. of the Lords Passion. 87

and deadlie diseases, I come vnto thee, being a *skilfull* and *louing* *Physitian* : that I may be cured from my grieuous maladies, by thy so-ueraigne medicines. For by how much the more weake I am, and by how much the greater the maladie is which doth afflict me, by so much the more I stand in need of thy helpe, that the infinitenesse of thy mercie may appeare the clearer in the cure of my grieuous maladie, and the beames of thy glorie shine the brighter by my deliverance.

Therefore I will come confidently vnto thee (my most milde and mercifull Iesus) because thy mercies are infinite, that I may enioy with thee, the euerlasting delights of the blessed.

Giue me therefore thy heauenlie bread, oh my good Iesus, thou which art the *life of the world*, and graunt (oh bountifull Lord) that

I may be enabled by thy grace, to
eate worthilie, that I may remaine
in thee eternallie, and thou in mee
euerlastingly: for I desire this one
thing, it is the ioy of my heart, and
the contentment of my longing
affections, that I may dwell inse-
parablie with thee for euer, and I
will cleaue vnto none other but
onely vnto thee, oh my sweet Ie-
sus, because with thee is the foun-
taine of life, and in thy light, I shall
see light.

And therefore I will come con-
tinually vnto thee (my sweet Ie-
sus) and dwell in thee (oh my sweet Ie-
sus) for ever and euer, that I may
enjoy with thee the everlasting
delights of the blessed
life, which is the life of the world
to come (oh my sweet Ie-
sus) and I shall see light.

Med. 5. of the Lords passion. 89

A Meditation how the Lord Iesus
fore-told his Disciples that hee should
be betrayed by one of them that same
night.

M E D. V.

*Amongst the^a twelve, as Iesus sate
at meates,* ^a Mat. 26. 20. 21.

*At his^b last Supper, thus to them
he said;* ^b Marke 14. 14.

*Who^c dips his hand in dish, and
with me eates,* ^c Luke 22. 22.

*By^d him the Sonne of man shall
be betraid.* ^d Iohn 18. 5.

After our most louing and
most gracious Iesus had fed
his Disciples with his precious
Bodie, and refreshed them with
his Bloud, hee was troubled in
spirit, and said to his Disciples: *Ve-
rily, verily, I say vnto you, that one
of you shall betray mee, which eateth
with mee, that the Scripture may be
fulfilled:*

fulfilled: he which eateth my bread, shall lift up his heele against mee: Oh how hard is this saying, my blessed and bountifull Sauour! Oh how harsh and bitter meats hadst thou reserued for thy Disciples, at the end of thy Supper? Thou didst feede them with sweet milke in the beginning, and thou gauest them delicious honie in the middle, when thou didst wash their feete; and refreshedst them with thy precious body for their meate, and with thy roiall bloud for their drinke.

But now in the end thou hadst reserued *gall and Wormwood*, sowre sauce for their sweet meate, when these sorrowfull words did passe out of thy blessed lips, and that dreadfull speech was vttered, by thy honie-flowing mouth.

Woe is me (my sweet and louing I. I. I.) I seeme to see the cheerefull countenance of thy deare disciples
sodainely

sodainely changed, their hearts ouerwhelmed with floods of sorrow, their mindes perplexed with excessiue griefe, the heate of their desires quite extinguished, and all their hopes whollie dashed so soone as those fearefull words had passed through their eares, and pierced their hearts; who of so sweet a beginning, little expected so sowre a conclusion.

Had they not much matter of mourning, and was it not a world of sorrow vnto them, that thou being their Master, Captaine, Gouvernour, Gardian, and Ruler, shouldst be betraied to death? and it did much more augment the matter of their woe, and increase the heapes of their griefe, that one of them should contriue this horrible Treason, and be the Author of this bloudie attempt.

The first was a violent motiue, to moue them to exceeding sor-

row

row, because they so dearly loued and were so entirely beloued of their louing Maister: But the latter was so horrible to their eares, and so terrible to their hearts, that it quite abated all their former ioy, & vtterly amazed their perplexed mindes, maruelling in their troubled cogitations, who amongst such a little flocke of Sheepe, should proue so woluish, as to deuoure so good a Shepheard: admiring that any one in their holie societie, should so farre degenerate from his faithfull fidelitie, as to betray the life of so bountious, so milde, and so mercifull a Master. But heare oh my soule, what his faithfull Disciples answered, when they heard those lamentable words pronounced. *They looked one vpon another, their faces being pale with feare, and their hearts full fraughted with sorrow, and scarcely could their tongues vtter any*
part

part of their inward grieſe, the
floud of their woes did flow faſt,
and riſe to ſo high a tide in their
hearts, and they ſaid with a trem-
bling voyce, what ſorrowfull
words are theſe which our deare
Maſter doth vtter? Who amongſt
vs ſhall proue ſuch a curſed
wretch, as once to imagine or ſuch
a horrible traitor as once to com-
plot ſuch a deteſtable deede and
execrable fact?

Such a hainous intention, ſaid
euery one of them, was farre from
my thoughts, ſuch a helliſh moti-
on did neuer enter into my breſt.
For how ſhould ſuch a Diuellish
cogitation enter into our mindes,
or finde any harbour in our harts?
but our Lord cannot be deceiued.
Wherefore euery one of them tur-
ning to the Lord, ſaid: *Is it I Rabbi?*
to whom bleſſed Ieſus answered,
*One of the twelue which dips his hand
with me in the diſh ſhall betray me.*

But

But peradventure many of them shewing their hand in the dish at that time, they were not able to discern who it should be.

Wherefore *Iudas* said: *What is it I Rabbi?* But louing Iesus, otherwise not discovering him, answered, *Thou hast said*: as though hee should say, thou hast said and not I: for we may thinke truely, that if my louing Iesus had plainly discovered that cursed man to the rest of his louing and beloued Disciples, they (if we should compare their affections with other mens passions) had not beene able to haue contained their hands, but with one accord would haue assailed that most wicked traitor, and haue ended his hatefull daies, with a speedie death, who allured with the baites of the Diuell went about to make sale of the blessed life of their deare and best beloued Maister. For how wouldest thou
haue

Med. 5. of the Lords passion, 95

haue beene able, oh bold and courageous *Peter*, to haue cooled the heate of thy furie, and to haue held thy hands from taking vengeance vpon such a damnable Traitor, when as thou didst not feare to make resistance against a great band of Souldiers, in the defence of thy beloued Master? For as their loue toward louing Iesus was without meane, so their hatred toward hatefull *Indas* would haue beene without moderation, if his treacherous plot had beene openly discouered vnto them. But I pray thee stay here a while, (oh my soule) and ponder within thy inward thoughts, with deuout meditation, the sacred words and diuine speeches, more sweet then honie & the honie-combe, which my most sweet Iesus vttered to his faithfull Disciples, as he went to the place of his vniust apprehension, which the Euangelist

Iohn

Iohn retaining in his memorie, through the holy Ghost, hath faithfully recorded in his heauenlie and most sacred Gospell. Meditate there seriouſſie vpon the wonderfull loue which hee had towards his loyall Disciples: hee was their Lord and Master, yet he did not disdaine to eate meate, conſorting with the meanest of them: hee washed their feete, hee gaue his bodie and bloud vnto them: and after all these things, did not cease to teach them the way of truth, and to feede their soules with the spirituall food of his cœlestiall doctrine.

Oh most mercifull and blessed Iesus, thy words are spirit and life, which thou doest speake to thy Disciples: and that knew thy Seruant *Peter*, when he said; *Thou hast the words of eternall life*: For thy words are pure and sweet to the taste of them that loue thee; yea,
more

Med. 5. of the Lords Passion. 97

more sweet then honie and the
 honie-combe. They also knew,
 that those who were sent by the
 chiefe Rulers, to lay hands vpon
 thee, were taken with such won-
 derfull admiration at the gracious
 words which did proceede out of
 thy blessed mouth, that they were
 constrained to proclaime thy
 worthie praises, telling them, *That*
neuer any man spake so graciously: Oh
 most eloquent Orator! streames
 of sweetnesse doe flow from thy
 lips, Honie and Milke are euer
 plentifull vnder thy tongue: Oh
 how powerfull, how eloquent,
 how wonderfull were the words
 which my Lord vttered to his
 Disciples in the end of his sweet
 Oration! Hee exhorteth them to
 sow the seedes of true loue in their
 hearts, and to shew forth the fruits
 thereof one to another.

After, hee admonisheth them,
 that they should be constant in
 their

their loue, and permanent in their Faith towards him their louing Sauour. For hee that is destitute of the former can neuer be possessed of the latter.

And after those things, he foretelleth them what great dangers they should passe, what tribulations, troubles, afflictions, and calamities, they should suffer after his departure, that being forewarned, they might be better armed.

Lastly, hee powreth forth his prayer vnto his heavenly Father for them, that they might not shrinke backe like cowards in the day of their triall, nor their Faith faile them in the bitter stormes of affliction, but aboue all things, oh my most sweet I E S V S, I am not able to wonder enough at thy earnest Exhortations, which thou diddest vse to kindle the sparkes of feruent loue towards thee in the hearts of thy faithfull Disciples,

Disciples, thou doest specially
about all things, charge and
command thy Disciples, that they
loue thee, and couet after nothing
but thee ! Oh how great is the ex-
cellencie of true loue ! Oh how
feruent is the vehemencie of a
deuout spirit : Oh how forcible is
the preheminance of a charitable
affection ! Thou didst commend,
and leaue loue (my beloued Iesus)
as a most rare and precious Iewell
to thy deare Disciples.

Therefore this is highly to be
extolled of vs, and chiefly to be
desired by vs, as our greatest ri-
ches, and onely treasure : Let him
oh louing Iesus, be abiected out
of thy gracious fauour, let him
haue no taste of thy kindnes, that
doth not honour thy name, and
possesse his heart with thy loue.

Truely, many riuers of water,
haue not beene able to put out the
fire, nor quench the flame of true
loue :

loue: for *loue is as strong as death.*

Verilie, if I should giue all my substance, were it neuer so great, I would regard it as nothing, rather then I would want or forgoe my true loue: for hee that loueth thee faithfully (my most louing Sauour) will leaue all things willingly, take vp his Crosse chearefully, and follow thy steps constantly.

Therefore, who shall seperate mee from thy loue, Oh my most sweet Lord? What shall diuert the current of my affections from thee?

Shall *tribulation* or *anguish*? shall *persecution* or *hunger*? But because I can doe nothing without thy grace (my gracious I E S V S) nor performe any thing without thy power, set such a deepe stampe of thy loue in my heart, that the print of it may neuer be raced out, but abide in it for euer; yea, so wound

Med. 5. of the Lords Passion. 101

wound my heart with thy sweetest loue, that all my desires may be turned towards thee, and that I may finde no ease, but when I thinke vpon thee, that I may loue thee with all my heart, with all my soule, with all my strength: & that my whole will, desires, and affections, may couet nothing but thee.

Let all my cogitations be onely occupied in the meditation of thy loue. Seperate and remoue from mee all other desires of the flesh, oh my sweet Iesus, that my whole heart may be solemly conioyned to thee in the day, my soule humbly attend vpon thee in the night, and that my spirit and bodie may chearefully seeke after thee when I awake early in the morning: for my soule thirsteth after thee, oh God, which art a liuing fountaine, oh when shall I come before thy face? when shall I appeare in thy presence?

And

And I doubt not oh most mercifull Lord, but that I shall be loued of thy Father, if I shall loue thee as thou hast taught thy Disciples; and that thou and thy Father will come to mee, and make your *dwelling place* with me!

And what doe I craue more, what doe I couet so much as that my Iesus may dwell and remaine in mee? Oh how happy were my state, how blessed were my condition, if I could truelie say, *my beloved (as a bundle of Mirrhe vnto me) will remaine betweene my breasts.*

If I could imbrace my beloved Iesus, I would hold him fast betwixt mine armes, I would neuer let him depart any more from me, his presence should be my pleasure in the day, his Societie should be my solace in the night. Kindle my reines, oh most louing Iesus, with the burning sparkles of thy loue, inflame my heart with the
fire

Med. 5. of the Lords Passion. 103

fire of an ardent deuotion towards
 thee, so that I may long after thee
 alone, my deare beloued Christ
 Iesus, and euermore search for
 thee, and neuer cease to seeke thee,
 vntill I finde thee, which by the
 vehemencie of thy loue, and com-
 passion of thy mercie wert willing
 to be cruellie crucified for my
 grieuous transgressions, and to
 dye a *shamefull death for my sinnes* :
 Ingraue the memorie of this thy
 great loue, so deepe, in the Table
 of my heart, that it neither decay
 by length of daies, nor be worne
 out by the iniquitie of the time.

A

A Meditation concerning Iesus
his going vp into Mount-Oliuet, and
of his praying thrice in the Garden.

M E D. V I.

My ^a soule is heauie, euen vnto
death: ^a Marke 14. 34.

Mans sinne doth ^b bloud and wa-
ter from me draine: ^b Luke 22. 44.

For sinne I feelee my Fathers angry
wrath; ^c Marke 14. 35.

For sinne I drinke this cup ^d of
deadly paine. ^d Luke 22. 42.

B IT was the custome of our lo-
uing Iesus, to ascend vp often
vnto the Mount Oliuet, which was
distant the space of a mile from Ieru-
salem, that he might pray. There al-
so was a Towne named Gethse-
mani, where there was a Garden, sci-
tuated on the Mountaines, into the
which, beloued Iesus was accustomed

Med. 6. of the Lords Passion. 105

to enter, specially at night time, with his Disciples to pray.

Wherefore after he had ended his glorious and blessed Supper, and also his sweet and comfortable exhortations made to his beloued and faithfull Disciples, hee resorted towards this place, late in the night, accompanied with them.

Here (oh my soule) behold thy Iesus, looke vpon that innocent Lambe, which goeth of his owne accord to the slaughter.

Take a view of his Disciples which follow him, hauing their faces pale with feare, their mindes perplexed with doubts, and their hearts drowned with flouds of sorrow.

Oh that thou mightst be so happy as to haue a little taste of the sweetnesse of his words, and to haue some relish of his comfortable Admonitions, which hee

F

made

made by the way to his sorrowfull Disciples, to refresh their fainting spirits, and to establish their doubtfull mindes.

What plentie of bitter teares did the Apostles poure downe by their cheekes, when they saw and heard their Lord and Master speaking so gentlie vnto them? Hee propounded vnto them (as I suppose) all things which hee had done with them at his last Supper, and the words he had spoken vnto them, and also after what manner hee should be deliuered to death that night.

Behold, his Disciples amazed at his wofull words, and hearing with attentive eares, the sweet admonitions of their carefull Master: They all gaue heedie attention to euery word that came out of the mouth of their beloued Lord, communicating so gentlie with them.

Oh

Oh wofull separation ! oh lamentable departure ! Now a most kinde and louing Master shall be separated from his beloued Disciples, a wakefull Shepheard from his harmelesse sheepe, yea, a louing Father from his beloued Children.

What maruell is it then if their mirth be changed into mourning, their ioy into sadnesse, and their solace into sorrow ? They knew well by experience, how ioyfull, how pleasant it was to remaine with their beloued Iesus, and to enioy his blessed societie : therefore they had good cause to be amazed with sadnesse, and to be wounded with sorrow, for the losse of their louing Redeemer.

Oh what pittifull words (as I suppose) what lamentable voices did they vtter, saying ; Wilt thou leaue vs (our most gracious Master) like silly Orphanes deprived

of comfort? Wilt thou leaue vs in
a Sea of sorrow without a Pilot?

Where shall wee hope for consolation? where shall we seeke for helpe in thy absence?

And as they could not refraine themselves from sorrow, so hee their most louing Shepheard was readie to giue them sweet comfort, chearing vp their drooping mindes, with assured hope of his powerfull helpe, and comforting their sorrowfull hearts with his neuer-failing promise of his euermore lasting loue; telling them, that although he were *absent* from them in *bodie*, yet he would alwayes be *present* with them, by his *holy Spirit*.

I thinke our most mercifull LORD could not containe his teares, he had such tender compassion towards his sorrowfull Disciples, so kinde was his affection towards them, so great was their reciprocall loue towards him.

Cleaue

Med. 6. of the Lords Passion. 109

Cleaue thou also (oh my soule)
to this most holie and heauenly
companie, and follow thy Lord,
weeping and sighing, sorrowing
and lamenting for him which go-
eth to die for thy transgressions,
and to be sacrificed for thy sinnes,
say vnto him faithfully, *Lord, I
will follow thee wheresoeuer thou go-
est, I am readie to goe with thee into
prison, and to death.*

Now alas, (oh my louing Iesus)
thou doest arme thy beloued Dis-
ciples with spirituall weapons, and
dost labor by comfortable exhor-
tations to expell cowardly feare
out of their hearts, and to settle a
constant courage in their doubt-
full mindes, that they might not
be dismayed in the day of perill,
nor falsifie their Faith for dread
of any worldly affliction.

But most wicked *Iudas* was
busied to furnish the Iewes with
deadly weapons, that they might

wrongfully apprehend thee, and cruelly condemne thee to a shamefull death.

What damnable deed hast thou done thou detestable Traytor? What infernall Phrensie possessed thy minde? What hellish furie peruered thy vnderstanding?

Thou didst leaue a most gentle Master, sitting at the Table with his Disciples, friendly eating, and familiarly talking with them (the KING OF HEAVEN, and soueraigne Lord of the whole earth) who was able to haue made thee partaker of his eternall kingdome, where thou mightest haue liued in happinesse without measure, and ioy without end: and thou didst follow the Diuell, who led thee to the *Jewes*, to bargain with them, to betray into their hands thy gracious Lord and bountious Master.

And as thou hast beene obedient

Med.4. of the Lords Passion. 111

dient to his will, so shalt thou be partaker of his reward, who abideth in the prison of euerlasting darkenesse, tormented in the fire, whose flame is neuer slaked, nor shall euer be extinguished.

But now (oh my soule) let vs leaue damned *Indas*, a fearefull spectacle for all horrible Traitors, and let vs returne to innocent **I E S V S**, entring into the Garden with his Disciples, where hee exhorted them to watch carefullie, and to pray earnestly that they might not fall into temptation, nor runne into danger.

Here my Sauour beganne to taste of the bitter Cup of sorrow, and to feele the pangs of humane affliction, his spirits wearied with heauinesse, and his minde tyred with sadnesse, so that he craued comfort of his Disciples, saying: *Can yee not watch with me one houre?*

Stay here (oh my soule) straine forth teares from thine eyes, and throng forth sighes from thy heart: draw neare and expresse thy compassion towards thine afflicted Iesus.

Behold how his countenance is changed, & his face couered with palenesse, he is scant able to vtter in words, the sorrow of his heauy heart. And what doth hee say? *My soule is heauie, euen vnto death.*

Thy words (oh my most mercifull Iesus) doe not a little amaze my minde, and affright my perplexed thoughts. For, what doest thou feare? why art thou touched with sorrow? why art thou pressed with heauinesse? From whence (oh my louing Lord) doth arise the cause of thy sadnes? doest thou feare any imminent danger? Dost thou dread the punishment which thou art about to suffer?

But

Med. 6. of the Lords Passion. 113

But for what other thing (oh sweet Lord) diddest thou come into the world? For what other end (most blessed Sauour) didst thou assume flesh vnto thee in the wombe of the blessed Virgin, but that by thy death thou shouldest destroy our death, and saue that which was lost?

What benefit had we reaped by thy birth? how could we haue reioyced for the happie day of thy blessed Natiuitie, if our *condemned* *soules* had not beene redeemed to life by thy most precious death? If thou (oh my louing I E S V S) hadst refused to die for mee, who should haue satisfied for my sins? what could haue cured my loathsome Leprosie, but the drops of thy Bloud? What could restore mee to life, but thy innocent death?

What did moue thee to dye for mee, but thy exceeding mercie?

F 5

whereas

whereas(my louing Sauour)thou wert subiect to feare, and heauie with the terrour of death : there appeared vnto vs the veritie of thy Humanitie, not exempted from the passions of our nature, yet alwayes free from the infection of sinne, and cleare from the spots of iniquitie.

Wherefore wee may the more boldlie, bee most earnest Sutors, vnto thee, to obtaine thy succour in the time of our necessitie, and to call for thy sweet mercie in our bitter miserie, because wee are assured, that thou in thy Humanitie, hast had a sense of our sufferings.

Behold also now my soule, his faithfull and sorrowfull Disciples! looke vpon them, and view what store of teares doe fall from their eyes ; heare what pittifull sighes and grieuous grones doe come from their hearts, while they see
their

Med.6. of the Lords Passion. 115

their louing Master vexed in his bodie, and afflicted in his soule, suffering the wrath of his Father for the guilt of our sinnes. After my louing I E S V S had told his sadfull Disciples the heauinesse of his soule, pressed with the ponderous waight of our sinnes, he departed from them about a stones cast, and kneeling on the earth, prayed vnto his heauenly Father, saying : *My Father, all things are possible to thee; if it be possible, remove this Cup from mee, yet not my will, but thy will be done.*

Learne here (oh my soule) of thine afflicted Sauour, where to seeke a salue for thy wounds, and from whence thou maist hope for help, when any fearefull danger doth hang ouer thy head, or any present anguish torment thy hart, poure forth thy prayers in his holy Sanctuarie; let thy deuotion ascend vp to him, that his benediction

dition may descend downe vpon thee: learne alwayes to submit thy wish to his will, for if it be not his will to deliuer thee, it will be his will alwayes to comfort thee, if thou continue thy prayers with perseuerance, and attend his appointed time with patience.

Consider how thy Sauour prayed three times, vttering the same words, when his pangs in his Agonie were so grieuous, and his paines so dolorous, that his sweate ranne downe like drops of bloud: so heauie was the displeasure of his Father against him for our sinnes, so great was the burden of our iniquities imposed vpon his shoulders.

But in the extremitie of his passions, and sorrow of his soule, his heauenly father sent downe an Angell from heauen to comfort him, for the Lord will neuer leaue them forsaken in their sorrow,
that

Med. 6. of the Lords passion. 117

that call vpon him faithfully: he hath commanded vs to call vpon him in our trouble, and he will deliuer vs; and as he hath commanded the one, so will hee neuer faile to performe the other.

Draw me (oh my louing Lord) to the Garden where thou wert, that I may see thee praying, and suffer with thee in thy afflictions: call me and say, *Come into my garden, my sister, my spouse*: make hast oh my Soule, to come to thy Beloued, because thy *Beloued is gone vp into his garden, to his bed of spices, that hee may feede there, and gather Lillies.*

Let vs consider, oh my Soule, and meditate attentiuely vpon all things which our Iesus hath done, let vs ruminare his feuerall actions, which may afford vs consolation, and tend to our instruction. For we may take many examples from our louing Master, which should

should euermore be proposed before our eyes, that wee might alwayes imitate them in the course of our life.

Thou seest how our most gentle Master hath commanded his Disciples to lincke their hearts together with the bands of true loue, and to arme themselues with patience against the daies of danger, when he went to the mount *Oliuet* to pray. Wherefore being about to enter into a fearefull fight, to beginne a dangerous battell, and to encounter many deadly foes, hee animateth his courage, and armeth himselfe with prayers.

Learne thou also by this his example, in the day of thy tribulation, and houre of thy affliction, to haue thy speedy recourse vnto Prayer: Wee can finde no better weapon wherewith to offend our foes. Wee can vse no better shield wherewith to defend our friends.

Thou

Med. 6. of the Lords Passion. 119

Thou seest also my soule, how thy Sauour Iesus preparing himselfe to Prayer, did leaue the companie of his Disciples, and he onely selected three out of his number, so that they three which before had beene spectators in *mount Tabor*, of his *glorious Transfiguration*, might now be *companions* and *eye-witnesses* of his *griuenous Passion*: that in the mouth of two or three euery word might be established.

Learne thou also to leaue the societie of men, when thou doest adresse thy selfe to talke with God. When thy Sauour did pray, he ascended vp into a mountaine, to teach vs that although our bodies doe remaine vpon earth, yet our cogitations should mount and soare vp into heauen by the wings of deuout prayer: he poured forth the compassion of his heart, he being a good Shepheard doth diligently watch over his flocke:

flocke: the extremitie of his owne passions doe not make him forgetfull of his Brethren.

Oh great loue! how constantly, euen vnto the end, did he tender and loue the *little flocke of his faithfull Disciples*, being indeede their most kinde and louing Pastor, when in the most grieuous fits of his heavy Agonie, and greatest pangs of his Passion, he was carefull to procure their rest in that little time which was limited vnto them.

Teach me (my mercifull Iesu) not onely to be tender-hearted towards my poore Brethren, in the bright dayes of my flourishing *prosperitie*, but breed also within my bowels, such a feeling compassion towards them in the hard time of my *clowdie aduersitie*, that I may not onely wish mine owne ease, and labour for mine owne cause, but also that I may be mind-
full

Med. 6. of the Lords Passion. 121

full of others afflicted, and doe
for them what I may, which are
in the like wofull case.

Attend also to the lowly de-
meanour and humble gesture of
thy gentle Lord when hee pray-
eth, who *kneeling meekely on his
knees, and falling flat on the earth
with his face, Luke 22. 41. Mark. 14.*
35. doth plainly discover by the
submissiue humiliation of his bo-
die, the sincere humilitie of his
minde.

Oh great, worthy, and won-
derfull humilitie! when as he be-
ing equall and coeternall with
God, doth prostrate himselfe to
the earth, when he prayeth his fa-
ther, as though hee were a most
base and wretched creature, and
submitteth the issue of his Petiti-
on, to the pleasure and will of his
Father.

Oh how should I learne to hum-
ble my soule, and prostrate my
body,

bodie, which am indeed nothing else but a sinke of sinne, and an *unsauorie lumpe of iniquitie* ! When I addresse my selfe vnto holy prayer, and come to put vp my petition to a God of such infinite glory, should I not cast downe my high looks; should I not curbe mine *aspiring thoughts*; should I not lay aside my *proud attyre*, and put on the *mourning garment of sorrowfull and true Repentance* ?

Oh how should I which am but dust and ashes; yea, indeede nothing else but a very masse of grievous misery, humble and cast downe my selfe, when I approach to speake to such a *glorious Maiestie* ? I confesse I must stand aloofe off with the poore publican, terrified with the horreur of my sinnes, which lye so heauie vpon my head, that I cannot lift vp mine eyes vnto heauen. Teach me (oh Lord) for none but thou can teach

Med. 6. of the Lords Passion. 123

teach me to learne this hard lesson of true humilitie. This is the Ladder by which my prayers must ascend vp vnto thee, and thy Graces descend downe vpon mee: I cannot enter into the Palace of thy most ioyfull and *glorious Eternitie*, vnlesse I passe through the straite dore of selfe-debasing humilitie.

But now (oh my soule) turne thine eyes from thy Sauours humilitie, and take a suruey of his bitter pangs in his grievous Agonie; whose heart was inflamed with heate, and all the parts of him so vexed with paine, that *streames of sweate, mixed with drops of blood, ranne downe from his sacred bodie*, Luke 22. 44. Oh would my head might be turned into a fountaine of teares, and my bowels melt with tender compassion in this my sorrowfull meditation, when I thinke vpon the dolorous pangs,

pangs, and dolefull paines which pressed drops of bloud out of the innocent flesh of mine afflicted Iesus.

Oh how was thy bodie pained? how was thy minde perplexed? how were all thy senses tired in this great worke of our Redemption? How heauie is the weight of my sinnes, that dissolueth the blessed bodie of my Lord vnto such a wonderfull sweat? How is the *beautie of thy face*, which the *Angels* doe behold with *ioy and gladnesse*, changed with rednesse, through excessiue heate? how immoderately is it moistned with showers of watrish and bloudie sweate? Thou diddest but speake the word, and thy word was a worke at the first Creation, *Gen. 1. 3.* But now I see thee sweating, toyling, yea, thy heart aking, while thou art acting the worke of our Redemption.

Oh

Med. 6. of the Lords Passion. 125

Oh wretched man, why am I
 so carelesse of the health of my
 soule, when it cost thee so deare a
 price to redeeme it? What shall I
 say? what shall I doe (my good
 Iesu) my heart is as hard as iron,
 and my bowels no softer then
 brasfe, I haue no sense of tender
 compassion, nor any feeling of
 sorrowfull compunction: mine
 eies are as dry as the Pumise stone,
 I cannot shed one teare, to weepe
 for my sinnes, which were the
 source of thy sorrow, and the cause
 of thy passion. Indeed, my heart
 should distill drops of bloud, and
 mine eyes should trickle downe
 teares, when I meditate in my
 minde on the intollerable paines
 which thou didst suffer to satisfie
 the Iustice of thy Father for my
 grieuous sins, and to saue my guiltie
 soule. Oh how can I excuse; nay
 rather, how should I but accuse my
 wretched and vile ingratitude?

Where

Where shall I hide my head for shame? where shall I shrowd my selfe from thy presence? My conscience is a continuall witnesse against me, that I am an vncleane and polluted creature: I may not, I dare not approach vnto thee, vnlesse thou wash me in the sacred Lauer of thy precious blood, for then I dare and may appeare before thee.

Wherefore, haue mercie vpon me, shew me some pittie, my compassionate Iesus: giue me a *Fountain* of teares, that I may weepe for my forgetfulnesse towards thee all the day, and water my bed for mine ungratitude, with my weeping, all the night: and so deeply imprint in my minde, the paines of thy Passion, that I may account all the time ill spent, and the day quite lost, wherein I doe not meditate on them: teach me to imitate thee, my mercifull I E S V S, that with
bended

bended knees, and an humble heart, I may make my earnest prayer before thee; inspire my minde with thy holy Spirit, and then teares of true Repentance shall flow from mine eyes.

Send thy Angell (oh Lord) to bring mee consolation in the distressefull time of my tribulation, for thou hast ordained them to assist vs in our prayers, and to comfort vs in our sorrow.

And as thy Angell appeared to comfort thee, *Luke 22. 43.* so also thou wilt neuer faile to send thine Angell to comfort vs, if wee pray vnto thee with true humilitie of minde, and sue vnto thee with heartie sorrow for our sinnes.

Instruct mee also, after thine example, (my blessed Sauour) not to despaire of thy mercie, although it be long before I receiue any comfort.

Thou didst pray three times
before

before thou hadst any consolation in thine Agonie, or any answer from thy heavenly Father; and as the fiercenesse of thy grievous Passion was augmented, so the feruencie of thy most holie prayer was increased. *Mat, 26. 44.* that by thy patience, our courage might the better bee cheared, and our Christian Magnanimitie more firmly resolved to tollerate Famine, Nakednesse, Persecution, or any affliction whatsoever, with constancie and meeknesse: building our hope vpon a firme rocke of a stedfast resolution, that wee shall eyther haue deliuerance out of trouble, or comfort in our tribulation, all in good time, day, houre; yea, minute and moment, which the Lord hath appointed.

It is thy owne worke, it is thy onely mercie, my mercifull Saviour, to corroborate our mindes, and confirme our hearts, with
this

Med. 6. of the Lords Passion. 129

this constant and Christian resolution.

Wherefore I beseech thee for thy bountifull mercie, for thy mercie is my onely merit, to work such a resolute constancie in me, that in the bitter brunts of affliction, I may depend vpon thy wakefull providence, and wholie submit my selfe vnto thy diuine will, knowing that nothing can happen to thy Children, but that which thou hast determined to be most expedient for them, whether they liue at rest in prosperitie, or be tryed like gold in the fire of aduersitie.

A Meditation how I E S V S arising from Prayer, went to meete *Iudas*, and of the multitude which came to apprehend him, and how *Peter* cut off one of their eares.

M E D. V I I.

The Prince of peace, the Lambe of God^a *betraid*: ^a *Math. 26.47.*
Expos'd to murderers, by a traytours
kisse: ^b *Matth. 26.49.*
Iudas^c *restores the price the Priests*
had paide: ^c *Matth. 27.3.*
Despairing^d *hangs himselfe. Tray-*
tors markethis. ^d *Matth. 27.5.*

AFTER I E S V S had receiued consolation by his Prayer, he went forth to meete false-hearted *Iudas*, who had solde him for a prey to the bloud-thirstie *Iewes*, for he knew that the time did approach, and that the houre drew neere, wherein hee should glorifie his heavenly Father, and accomplish
the

Med. 7. of the Lords Passion. 131

*the wonderfull worke of our Redemp-
tion.*

Here (oh my Soule,) the first
matter of our Meditation, is the
monstrous ingratitude of a grace-
lesse Disciple towards his gracious
and louing Master: how odious
is his deede vnto my thoughts?
how doth his hellish madnes tor-
ment my minde?

Oh that my tongue might be
more bitter then gall, to exclaime
against the dissembling hypocri-
sie of such a deceitfull Disciple:
and my speech more sweet then
honie, to proclaime the singular
sinceritie of so louing a Master,
that our soules might abhorre
the infidelitie of the one, and our
hearts for euermore, imbrace the
faithfulnesse of the other.

Oh thou most wicked wretch,
thou wretched, stubborn, and
obstinate Traitor, thou *Childe of
the Diuell*, thou *Sonne of perdition*,

G 2

what

what furious malice hardened thy heart?

How wert thou brought to such raging madnesse? how could the light of thy reason be so darkened? how couldest thou be so grossly seduced, that thou should'st betray thy most louing Master, and my most gracious Lord?

Was there no sparke of grace left in thy breast? had impudence so blinded thine eyes, and crueltie taken such sure possession in thy heart, that nothing could change thy bloudie minde, and stay the rage of thy franticke moode, wherewith the Diuell had bewitched thy soule, and poisoned thy affections?

Thou goest about in thy monstrous madnesse, and vnbridled furie to kill the immortall Lord, who is Truth it selfe, to direct vs; and Life it selfe to quicken vs: and to bring him to the slaughter

Med. 7. of the Lords Passion. 133

slaughter, who onely is able, and none but hee, to bring all men to death, & to restore all men to life.

Tell me (I pray thee) thou wicked and foolish mad-man, wert not thou also, as well as the other Disciples, with the Lord I E S V S, when he *reuiued the mayden which was dead*; when he *cured the Sonne of the Ruler*; when he *raised Lazarus out of his grane*; when he *cleansed the Lepers*; *healed the man sicke of the Palsie*; *deliuered them which were possessed with Diuels*; when he *made him to see, which was borne blinde*, and *restored many others to their sight*?

Tell mee I pray thee, had hee beene able to haue done these miracles, if God had not beene with him? What *Egyptian darknesse* had blinded thine eyes, that thou couldest not see his *diminitie*? what *Ignorance* had *blinde-folded thy vnderstanding*, that thou couldest

not know him to be the Sonne of God by his admirable workes? Where wert thou, when at two sundrie times, he fed a great multitude of people, with a little bread and a few fishes?

But to let these mercifull and miraculous workes passe, which hee did for others; why did not these gracious and charitable deedes which hee performed toward thee, so mooue thy minde, that although thou hadst imagined, yet thou mightest not haue practised thy *horrible intended mischief* against him?

Remember thou most wretched creature, and vngratefull Disciple, how thy humble Master washed thy feete. *Iohn 13.5.*

How should this wonderfull humilitie of so great a Master haue humbled thy minde, being so base a Seruant? Remember how hee alwaies extended the tokens of his
his

Med.7. of the Lords Passion. 135

his loue to thee, as hee did to the other Apostles, yet no kindnesse could restraine thy wicked will, nor change thy couetous minde.

Consider thou most vngratefull and cruell Traitor, how often my louing Iesus did mildly admonish thee, that thou shouldest retire from thy wicked purpose, whose all-seeing eye was able to penetrate into the darkest corners of thy heart, and to search the secrets of thy inward bowels.

It might haue checked thy guiltie conscience, when hee said (after hee had washed his Disciples feete) *Tee are cleane, but not all: John 13. 11.* And againe, *I speake not of all of you, I know whom I haue chosen, John 13. 18.*

But although these generall reprehensions were motiues of small moment, to mollifie thy stonie heart, yet hee spake vnto thee particularly, saying: *Doe that*

quickely which thou art about to doe,
Iohn 13.27. Didst thou not cleare-
ly see that hee knew thy inward
thoughts, and the secret plot of
thy wicked counsell?

And who but God is able to
know the secrets of the heart,
and to discover our hidden cogi-
tations?

But was not thy heart as flin-
tie as an Adamant, that it did not
relent with sorrow? was not thy
fore-head as hard as brasſe, that
thou didst not blush for shame?
Were not thine eyes more drie
then a rocke, that they could shed
no teares, when thy louing Ma-
ster, and my beloved Lord said
mildelie vnto thee, *What Iudas,*
doest thou betray the Sonne of man
with a kisse? Luke 22.48.

Oh great humilitie! exceeding
meekenesse! most admirable cle-
mencie of my Sauour Iesus! Yet
neither the mildnes of his words,
nor

Med. 7. of the Lords Passion. 137

nor wonderfulnesse of his works
 could soften thy obdurate heart,
 or reclaime thy obstinate minde,
 oh thou pernicious Traitor! My
 Sauour called him *friend*, *Mat.*
 26. 10. whom hee knew to be a
 direfull foe, that the meeknesse of
 the name, might haue a little cal-
 med the furie of his nature: but
 the Diuell had sowed such naugh-
 tie seede in the furrowes of his co-
 uetous heart, that hee became a
 wicked guide, to deliuer his lo-
 uing Master into the hands of his
 bloudie enemies, who hating his
innocent life, had longed for op-
 portunitie, to put him to a cruell
 and shamefull death.

Tell mee thou damned *Indas*,
 what brought thee into such an
 hellish Phrensie, that thou didst
 complot with the bloudie Iewes
 to betray thy gracious Lord with
 a token of kindnesse? Had thirstie
 Couetousnesse so inflamed thy

G. 5. minde,

minde that thou didst run head-long to sell thy soule for a little piece of monie.

If thou hadst come like a foe, thy crime had not beene so hay-nous, nor thy crueltie so odious : But thou like a coufening hypo-crite, didst cunningly maske thy deadly hate with the vizard of counterfeite loue.

Thou didst salute my louing Iesus with no friendly, but a deadly kisse, that with this token of peace and kindnesse, thou mightest cast a mist before the eyes of his faithfull Disciples, that they might thinke thou hadst nothing to doe with those wicked persons who came to apprehend their Lord & Master : thou thoughtest thou haddest plotted so cunningly, and contriued thy matters so carefully, that all should haue beene hidden in darknesse, and no man haue knowne thy damnable practise,

Med.7. of the Lords Passion. 139

practise, but onely the cursed crue
 of thy confederates : but the Di-
 uill who was the author to allure
 thee to this mischiefe, did beguile
 thee with a deceitfull imagination,
 and so he will doe all others that
 follow thy crooked steppes, and
 walke in thy cursed waies. Such
 iugling hypocriticall trickes may
 often be hooded from the dim
 sight of men, but they can neuer
 be hidden from the all-seeing eye
 of Almighty God : thou camest
 with a word of peace in thy
 mouth, when thou didst pretend
 nothing but warre in thy heart :
 thy speech was as soft as Butter,
 but thy inward thoughts were
 more sharpe then a Raifor : thou
 didst presume to offer a Traitors
 kisse, *Mat. 26. 49.* to my blessed
 Sauour, when thy lips were full
 of poyson, and thy throate an o-
 pen Sepulcher : thou camest like a
 subtile Foxe to salute him with a
 word

word of health, when thou wert a wicked guide to a band of cruell Soldiers; who meant him nothing but hurt; so strong was the desire of filthie lucre to hale thee to mischief, so eager was thy greedie appetite to bite at this pleasant baite, that thou couldest not see the killing hooke. For when thou didst sell the precious life of thy louing Master, thou didst giue thy damned Soule to the Diuell, to be tormented with him for euer, in the fire which flameth continually, and burneth so extreame-ly, that the paines of the least spar-ke of it are more then intollera-ble: wherefore my sweet Iesu, so mollifie my heart, and moderate my minde, which am thy most vnworthy Seruant, that I may not giue such direfull and deadly kisses vnto thee, which art my most kinde and louing Master. And grant vnto mee by thy gracious clemencie,

Med. 7. of the Lords passion. 141

clemencie, that I may offer vnto thee the sweet kisses of loyall Obedience and constant Loue, that my Soule may say vnto thee, *Kisse me with the kisses of thy mouth,* Cant. 1. 1. *for thy loue is better then wine.* Run (oh my soule) and neither let the baites of terrene pleasure, nor the brunts of worldlie sorrow hinder thee in thy way, when thou goest to kisse thy sweet and louing Iesus. But first of all kisse his blessed feete, and *bathe them*, as *Mary* did, with the teares of true repentance, sighing and groaning with sense of thy sinnes, that the comfort of his mercie may be extended vnto thee, when such welcome tokens of thy loue are bestowed vpon him. Prostrate thy selfe (oh my Soule) on the earth, that thou maist cease to be wretched. Imbrace the feete of thy I E S V, pacifie them with thy teares, who spared not to poure forth

forth bloud out of his *feet, hands, heart, and side*, to clense thy pollution, and to wash away thy sinnes: so that after thy sorrowfull contrition, thou maist heare him pronounce vnto thee, the ioyfull word of saluation; saying, *Thy sinnes are forgiven thee.* And now my Soule, after wee haue fallen downe before the Lord in true humilitie, and haue powred out before him the teares of an unfained contrition: let vs arise with a comfortable heart, to kisse his blessed hands. And then doe we kisse his gracious hands with a reuerent and lowly heart, when our mouthes are filled with his worthy praises, for his bountifull benefits freely bestowed vpon vs, proclaiming his wonderfull mercie, and disclaiming our vnworthie merit, whose hand hath raised vs vp out of the mire, and hath aduanced vs to euerlasting honor.

Lastly,

Med. 7. of the Lords passion. 143

Lastly, after wee haue reuerently
kissed his hands, wee may more
 boldlie approach to *kisse* his blef-
 sed mouth; to behold the glorie of
 our Creator, that the bright
 beames of his countenance may
 illuminate our obscure vnderstan-
 ding, and that his sweet *breath* may
 so inspire our soules, that all our
 cogitations may be consonable,
 and our actions conformable to
 his most holy will.

Shew vs the light of thy coun-
 tenance, oh my louing Iesus, and
 then our hearts shall be filled with
 gladnesse, and wee shall be satisf-
 fied with the abundance of thine
 euerlasting goodnesse: for to see
 the beautie of thy face is our chie-
 fest felicitie, and to be banished
 from thy face is our endlesse mi-
 serie. *Therefore kisse the Sonne lest he*
be angry, for if his wrath be kindled
(yea but a little) blessed are all they
that trust in him. Psal. 2. 12. Thou
hast

hast heard, oh my soule, how traitorous *Iudas* betrayed my innocent Iesus: consider the crueltie of the one, wonder at the mildnesse of the other.

Oh that all treacherous persons and bloudie minded Traitors might haue a view of desperate *Iudas*, strangling himselfe with an Halter; that the horror of his cursed death vpon earth, and the terror of his continuall paines in hell, might stay the rage of their furious mindes, and manacle their bloudie hands: For although desperate *Iudas* was so tormented with horror of a guiltie conscience, that hee could haue no peace in his fearefull thoughts, nor chuse but crie in his tormenting miseries, deprived of all hope of comfortable mercie, *I haue sinned in betraying the innocent blond, Matth. 27. 4.* and could finde no other medicine to cure his

Med. 7. of the Lords Passion. 145

his desperate maladie, but the
 helpe of an halter, being his owne
 Hang-man, to shorten his woe-
 full dayes vpon earth, that hee
 might make the more haste to a-
 bide euerlasting torments in hell:
 yet there are manie whose hearts
 are so sore infected with his vene-
 mous humour, and their thoughts
 so poisoned with greedie desires
 of vnlawfull gaine, that they
 make no conscience to betray
 their Prince and Countrie, to
 prooue disobedient and cruell
 to their naturall Parents, and
 faithlesse to their dearest friends:
 yea, to sell Heauen, their soules,
 and themselues, for a base piece
 of money: but woefull is their
 inheritance which buy Hell for
 their purchase. Yet let mee not
 so bitterly inueigh against the
 monstrous fact of cursed *Iudas*,
 that I forget the mildenesse of
 my mercifull I E S V S, who did
 not

not rate and reuile him, calling him in name (as hee was indeede) a damnable Traitor, saluting his Master with a kisse as a token of his loue : but (alas) it was onely to betray him.

My patient Sauour Iesus called him by the name of a friend, *Mat. 26. 50.* whom hee knew to be a deadly foe, that the mildnesse of the name might haue bred remorse in his heart, but that the Diuell had taken full possession in his minde, and ruled powerfully ouer his thoughts.

But why did my louing Sauour vse such affable words to such a detestable Traitor? It was to teach mee to repress mine affections from raging furie, when any of his wicked brood lie in waite to take away my life, and secretly seeke to contriue my death.

Teach mee my Iesu, to imitate
thy

Med.7. of the Lords Passion. 147

thy patience, when my curtesie
 is rewarded with crueltie, when
 supposed friends proue faithlesse,
 and when my kindnesse is recom-
 penced with bad words, and re-
 warded with worse deedes. Thou
 hast willed vs to *blesse them that*
curse vs, and to *pray for our perse-*
cutors, *Mat. 5. 44* But our flesh
 is wayward, and it cannot away
 with this doctrine, wherefore I
 beseech thee my gracious Lord,
 to lend me thy helping hand, it
 is thine owne worke to con-
 forme my minde to thy blessed
 will, that I may be made' obse-
 quious and obedient to thy sacred
 Law.

But now (my Soule) turne a-
 side thine eies from hatefull *In-*
das, to looke vpon louing *Peter*,
 who beganne to be touched with
 the heate of true loue, when hee
 saw his Master attached by the
 hands of his enemies, and did
 bold-

boldlie obieſt his owne life vnto danger, that hee might deliuer his harmeleſſe Maſter out of perill, and that hee might performe in deede that which a little before he had profeſſed in word, *Mat. 26. 35. Ioh. 18. 10.* As his loue was much, ſo his courage was great in the defence of his dearelie beloued Maſter, hee regarded not the multitude that came againſt him, hee reſpected not how well they were armed, his true heart dreaded no danger.

But ſo ſoone as hee ſaw his dread maſter Iudaſly betraied, and cruellie apprehended by his malicious foes, he drew out his ſword and laid about him, and cut off *Malchus* his eare.

Thy loue was ſtrong, louing *Peter*, although thy ſtrength was feeble, to reſiſt ſo manie, ſo ill-minded, and ſo well armed: I cannot but commend thee for thy

Med. 7. of the Lords Passion. 349

thy loue, although thy louing Master doth not praise thee for thy deede; thou diddest shew a token of thy feruent loue and affection, although (alas) he stood not in neede of thy weake protection: my louing Sauour came to fulfill the will of his Father, to suffer death; yea, to suffer a cruell and shamefull death on the crosse, that we might be restored to life, be freed, and deliuered from the curse.

It was the feruencie of thy loue, that had inflamed thy aged heart with courage, thou couldest not hold thy hands, when thou diddest see thy beloued Master so violently apprehended, so curiously handled, and haled to the slaughter.

For whosoever (my louing Sauiour) hath his heart knit vnto thee with bands of true loue, hee dreadeth no danger for thy sake,
but

but will be more willing to forgoe his life, then to leaue his true loue. But thou diddest not desire (my louing Iesus) nay, thou didst not allow that *Peter* should shew his manhood, or attempt by anie force to rescue thee out of the hands of thy cruell foes: thou diddest disclose vnto thy faithfull Disciples, the dangerous daies that were to come, and tell them of the bitter afflictions which were to ensue, and that they should be like Sheepe scattered without a Shepheard. But it was not that they should arme their bodies with weapons, but their heads and soules with patience. So indeed the loue of thy Apostle was full of zeale, but yet it was barren & void of knowledge, who had beene often forewarned that thou shouldest suffer a cruell and shamefull death to fulfill the scripture, and do the will of thy Father.

Where-

Wherefore (oh my most mercifull Iesus) so inflame my heart with thy loue, that I may freeilie confesse it with my mouth, and so performe it with my heart, that I may not onely be prepared to loose my libertie, but to forgoe my life for the name of my Lord Iesus, who is blessed for euer.

A

A Meditation how the Lord Iesus
taken and bound, was led to *Annas*
his house, where he was buffeted, and
how all his Disciples fled from him.
John 18. 13.

M E D. VIII.

To ^a *Annas* first is *Christ* in ^b fet-
ters lead: ^a *Ioh. 18. 15.* ^b *Io. 18. 12. 20*
From thence to ^c *Caiaphas*, where
he beaten is, ^c *John 18. 24.*

And ^d *scourg'd*, and mockt, spit on,
and almost dead: ^d *Mat. 26. 67.*
Marke 18. 22.

*All which h'endur'd to bring vs
unto blisse.*

SO soone as false-hearted *Judas*
Shad saluted his faithfull Ma-
ster Iesus with a deadlie kisse, the
hard-hearted Souldiers laid vio-
lent hands vpon my kinde Sau-
our, and did cruellie binde him.

Oh vngentle cords I oh cruell
hands,

Med. 8. of the Lords Passion. 153

hands and cursed hearts, that did
binde my Lord Iesus!

10 Come hither therefore (oh my
Soule) and with inward sorrow
of heart, and with weeping eies,
lament with tender compassion
for the curishnesse in words, and
crueltie in deedes, vsed against
thy mercifull Sauour, which pa-
tientlie suffered so manie bitter
words and cruell blowes, for thee
and thy sinnes: for it was now
the houre of darknesse, and they
beganne to act with their merci-
lesse hands, that which was con-
ceiued in their malicious mindes,
reuiling him with blasphemous
speeches, and afflicting his preci-
ous bodie with deadlie blowes.

And thus they neuer ceased all
that night long, both with their
venemous tongues and villanous
hands to torment my meeke and
patient Iesus.

Tell mee (my sweet Sauour)

H

what

vvhat vvere the contumelious words, what were the outrageous deedes which thou didst suffer of those dogged Souldiers, vvhen they had laid their tormenting hands vpon thee?

For truely, *the wicked rose vp against thee, and the Synagogue of the mightie, they sought thy life, and set not God before their eyes.*

They compassed thee about like Bees, and burnt with furie against thee, like fire among the Thornes.

Oh let some spectacle of their barbarous crueltie be presented vnto mee, that mine eyes may waxe dim with weeping, that my heart may be wounded with sorrow, & all my senses afflicted with mourning: for my guiltie conscience doth tell mee, that my sinnes were as fewell to kindle their rage, and mine iniquities, like wood to maintaine the fire of their furie.

Behold,

Med. 8. of the Lords Passion. 155

Behold, Oh my Soule, vvith
 attentiuē deuotion of minde, and
 with store of teares flowing from
 thine eyes, how furiously they
 rush vpon thy louing Sauour,
 and how cruelly with their blou-
 die hands, they torture and vexē
 his blessed body.

One tuggeth him by his gar-
 ment, another haleth him by the
 armes: one taketh holde of his
 necke, another pulleth him by
 the haire: and least he should get
 from them, they binde him, and
 drag him like an vntamed Bull to
 the shambles.

Oh most meeke Lambe! Oh
 most milde sheepe! how curris-
 lie, how cruelly art thou hand-
 led like a wicked theefe?

Yea, was euer any common
 theefe so inhumanely and shame-
 fully vsed, although his life vvas
 odious, and his deedes neuer so
 desperate?

H 2

Some

Some hale him on this side, some thrust him on that side, some buffet him on the face, others thumpe him on the backe: After they haue reuiled and railed against him with most opprobrious words, they passe from diuellish words, to deadlie blowes, so that they neuer cease by word nor deede to grieue and vex mine innocent Iesus, but imployed all the faculties of their minde, and all the forces of their bodie, to doe him all hurt, who neuer meant them any harme.

I am not able to tell thee, my sorrowfull soule, one halfe of the odious words, nor one moitie of the horrible deedes which those damned wretches vsed against thy harmelesse and louing Sauour: my tongue doth falter for griefe, and my speech doth faile mee for sorrow, for all of them bitterlie cursing him, and cruellie bearing him,

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him, void of all mercie, and raging with hellish furie, they hale him (like a most innocent Lambe) to the slaughter.

And amongst all that cursed crew, there was none so soft-hearted, that either would pittie the woefull case, or speake in the cause of my gracious Lord.

Oh how should mine eies haue beene watered with teares, and my heart haue beene wounded with sorrow, to haue scene my mercifull Iesus so vnmercifullie abused, so ignominiouslie and hatefullie misused, whiles they hurrie him in their madnesse, and hale him in their furie towards Hierusalem; *who went as an innocent Lambe, among a company of deuouring Wolues, not once opening his mouth to reprove them for their barbarous crueltie, but did willingly sustaine the extremitie of their malice, with a patient minde, sometime haled*

by one, and sometime thrust forward by another, thinking the time long, till they might bring him where they would haue him: so greedy was their desire to doe a bad deede, and they made such post-hast, to hasten the death of the Lord of life.

Oh my most sweet Iesu, what hast thou done? What hast thou deserued, that thou shouldest endure the sting of their malice, and abide the tempest of their madnesse?

Verilie my Lord, thou didst neuer offend them in thought, but thy exceeding loue did moue thee to suffer all things with patience, that thou mightst redeeme mee a most wretched sinner, & all others, that with a contrite hart & a broken spirit, sue vnto thee for grace, hauing an assured hope in thy blessed word, and confidently beleeuing in thy gracious promises.

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I am that wofull man, which haue beene the occasion of thy torments, and the cause of thy grieuous Passion. *The wicked man hath sinned, and the righteous is punished. The guilty hath trespassed, and the innocent is tormented. The ungodly hath offended, and the godly man is condemned.*

Oh my most louing Lord, I haue eaten a sowre grape, and thy teeth are set on edge. I haue committed the trespassse, and thou hast suffered the punishment.

Blush therefore (oh my soule) for shame; smite thy heart for sorrow: let thine eyes be dissolued into teares, and sacrifice thy selfe vpon the Altar of true repentance, because thou hast beene so forgetfully vngratefull towards thy louing I E S V S, for his maruellous kindnesse, and so excesssiuely vnmindfull of his excellent loue.

Oh my (good Iesu) what shall

H 4

I

I render vnto thee, for thy great bountie? What shall I yeeld vnto thee, for thy gracious mercie?

I haue nothing, O Lord, *thou knowest my povertie; I acknowledge my needy necessitie*: I haue confessed my most haynous sinnes and grievous offences before thy face.

I haue not hidden mine vnrighteousnesse out of thy sight.

Wherefore (oh my most bountifull Lord) supply that by thy infinite liberalitie, which is wanting by reason of my vile ingratitude: And thou which art onely able, create a thankfull heart in me, thy poore vnworthy seruant, that it may euermore be delighted with the remembrance of thy goodnes, and still be ioyfull with the sweet meditation of thy mercies.

But now, oh my Soule, meditate a while, how sodaine feare had quailed the loue of the Disciples

ples

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ples of my distressed Sauour. For being terrified with his vnexpected and cruell apprehension, and dreading their owne danger, they fled away, *leaving their Lord and beloved Master. Mark. 14. 50.*

Then thou mightest truely say (oh most sweet Iesu) *They which saw me, fled from me, I am forgotten as a dead man out of minde.*

And againe, *Thou hast put my friends, my neighbours, and acquaintance farre from mee. Also, that was verified which the Prophet had fore-tolde, All my friends haue forsaken mee, and they that lay in waite haue preailed against me: He whom I loued hath betrayed mee.* For so wert thou left alone my louing Iesus, and they which were neere vnto thee made hast to be gone, and would tarrie no longer with thee.

Consider further, oh my soule, the disciples of my Sauour flying

for feare, and lamenting with sorrow, when they saw their most beloved master *traiterously betrayed, ignominiously abused, and led like an innocent Lambe to the shambles.*

Attend to their sighing and groning, to their weeping and moning, for loath they were, to leaue so louing and so well beloved a Master.

But why should feare of danger haue bin so violent, or dread of death so strong, as to pull them from so deare a friend?

They professed they would remaine constant, and that no affliction should abate their courage, but their words proued no deedes, and all was but vaine presumption: Selfe-loue of their owne securitie, made them forsake their distressed Master in his captiuitie.

But tell mee bold-hearted *Peter*, why didst thou like a coward
for

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forfake thy faithfull Maister ?
 Didst thou professe so much, and
 performe so little ? Was thy man-
 hood so soone quailed, when thou
 was put to thy triall ? I know thou
 didst shew some signe of courage,
 and thou beganst to play the man
 when thy Maister was first appre-
 hended, but it was but done in a
 fit of thine anger, and thy heate
 was soone cooled : thy promise
 great, and thy performance little :
 when thou wert in mount Tabor,
 and saw but some beames; yea, ra-
 ther some sparkles of the eternall
 glory of thy blessed Maister, then
 thy senses were so rauished, and
 thy minde so amazed, that thou
 diddest erie out, *Bonum est esse hic*,
Mat. 17. 1. Marke 9. 2. Luke 9. 28.
 It is good to be here, let vs build
 three Tabernacles : but now thou
 doeit not say, *Bonum est esse hic* : It
 is good to tarry here with my
 poore disgraced Master.

Say

Say thou didst loue thy Master well, yet it appeareth thou didst loue thy selfe better: oh why diddest thou make such a vaine ostentation of thy courage, and yet afterwards shew thy selfe such a coward?

But take heed, oh my soule, that thou dost not so vehemently inueigh against faint-hearted *Peter*, and the rest of his fearefull fellowes, that thou forget thy selfe, and passe by thine owne infirmity.

Wee all loue Christ, when our cups may overflow with wine, and our bellies be filled with the finest wheate, but the heate of our loue is quickly cooled, if but a small blast of stormie persecution doe bluster against vs.

Wee all desire to dwell vwith him, as did rauished *Peter*, when his eyes vvere dazeled vwith the beames of his glory, appearing vnto him on Mount Tabor.

But

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But all of vs flye from him, or follow him a-loofe-off, when wee see him going to Golgotha: We dare presume to say with forward Peter; *Lord, if all leaue thee, I will not forsake thee. Mat. 26. 33. Mark. 14. 29. Iohn 13. 37.* But alas when wee come to the tryall, we are ready to flie and leaue the field, at the first alarme.

Wee could all be content to *eate pleasant hony, and to feede our selues with sweet milke*: but our mouthes are filled with *murmuring*, and our hearts with *grudging*: the time is *long*, and the iourney *tedious*, while wee trauell in the wildernes of this world towards *heauenly Canaan. Exod. 17. 2.*

Alas, were the Disciples of my Sauiour, so fearefull at the first encounter, who had beene so often fore-tolde of that day, and had beene so well instructed by their louing Maister, to arme themselves

selues against the assaults of affliction?

Then how can I poore worme boast of my strength, and vaunt of my manly courage? How should I holde out vnto the end, when such *stout Souldiers* begin to shrink at the beginning of the battell?

I know mine owne imbecillitie, my *powerfull Lord*, I confesse mine infirmitie, I feele my heart quake, and I perceiue my courage to quaille, so soone as I see but a darke cloud of affliction, and stand in dread of euery storme of persecution.

Strengthen my heart, oh Lord, with *Christian Fortitude*, that my minde may not be dismayed with feare, nor my senses drowned with the streames of *immoderate sorrow*, whensoever I must drinke of the bitter waters of affliction for the profession of thy name, or
feele

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feele the pricking thornes of persecution in my sides, for the confession of thy truth.

Teach me to take vp my crosse, and to follow thee, and that I may not be ashamed of this noble badge of true Christianitie.

Instruct mee to know that affliction is the lot of thy Children, and that thou vvilt haue their Faith tryed in the fiery furnace: and graunt mee (oh Lord) such a plentifull measure of thy quickning grace, that although my fraile flesh beginne to tremble, and my weake heart to faint at the first assault of danger, and I seeke a corner to hide my head in, in the time of trouble, yet that I may not flye so farre from thee, but that I may quickly returne to thee as *Peter* and *John* did, who loued, and were so dearely beloved of thee, and as the rest of thy Disciples did, after thy glorious
resur.

resurrection, and in the sorrowfull time of calamitie, trouble and persecution, so mittigate the dolor of my passions, that I may endure all extremities with Christian patience, knowing that all the afflictions of this world are but momentarie, and that the ioyes prepared for the faithfull after this life, are innumerable, and shall endure eternally.

Now let vs leaue the sorrowfull Disciples, and come to our louing Iesus, who being bound was presented to *Annas* by the wicked Iewes, who examined him concerning his Disciples, and concerning his doctrine. *Ioh. 18. 19.* And although the humilitie of my Sauiour was great, and his modestie no lesse in returning a gracious answer vnto him: yet *Malchus* (whose eare he had a little before restored, which *Peter* cut off) gaue him a blow on the face, saying,
Answerest

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Answerest thou the high Priest in that manner? Iohn 18.22.

Here my soule thou hast good occasion to eat thy bread vwith teares, and to mingle thy drinke with weeping, when thou dost meditate of this cruell blow, giuen by a most wicked vngratefull wretch, to my innocent Iesus.

And here thou maist admire at the incomparable mildnesse, and wonder at the wonderfull patience of my gentle Sauour, who did modestly beare so great an iniurie, that hee gaue not him an euill word, who had done him such a cruell deede, but said to him mildly: friend, if I haue spoken euilly beare witnesse of euill: but if I haue said well, why smitest thou mee? Iohn 18.23. Oh how great was thy humilitie alwayes my good Iesus? how exceeding was thy patience in all things euen vnto death?

But what shall I say, oh thou bar-

barbarous & vngratefull wretch,
how shall I speake bitter enough
of thy monstrous crueltie, which
diddest smite him on the face
contrary to all humanitie, who
of his owne accord did speedily
heale the hurt, and salve the
wound which his disciple had gi-
uen thee? Oh monster amongst
men, vnworthy of any pittie,
whose name shall be odious to all
that are good, when they heare
of thy crueltie! Behold, oh my
sweet Iesus what plentiful matter
is offered vnto me, to breed a seri-
ous meditation in my minde, and
to engender a sincere *compassion* in
my heart, when I remember (oh
that I could continually remem-
ber it) what *clemencie*, what *benig-
nitie* thou hast vsed towards me,
what *calamity*, what *indignitie* thou
hast suffered for mee: for thou
wert so *treacherously* betrayed, so
wrongfully apprehended, so *inuisibly*
bound

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bound, so curiously bled, so cruelly
 tormented, and so unmercifully bea-
 ten for the sinnes of my guilty
 soule. But I pray thee, my merci-
 full and gracious I E S V S, that as
 thou didst yeeld thy selfe a captiue
 to the Iewes, so thou wilt grant
 me thy grace to *subingate* all my
 senses to doe thy blessed will, and
 to keepe them in true subiection,
 to obey thy holy law, and that I
 may *captivate* all my *understanding*,
 to performe the duties of thy hap-
 pie seruice, which shall *redeeme*
 me from *bondage*, and bring mee
 an *everlasting freedome* as thy faith-
 full Apostle hath taught me.

A

A Meditation how the Lord Iesus was led from the house of *Annas* to the house of *Caiaphas*, and also of the derisions, rayling speeches, and cruell scourging done vnto him there by the Iewes.

M E D. IX.

To ^a *Caiaphas house* (where *Scribes* assembled are, ^a *Mat. 26. 57.* And ^b *Priests, and Elders,*) *Iesus Christ* is led: ^b *Marke 14. 55.* After to ^c *Pilate, where he meekely bare* ^c *John 18. 28. 29.* Their *scoffes*, and ^d *thorny Crowne* upon his head. ^d *John. 19. 2.*

A Wake now, (oh my Soule,) sleepe no longer in the bed of wanton sensualitie, driue away drowsinesse from thine eyes, and carelesse floathfulnesse out of thy minde, and turne thy selfe wholly to thy most sweet I E S V S, disdainefully

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*dainfully despised, scornfully derided,
cruelly tormented, and unmercifully
scourged. Oh how should thy hart
be fraughted with sadnesse, and
thy minde be filled with sorrow,
when thou shalt finde thy Lord
thy God subiect to paines and af-
flictions, blowes and reproches?
For hee was whipped all the night,
and hee was chastized in the mor-
ning.*

*Therefore let thine eyes waxe
dimme with weeping, let thy ioy be
turned into mourning, & the voice
of melody into wofull lamentation;
when thou dost meditate vpon
the sorrowfull miseries, and scornfull
reproches which thy innocent Sa-
uour did suffer for thy sake.*

*Let all vaine cogitations, and
idle thoughts be chased out of my
mind, by which it may be fondly
distracted, and vainely shiuered in
this godly Meditation, so that it
may be wholly reflected towards
thee,*

thee, and thinke vpon nothing but thee, my most mercifull Iesu.

Let it thinke vpon the *contumelious reproches*, *odious raylings*, and *griuenous blowes*, vvhich thou didst suffer, being vnder the hands of the wicked Priests, as a harmelless Sheepe amongst rauenuous Wolves, or in the midst of deuouring Lions.

And grant mee, oh my sweet Lord, that while I ponder these things in my minde, teares of true repentance may fall from mine eyes, and sighes of vnfaigned sorrow arise from my heart, to bewaile the horreur of my sinnes, which were as cruell tormentors to afflict thy body, and as sharpe-pointed needles, to enter into thy tender flesh.

Lastly, let vs meditate deuoutly (oh my soule) how my kinde Iesus was posted ouer vnto *Caia-phas*, after hee had beene derided and

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and buffeted in the house of *An-
nas.*

Beholde how this innocent
Lambe vvas haled to the sham-
bles, by the hands of those blou-
die Butchers!

Behold thy beloued *I E S V S*,
brought vvith his hands bound
before *Caiphas* the high Priest,
enuironed with a great multitude
of Scribes and Pharises: all cry
out against him: the base people
raile vpon him, with vile and odi-
ous words: banning and cursing
him for his blessed deedes, they
maliciously accuse him, & wrong-
fully charge him, but their testi-
monies were found to be false, and
their witnesses vntrue.

Truely thou maiest say that
which the Prophet spake of thee,
*They deliuered mee into the hands
of the vngodly, and they cast me forth
among the wicked, and they haue not
spared my life. The strong were ga-
thered*

thered against me, and they stood like
Giants against me.

But although their demeanour
towards thee (my louing Sauour)
was without all pietie, and their
words and deedes without all pit-
tie, yet thou diddest not open thy
mouth, to vtter any word of re-
prooffe, but thou didst heare their
spitefull taunts with patience, and
answere their malicious calum-
niations with silence: and there-
fore the high Priest began to be
displeased: and rising vp from
his seate, asked thee in his anger,
why thou diddest not answeere to
those things which were objected
against thee? *Mat. 26. 62.*

Attend (oh my soule) and con-
sider the vnspeakeable mildenesse
of my sweet Iesus, how patiently,
how humblic hee holdeth his
tongue, as one that were dumbe,
and could not speake, and remai-
neth as one that were deafe, when
they

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they reuile him in their madnes,
and raile vpon him in their furie,
sustaining with patience their
false calumniations, and forged
obiections.

And therefore his wonderfull
patience did make them more
mad, and his silence did the more
exasperate them in their furie,
when they saw him so meekely to
digest the venome of their viru-
lent tongues, and so mildely to suf-
fer the blowes of their violent
fists, so that being transported
with choller, beyond the limits of
modestie, & carried with rage, be-
yond the bounds of reason, they
belched out such impious and cla-
morous speeches against him, *Hast
thou no tongue, thou most wicked
wretch? Behold, art thou dumbe, and
canst not speake one word? What is
become of thy babling? Where
are thy long discourses, and plausible
speeches, which thou diddest make*

I

to

to the multitude in the Temple,
and to the seditious people in the
streetes?

Then thou wert full of words,
and thy tongue did not cease to
prattle, when multitudes did
flocke after thee through the Ci-
ties, and when the base people did
swarme after thee, through the
villages and desarts.

And art not thou hee which
preaching to the rude multitude
in the Temple, and pleasing their
giddie humor with thy long ora-
tions, was so impudent to inueigh
against vs, *Pharises, Doctors of law,*
and Rulers of the people, calling
vs hypocrites? checking vs rude-
ly for our Manners, and repropo-
sing vs rashly for our Doctrine,
neither *respecting* the *dignitie* of
our persons, nor *dreading* the *force*
of our *authoritie*?

Now behold, wee haue thee
sure enough, thou canst not escape
our

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our hands, thou art bound for
feare of starting, we are no babes,
to be wonne with faire wordes?
Now we haue thee, thou wretch,
as thy wicked deedes haue deser-
ued, such shall be thy recompense.

Wee are none of the rude and
base multitude, thou canst not
gull vs with thy *flattering speeches*,
nor beguile vs with false *apparitions*.

Suppose (oh my wofull soule)
that thou doest heare the cruell
Iewes, *bellowing* out such bitter
taunts against my *harmelesse* and
innocent Iesus, in the heate of their
rage, adding more cruell deedes, to
their cruell words, for all of them
like mad-men rush vpon him in
their violent furie: Some thumpe
him with their hands, some spurne
him vwith their feet, some strike
him on the necke, and as their
hands vvere nimble to load him
with blowes, so their tongues
were not idle, from *rayling* and

reviling him, with scornfull words.

Oh how *wonderfully* is my Lord *derided*, how *unworthily* is hee *scorned*! Yea, some (so barbarous was their mindes, and so brutish was their manners) do spit in his face: Who euer did see such grosse inhumanitie? who doth not abhor such *bestly incivillitie*? They all strive who should doe him most hurt, and contend one with another, to doe him most mischief, seeking by *spightfull words*, to vex his minde, and by cruell blowes, to wound his bodie.

Oh my louing *Iesus*, how bitter are their speeches, direfullie breathed out against thee?

How terrible are their practises, so bloodilie inflicted vpon thee?

Why are not my vitall spirits damped with woe? why are not mine eyes drowned in a flood of teares? and why is not my soule over-whelmed with the waues of sorrow,

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Sorrow, in this my sadde Meditation of thine afflictions, and deuout contemplation of thy humane miseries?

Wherefore gush forth, oh yee teares, from the inward fountaine of my heart, and ouerflow mine eies with your plentifull shewers.

But art thou made of flint, Oh my hard heart, that thou doest not breake into pieces? Is thy substance of marble, that thou doest not cleaue asunder, when I meditate vpon these cursed inuectiue reproches, and wicked deedes, done to my innocent Iesus, by the stony-hearted Iewes.

Alas for mee, a most wretched sinner, that my Lord should suffer such great and grievous affliction for my sake, and yet, that I should still remaine sencelesse in my sins, and haue no remorse of conscience for my hainous offences?

Haue mercy vpon mee, most

mercifull Lord, because I call all these things to minde, and haue them in my meditation: but for want of true loue, I am deprived of true deuotion, and my hard heart is without all sense of sorrowfull contrition. Therefore wound my heart, my louing Iesus, that I may be grieved with thee, and suffer for thee, that thou maist vouchsafe to shew me mercie, & that I may with more boldnesse approach vnto thy Maiestie. Thou wert humbled, and I disdain my brethren vvith pride: Thou wert *pinched* vvith hunger, and I surfeit with *abundance*: thou wert afflicted with *torments*, and I spend my dayes in *wanton pleasure*. Thou didst weepe, to thinke vpon the vvofull *destruction* of *Ierusalem*, but I am not touched with any tender affection of mercie, when I see thousands oppressed vvith miserie.

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I can finde no place, my sweet Iesu, to hide my face from *confusion*. I can finde no remedie for my *deadly maladie*, but in the vertue of thy comfortable mercie.

Oh, cure my disease with this excellent medicine, and salve all my vvounds with this pretious Balme, that all mine affections may be so kindled vvith thy loue, that I may *reioyce to suffer*, and *suffer vvith reioycing*, for thy glorious name, vvho wert content to bee *scorned and scourged*, to be accounted as an abiect amongst the vile and wicked, that I might be raised out of the pit of *endlesse miserie*, to be *exalted* for euer vvith thee, in the Pallace of *eternall glorie*.

I 4 A Medita-

A Meditation how *Peter* denied
his Maister three times in the house of
Cayphas, and of his weeping for the
same.

M E D. X.

Trembling with feare, caus'd by a
silly ^a *Maid;* ^a *Iohn. 18. 17.*
Once, twise, yea ^b *thrice, Saint Peter*
doth deny ^b *Luk. 22. 60. 61.*
His blessed Lord: ^c *Remembring what*
Christ sayd, ^c *Mar. 14. 72.*
Goes forth, repents, and ^d *weeps most*
bitterly. ^d *Mat. 26. 75.*

NOW let vs cease a while to
meditate on my Sauour, and
consider how *Peter* carried him-
self in the afflictions of his Master.

He was loath to leaue him, be-
cause he did loue him, and there-
fore although at the first hee fled,
yet hee returned againe with the
other

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other Disciple, who by friendship brought him into the Pallace of the high Priest: and as *Peter* stood there by the fire, a maide looked vpon him, and said to them that were by, *This man also was with Iesus of Nazareth.* But *Peter*, who not long before had made such great brags of his loue, was now so daunted with feare, that he flatly denied his seruice, saying: *I know not the man.* And a little after, another sayd vnto him, *Art not thou also one of his Disciples?*

So that now *Peter* was not content simply to denie him, but hee beganne earnestly to forswear him.

Now within'a while after, another came and said: *Verily, thou art one of them.* And then *Peter* began to curse and sweare, saying: *I know not the man whom thou speakest of, and immediately the Cocke crew.* And the Lord who stood not far off in

the hands of the wicked, looked back vpon *Peter*, not refusing faint-hearted *Peter* to be his seruant, although he had denied, and abiured him for his Maister.

Then Peter remembered the words which Iesus had spoken to him, and he went out & wept bitterly. Mat. 26.

Now let vs seriously meditate on the frailtie of *Peter*, that seeing so stout a Souldier so soone daunted with feare, we may take heed, not to presume too much vpon our owne weakenesse, lest we play the cowards, and start backe as he did, when wee are put to our tryall.

Consider (oh my soule) the frequency of his loue, and greatnesse of his feare, the willingnesse of his minde, and weakenesse of his might.

I dare not say but that *Peter* did loue his Lord, and was sorry for the distressed estate of his master, although

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although his heart fainted, and his stomacke failed in the time of danger: hee thought hee should haue beene able to haue performed in deedes, that which he had so boldly boasted in wordes: but alas, hee did not know his owne imbecilitie, his eyes were blinded that hee could not see his owne infirmitie, the spirit indeede was willing, but the flesh was weake.

He began to shew some courage when he drew his sword, and cut of *Malchus* his eare, but alas, it was soone abated, and he fled from his Maister, when hee saw him in the hands of his enemies, and surprised by his cruell foes. And albeit hee was so bolde spirited then, that hee durst resist a multitude of men, yet hee was so timerous now, that being terrified with the voyce of a Mayde, hee did renounce his gracious LORD,
 and

and flatly denie his louing Master, so soone were his boasting words turned into cowardly deeds, & the professed constancie of his loue found most inconstant in the day of tryall.

So we may note, that *Peter* presumed hee was able to haue done great exploits while hee was with Iesus, but we see the vigor of his courage was soone diminished, and the heate of his loue cooled when hee was separated from his Lord Iesus: so long as he did enioy peaceably his blessed societie, so long he dreaded no danger, he liued in securitie. In time of peace, he thought of no war: In time of calme weather, he feared no suddaine storme: But when he entered into the house of the high Priest, where hee saw his poore Master spightfully derided, mocked, and cruelly scourged, then his courage was cooled, his haughtie words

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words proued no deedes, and hee became a starke coward.

Learne thou also (oh my soule) by the example of *Peter*, to loue thy Lord Iesus, but so to loue him, that no affliction or calamitie may compell thee to leaue him.

But say with the Apostle, *Who shall separate me from the loue of Christ? shall tribulation or anguish? shall persecution or hunger? I am readie not onely to be bound, but also to die in Hierusalem for the name of the Lord Iesus.* Learne likewise by the example of *Peter*, not fondly to vaunt of thine owne courage, or to boast of thy strength: let the remembrance of his fall be as a bridle, to restraine thee from running headlong into the like fault.

Say not in the prosperous time of thine *aboundance* (vwhen all things succcede happily according to thy wish, and nothing falleth out contrarie to thy desire) *I shall*

shall neuer be moued, least afterward thou be constrained to change thy note, vveeping vvith bitter teares for thy folly, and lamenting for thy presumption, with sorrowfull sighes: saying, Thou didst turne away thy face from mee, and I was troubled.

Teach mee, oh Lord, to know mine owne weakenesse: open the eies of my vnderstanding, that I may see the *frailtie* of my *flesh*, and *sicklenesse* of my minde, when any cloud of persecution doth appeare ouer my head, or any dread of future affliction trouble my heart.

I often presume vvith *Peter*, that I could goe to prison vvith thee, abide any torment for thy sake, yea lose my life for thy loue, my louing Sauour: but (alas) I see by the *frailtie* of thy beloued Disciple, that I should proue but a dastard, when I come to fight thy battell, and begin to seeke some
couerture,

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couerture, to hide my head from danger.

For how can I boast of my *valour*, or bragge of my manhood, when as one of thy stoutest Souldiers, who had beene so long trained vp vnder thee, and had receiued so many encouragements by thee, began to faint, at the word of so weake an enemy, that hee did denie the seruice of so good a Master, onely for feare, before he felt the bitternesse of affliction: What is man that hee may boast of his strength, or be proud of his vertue, when the best is so vnable to performe a good action, that he is altogether vnable to conceiue a good motion?

Lighten thou (oh my gracious Lord) my darke and obscure vnderstanding, that I may not fondly runne into the snares of temptation, through a vaine confidence of my owne power, or
through

through a fond presumption of my owne strength, seeing I am so weake that I cannot conceiue any good thought in my heart, nor do any good deed with my hands, vnlesse thy diuine grace doe gouerne mine affections, and direct the course of my actions. But oh my most mercifull Sauour, although the allurements of the flattering world should so intice me, the pleasures of the wanton flesh so ouercome mee, and the feare of persecution so terrifie me, that I should be ashamed of thy liuerie, and denie so gracious a Lord: yet vouchsafe oh my sweet Iesu, to turne thy fauourable eies towards mee, that my faith may not vtterly faile, though it begin to quaille, and that thou wilt neuer leave mee vwhen I begin to shrink from thee. Oh let me not presume of thy loue, nor dispaire of thy mercy.

Let

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Let remembrance of thy words wound my heart, and awake my sleepe conscience, that my soule may be cast downe with true sorrow, and that I may vveepe, yea vveepe bitterly vvith sorrowfull *Peter*. Luk. 22. 62. for my sinnes, that I may be made partaker of the benefit of thy comfortable mercie, and obtaine remission of my grievous transgressions, by true Repentance as he did.

Thou hast left this example of the fall of thy louing Disciple, recorded in thy holy word, not to animate vs to commit the sinne of presumption, but to comfort vs that wee runne not into the pit of wofull desperation, when wee are ouertaken with the like fault, and haue committed the like folly: therefore teach me (oh Lord) so to presume of thy mercie, that I may alwaies stand in awe of thy Iustice.

I am

I am not assured that thou wilt turnethine eies towards mee, as thou didst towards him, so that my heart may be smitten with sorrow, and mine eies streame forth bitter teares of true Repentance, and that thou wilt receiue me into thy blessed seruice againe, as thou didst him, after I haue denied thee to be my Lord and Master.

It was thy free mercie to afford vnto him such an vnspokeable grace of thy extraordinarie loue: he could plead no worthinesse of words, nor merit of workes to deserue thy fauour.

But (oh most gracious Lord) if my guiltie conscience doe at anie time tell mee that I haue or doe commit the same offence, yet vouchsafe, that I may resort to the euerlasting fountaine of thy plentiful mercie, that there my thirstie soule may bee refreshed with the sweet waters of comfort,
so

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so that it may neither be drowned
in the Sea of excessiue sorrow, nor
wounded with the Darts of cure-
lesse dispaire.

Now consider thou, (oh my
soule) the place where *Peter* was,
and the conditions of the people
who were vvith him, vvhen hee
made such a fearefull defection,
from his gracious Lord, and fai-
led in his loue, towards his kinde
and louing Master: He was in the
Palace of the high Priest, *whosate*
in counsell with the *Scribes* and *Pha-*
rises, against the Lord and his an-
nointed, amongst a wicked crewe
of these cruell Ministers, vvwhose
minde were incensed with furie,
and hands armed with crueltie, to
torment my innocent Sauour.

Marke how soone he was infe-
cted by their vvicked manners,
how soone his soule was corrup-
ted with their naughtie conditi-
ons: for now he began to protest
with

with swearing, and to affirme with cursing, that he knew not his louing Maister, to whom not long before, hee had made a solemne vow, not onely to forgoe his libertie, for his cause, but also to loose his life for his sake. *Luke. 22. 33.*

Oh fearefull downfall, of so great an Apostle! for if his louing Master, and mercifull Sauour, had not beene more constant towards him in his loue, and tenderly compassionate towards him by his mercie, hee had neuer recovered himselfe, but had perished for euer.

No man can touch Pitch, but hee shall be defiled: no man can tread upon thornes with bare feete, but he shall be pricked, nor any man holde his hands amongst fierie coales, but they will be burned: Euen so, no man can remaine amongst lewd persons, and conuerse in the companie

Med. 10. of the Lords passion. 197

panie of the wicked, but his minde shall be stained with the spots of impietie, his conscience wounded with the thornes of sinne, and his soule made loathsome vvith the botches, and blaines of iniquitie.

But so soone as my beloued Iesus had turned his eies towards *Peter*, and vvith his lookes had awakened his *drowsie memorie*, then perplexed *Peter* remembered the words of his Master, so that his heart being surcharged vvith sorrow, and his eyes flowing with teares, he left that wicked companie, and went out and wept: yea he wept bitterly. *Luk. 22. 62. Teach me oh Lord, to leane the dangerous societie of the wicked: neither let mee desire, or delight to dwell in the Tents of the vngodly: Let me also learne, by the example of thy sorrowfull Disciple, to goe into some secret place, and with-draw my selfe from the people, when I call my selfe*

selfe to reckoning for my transgressions, (but alas, I am negligent in casting vp this account) and begin to sorrow for my sinnes, and to shed teares for my grievous offences, that all impediments may be remoued from mine eies, and as much as is possible, all vaine and vvicked cogitations out of my heart, vvhen I come before thy presence (oh Lord) to prostrate my selfe before thee, in submissiue humilitie, desiring thee to passe ouer mine offences, and to forgiue me my sinnes, through thy infinite mercie.

Then (oh my good Lord) so deeply vvound my conscience vvith horroure of my detestable sinnes, that I may offer vp a broken and contrite heart vnto thee, because thou art alwaies vvell pleased vvith such a Sacrifice, and it sendeth vp a sweet saour into thy nosethrils.

Now

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Now consider (oh my soule) that as the trespasse of *Peters* deniall vvas great, so his sorrow vvas grievous: as the remembrance of his fall vvas *sowre*, so the streames of his *teares* vvere bitter: yet they vvere not so bitter vnto him for feare of punishment, as they vvere bitter, because hee had denied so sweet and so louing a Master: the remembrance of his horrible ingratitude vvas more bitter vnto him then gall, and more vnpleasant then wormewood: his *teares* vvere bitter vnto him, in respect of his presumption, who promised so much, and performed so little: and they vvere bitter vnto him, vwhen he thought vpon the sweet loue of his Master, and the great benefits hee had receiued of him.

And yet their bitternesse vvas mixed vvith sweetnesse, because they were signes of his hartie sorrow,

row, and tokens of his true repentance, *for where true repentance goeth before, remission of sinnes alwaies followeth after. Eze. 33. 19.*

Thou seest also, that the lookes of the Lord, did draw out teares from *Peters* eies; Neither is it any wonder, for the eies of the Lord were as a flame of fire, and the eies of *Peter* as Ice, vvhich began to melt into teares, by the influence of their heat, as true tokens of his sorrowfull, relenting, and penitent heart.

Oh happie are thine eies, my blessed Sauour, vvhich doe so warme the coldnesse of our harts, that they may bee able to haue some sense of thy loue, and doe so illuminate our dimme vnderstanding, that we may see our errors, and seeing, may sigh and weepe for our transgressions. Oh how soone doe they dissolue the Ice, and melt the frost of our hard harts,

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harts, and turne it into the waters
of bitter lamentation, and sorrow-
full deuotion !

Oh my most bountifull Iesu !
oh my most mercifull Lord, haue
mercy vpon mee, pittie my vvo-
full case, shut not the dore of thy
compassion against mee ; oh let
me taste of the sweetnesse of thy
wonted clemency , vvhich haue
so often , so stubbornely renoun-
ced thee, through the peeuishnes
of my will, so often denyed thee
by my wicked words , and most
often forsworne thee by my wret-
ched deeds.

Haue mercy vpon me , oh my
most sweet Iesus , let the beames
of thine eyes make their reflecti-
on towards mee , that mine eyes
may melt into teares, as the *rocke*
did gush forth water, when Moses
smote it with his rod, Exod. 17. 5.
that I may weep for my sins, and
bewaile my transgressions, which
K haue

haue so often refused thy seruice,
because I vvas loath to leaue the
vanities of the wicked world, or to
forsake the pleasures of the wan-
ton flesh.

Heale mee (oh Lord) for I am
full of sores, and my bones doe
rot away with corruption. Stay
me vp (oh Lord) when my feete
begin to slide, and lift me vp when
I am downe: vnlesse thou sup-
port mee I cannot but slide, and
vnlesse thou doe lift me vp, I can-
not rise againe when I doe fall: I
can doe nothing vvithout thee,
thou onely doest heale those that
are bruised, and thou alone doest
raise them vp that are fallen.

Therefore looke towards mee,
and haue mercie vpon mee, for I
am desolate and poore.

Neither turne away thy face
from me, but let thine eyes be fix-
ed vpon me. If thou wilt vouch-
safe (oh my most kind and louing
Lord)

Lord) to shew me this mercy, and to regard the wofull estate of mee a most wretched creature, then oh Lord, I shall call my transgressions to remembrance, & mourne for my grieuous offences that I haue committed against thee.

Raile mee vp (oh Lord) out of my dead sleepe of carelesse securitie, as thou didst *Lazarus* out of his graue: *Ioh. 11. 43. 44.* open the eyes of my vnderstanding, that I may see to tread in the pathes of thy commandements.

Be thou as a strong Pillar, to support and stay me in my weaknesse, for I am so feeble that I cannot stand without thy helpe, and euery moment I shall bee ouerwhelmed, vnlesse thy strong hand doe support me.

Let thy eyes (oh my louing I E S V S) be euermore turned towards mee, that I may euery day returne vnto thee, by true and

harty repentance, sorrowing for my sinnes that are past, and endeavouring by thy grace to take better heed to my wayes in time to come, so that I may do that which is agreeable to thy sacred law, and acceptable to thy holy will.

Oh my G o d, let thy seruane *Peter* his falling, put me in continuall minde to take heed to mine owne standing, and his Repentance, arme me with strong confidence in thy mercie, against desperation. **A M E N.**

A Medi-

Med. II. of the Lords Passion. 205

A Meditation, how Iesus was sent
unto Pilate.

M E D. X I.

Like an offender Iesus Christ is
^a bound, ^a Mat. 27.2.

And ^b sent to Pilate: Pilate doth
confesse ^b Mark. 15.1.

That Christ is ^c guiltles: Nothing
could be found ^c Math. 27.24.

To prone that Christ their ^d law,
did ere transgresse. ^d Luk. 23.14.

NOW let vs returne from wee-
ping Peter, to meditate vpon
my louing Iesus, who remained
all night in the house of Cayphas,
where hee was scorned with oppro-
brious words, and buffeted and bea-
ten with cruell blowes, no man
spake in his cause, no man plear-
ded his case, hee sustained their
iniuries with meekenesse, hee did

hnc

K 3

beare

beare their intollerable reproches
with mildnesse.

Now in the morning, my innocent
Iesus was brought before the high
Priest and others, who sat in counsell,
to examine him as a pernicious tray-
tor, not worthie to live, but worthie of
a most cruell death.

And after they had reviled him
with proud words, and haled him too
and fro with cruell hands, they cried
out in their madnes, and roared out in
their furie, he is worthie of death, let
him be led bound onto Pilate, that hee
may pronounce iudgment against him,
to die a most shamefull & cruell death.

Oh how was my sweet Sauour
molested for my sake! how was
his soule afflicted for my sinnes!
I was the cause that thou wert
conuented before the counsell of
the high Priest, and my sinnes did
send thee to Pilate.

Oh let mee weepe in the mor-
ning when I awake out of sleepe,
and

Med. 11. of the Lords Passion. 207

and make my bed to swimme with
teares, when I lie downe to rest,
because I haue beene delighted
with that, as my chiefeſt felicitie,
which caused thee to abide the
bitterneſſe of all their crueltie, and
vill be the cauſe of mine owne
endleſſe miſerie, vnleſſe my
wounds be healed, and my ſores
ſalued with the pretious balme of
thy ſauing mercie.

Teach me, oh Lord, to ſuffer a-
ny affliction for thy ſake, with ala-
critie, and to ſuſtaine the malice of
perſecution with cheerefull humi-
lity, which ſhal be by Sathan raiſed
againſt me, or by his instruments
inſlicted vpon me for thy cauſe.

Let the patterne of thy perfect
humilitie, be alwayes placed be-
fore mine eyes, let the memorie
of thy patience, neuer depart out
of my minde. Oh ye vvicked
Iewes! Oh ye falſe accuſers! oh
ye lying caluminators! oh ye per-
iured

iured wretches! How maliciously, how vniustly, how spitefully, how impudently doe yee accuse my Lord? ye raile vpon him as if hee were a most damnable traytor, ye reuile and curse him, as if hee had complotted some horrible treason, or inuented some notable mischiefe, when as his hands were neuer stained with any euill action, nor his heart tainted with any wicked cogitation, his words were nothing but verity and truth, and there was no guile to be found in his mouth: who alone is good, the author of goodnesse, and the fountaine of euerlasting happines. Tell me ye deceitfull and spitefull accusers, what euill hath he done? what vvicked deed hath he committed? Enquire of them vvhom hee deliuered from the vncleane spirits vvherewith they were miserably tormented? aske the blinde vvhom hee had made to see? demand

Med. 11. of the Lords Passion. 209

mand of the deafe whom he made to heare? aske the Leapers whom he clenfed, and the dead persons whom hee reuiued? let them answer your false accusations, and ouerthrow the forged testimonies of your criminall obiections? Are ye so vvilfull that ye will not acknowledge his mercy? are ye so blinde that ye cannot see his miracles? If an vngodly man can performe such mercifull deedes, then you may iustly accuse him as a vvicked doer, and condemne him as a dangerous malefactor. Thou seest my soule, vvhat cause thou hast to vvater thy cheekes vvith continuall teares, and to overwhelmē thy hart in deepe streams of vvofull sorrow, vvhen thou dost thinke vpon the afflictions of thy blessed Sauour, and meditate on the cursed torments executed by the cruell Iewes against thy innocent Iesus.

Was there euer any Traitor so execrable to men for his bloodie deeds? or any vile wretch so odious for his vitious life, vvhich sustained so many opprobrious vvords, scornfull derisions, bitter taunts, and grievous torments, as the furious Iewes inflicted vpon my mercifull Iesus?

Oh my blessed Saviour and louing Redeemer, what did moue thee to sustaine such a heauie burthen of afflictions? what was the cause that thou didst submit thy selfe to so many miseries? I know my most gracious Lord, it did flow from the fountaine of thy vnmeasurable loue, in tendring the wooll estate of me a most wretched sinner: and because thou vvert moued with the bowels of compassion towards mee, a most forlorne and miserable creature.

Thy exceeding loue vvvas the cause of thy admirable humilitie: and

Med. 11. of the Lords Passion. 211

and thy vnspeakeable mercie, the
 foueraigne medicine to cure my
 miserie. Therefore grant me, my
 humble and lowly Iesus, vvhich
 am thy poore and most vnwor-
 thy seruant, that I may suffer any
 contempt vvith humilitie for thy
 cause, & endure any vile reproach
 vvith alacritie for thy sake, este-
 ming it my chiefeft honour to
 be scorned for thy loue, and ac-
 counting my selfe most happie,
 vvhen I suffer any persecution for
 thy holy name.

Possesse my heart vvith true
 humilitie, that my thoughts may
 not thirst after vaine glorie, nor
 mine affections hunt after world-
 ly honour. For I know (oh Lord)
 that thou doest resist the proud,
 and that thou giuest grace to the
 humble: *Iames. 4. 6. Pro. 15. 25.*
 and I know (oh Lord) that hee
 vvich desireth to ascend to the
 place of euerlasting glorie, must
 ascend

ascend vnto it by the steps of humility; Therefore thou (vvhich art onely able) teach mee that I may be truly humbled, so that my minde may not swell vvith pride in time of my prosperitie, nor any ambitious thoughts find any harbour in my heart in the time of my peaceable tranquillity, that I may sing vvith the sweet singer *David*, *It is good for mee that thou hast humbled me.* And that I may more easily learne to leuell my thoughts by the rule of humility, inflame my heart vvith thy loue, for if my heart be incensed and kindled vvith thy loue, my desires will be ready to performe thy wil, and I shall be chearefull to walke in thy vvayes, vvich doest teach mee to be lowly in minde, and humble in heart.

A Medita-

Med. 12. of the Lords Passion. 213

A Meditation how Pilate caused
 Iesus to be scourged, and how after-
 ward he pronounced sentence of death
 against him.

M E D. XII.

Though Pilates mouth did Iesus
^a iustifie, *^a Luke 21.4.14.*

And Pilates ^b wife the like did
testifie, *^b Mat. 27.19.*

Yet ^c scourg'd he is : therewith not
pleas'd, they crie : *^c Mat. 15.15.*

His blood on ^d vs and ours, him
crucifie. *^d Mat. 27.25.*

VHen Pilate had strictly
 examined my innocent
 Iesus, and could finde no cause
 why the cruell Iewes should so
 grieuously accuse him, but knew
 that they had deliuered him for
 enuie, and did spite him for ma-
 lice: he was vvilling to haue set Ie-
 sus at liberty, but the furious Iewes
 did

did so greedily thirst after his innocent blood, and so eagerly desired to haue him put to a shameful death, that they cried out in a rage, and exclaimed in their fury: Set *Barrabas* at libertie, and crucifie Iesus.

But when *Pilate* perceiued that nothing could calme the storme of their rage, and repress the violence of their madnesse, but effusion of his innocent blood, then he commanded that my harmelesse Iesus should be cruelly scourged, thinking that the streames of blood running downe from his sacred body would haue allaide the heat of their malice, & quenched the flame of their fury. But alas, it was his life that they onely fought: nothing but his innocent death could satisfie their bloody mindes: yea, nothing but cruell death could tame their brutish rage, *Matth. 26.*

But

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But stay here my soule, that thou mayest reuiew againe thy innocent Iesus, accused vniustly, reuiled maliciously, spitefully scorched, and cruelly scourged by the commaundement of *Pilate*: they crowned his head scornefully with pricking Thornes, and did teare his tender flesh with their cruell whips. Oh my most louing Lord! oh my most mercifull Iesus! mollifie my hard hart that it may be wholly dissolued into streames of sorrow, with the memory of thy bitter scourging, and that my soule may be wounded so that it may send forth deepe groanes at the meditation of thine afflictions. Grant me oh my most mercifull LORD, that my thoughts and affections may be so seriously affected vvith the remembrance of thy tedious Passion, that my senses may be made partakers of thy grieuous paines: for I
 my

my selfe, most louing Lord, am nothing able to performe that indeed, which I doe desire, and conceine in my minde.

I doe often times purpose with my selfe to meditate on thy Passion, and to thinke seriously vpon thine affliction, and to ruminate in my secret thoughts, what *ignominious* crueltie was acted against thee, vwhen thou didst finish the worke of my redemption: But (alas) my senses are replenished with such stupiditie and dulnesse, that I am not touched vwith any sensible compassion, because my vnderstanding is distempered with vaine and fond cogitations, and my heart is become so hard that it is vnapt to conceiue any tender affection, while I meditate vpon the grieuous paines, and muse on the great afflictions which thou didst sustaine, and patiently endure to satisfie the vvrath of thy Father,

Med. 11. of the Lords Passion. 217

Father, due vnto me for my sinnes.
 I cannot taste the sweetnesse,
 I cannot relish the goodnesse of
 thy passion, because the matter is
 tedious to my corrupted thoghts,
 and vnpleasant to my carnall de-
 sires. For so vnconstant and in-
 stable is my heart, so mutable and
 variable are the motions of my
 minde, that they are both soone
 distracted, alienated and diuorced
 from that heauenly meditation
 by swarms of idle fantasies, & foo-
 lish cogitations. But from whence,
 oh Lord, doe these noysome
 vveeds grow vp in my hart? how
 is it that they finde such a fertile
 soile in my minde? truly, because
 my heart is not planted vvith thy
 loue, nor my mind furnished with
 thy graces. For I can neuer haue
 my fill of those things vvherein I
 take too much delight: my minde
 cannot be drawne from their so-
 cietie, because they haue wonne
 my

my fauor,& haue gotten my loue.
Wherefore, oh my most mercifull
Iesus, because I loue thee so little,
and dote vpon worldly vanities so
much, my hart slideth away from
thee, & mine affections are diuer-
ted from thee; and I know oh
Lord, how prone & ready I am to
consent to euery wicked motion,
and how impotent and feeble I
am, to go about any good action.
Therefore I pray thee, not to cor-
rect me in thy wrath, nor to pro-
ceed against mee with seuerity of
thy Iustice, but to haue pittie on
me a most miserable sinner, and to
confirme my vnconstant hart with
a stedfast delight in thy loue, & to
establissh my wandring minde, ac-
cording to the multitude of thy
mercies: so that no pleasure, be it
neuer so sweet, may be able to al-
lure me to leaue thy blessed loue:
nor any tribulation, be it neuer so
bitter, constrain me to forsake thy
happy

Med. 12. of the Lords Passion. 219

happy seruice: driue all idle cares
 out of my minde, & purge all cor-
 rupt thoughts out of my hart, and
 draw me wholly vnto thee, that I
 may remember with a deuout
 compassion, & call to minde with
 a serious meditation, how many,
 what great & grieuous torments,
 what scornfull derisions thou
 didst suffer in thy most pretious
 body, by the commaundement of
Pontius Pilate, who contrary to the
 equitie of thy cause, and testimony
 of his owne conscience, *Ioh. 19. 4.*
 commaunded thee to be scourged
 without all pittie, when as he him-
 selfe with his owne words had iu-
 stified thy innocency.

Oh vvhat a flood of teares
 should streame from mine eyes,
 what *groanes* and sorrowfull *sighes*
 should arise from the depth of
 my heart? how should all my sen-
 ses be ouerwhelmed with a sea of
 sorrow, when I meditate on the

noillag

flintie

flinty hearts, and cruell hands of those tormentors, who scourged my louing Redeemer?

My heart cannot conceiue the *outrage* of their *tyranny*: my tongue is too weake to expresse their barbarous inhumanitie: Who were as eager to lay *violent hands* vpon my poore Iesus, as *rauenous Wolves* are greedy to deuoure a tender Lambe, or *hungry Lyons* to ceaze vpon their prey.

They make haste to vnbinde his armes, and to vntie his hands, but it was not done to release him of his cruell bands, or to afford him any little ease: but that they might strip him of his garments, to scourge his naked body with their tormenting whips, and to make his veines spout out bloud with their cruell stripes.

Ah *ruthfull* spectacle to *pittifull* eyes, and able to haue made a *deepe* impression of *tender* compassion

Med. 12. of the Lords Passion. 221

passion in their hearts; if they had not beene more heard then Marble! What *sauage thoughts* raigned in their murdering mindes? What *monstrous indignitie* was done vnto my louing Redeemer, to be stripped of his garments, and to stand naked before such vile and base vassals, who cloathed the Heauens with exceeding glory, and adorned the earth with admirable beauty?

Now, when they had stripped him of his cloathes, they bound him to a pillar, to endure their cruell stripes, hauing banished pittie from their hearts, and imbraced cruelty with their hands: sometime they lash him on the backe, sometime they scourge him on the brest: Now they let their smarting whips flie on his shoulders, anon they strike him on his armes: they suffer no part of his body to bee free from blowes, and they grieue his righteous soule with bitter words,

words, whilest yet they are executing their cruell deeds.

But what Tygers heart harboured in their brest (oh my innocent Sauour) which robbed them of grace, and they disrobed thee of thy cloathes? What hellish fury armed their hands which bound thee to a pillar, and scourged thy blessed body? how exceeding execrable is their sauage crueltie? How rare and admirable is thy silent patience? It was I, it was I, oh my most sweet Iesu, which deserved to bee scourged with the whips of euerlasting torments.

And thou my most mercifull Sauour, looking vpon my miserable, wofull and distressed estate, with thine eye of pittie, wert willing to be scourged for me a most wretched sinner, and being innocent, to suffer for mine offences, that the streames of thy pretious bloud, might wash away the filthy
staines

staines of my hainous sins: Alas, how is the wonderfull glory, oh my most sweet Lord, of thy *super-excellent beauty* decayed? how is the gracefull *decency* of thy *amiable feature* diminished? And how much is the *delightfull comelinesse* of thy most sacred body disgraced? Oh let mine eyes send forth a sea of teares, and let my perplexed heart breake into pieces with exceeding sorrow, to see my beloued Sauour stained with his owne blood, and leopard-like bespotted with deformitie, who did farre excell all the sonnes of men with his glorious beauty.

Now thou seest oh my soule, how the snow-white skin of the bodie of thy Sauour, is changed into a *bloody tincture*: Thou maist see, and sigh when thou seest how his tender flesh is made black and blew with the cruel blowes which cruell tormentors inflicted vpon him,

him, whose *stony hearts* had no sense of his *grievous paines*, when they saw with their eyes (and yet alas they would not pittie his wo-
full case) how the bloud ran out of his veines, as water floweth out of a fountaine.

Mourne and lament, oh my soule, send forth *deepe groanes* and *sorrowfull sighes* at so pittifull a sight. For now thou canst not say, *My beloved is white and ruddy, Cant. 1. 14.* as sometime thou mightest: But rather say, *my beloved is blacke and blew*, his pretious bloud gushing out of his veines, and his tender flesh mangled with grievous wounds.

Who is so *cruelly minded*, and so *stony-hearted*, which cannot be moved to shed plentifull teares, when he vieweth my sweet Sauior Iesus so *sauagely abused* without any pittie, and so *spitefully taunted*, and maliciously tormented without any mercy? Now

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Now when those cursed Tormentors had almost *tired* their hands, but yet not *tamed* the *crueltie* of their hearts, they cloathe him with a vesture of purple colour, set a crowne of sharpe thorns on his head, and put a Reed for a Scepter into his hands, calling him King in derision vvith their blasphemous mouthes, whom they accounted more base then the meanest abiect in al the world, *Mat. 27. 2.* Is it possible for thee, my sorrowfull soule, to keepe backe the tide of thy streaming teares, when thou dost meditate in thy perplexed minde, and as it were, view within thy *secret thoughts* how cruelly thy harmeleſſe Saviour was tortured by those bloody tormentors: how spitefully he was *tanted*, and shamefully mocked by those blasphemous wretches?

There was no man, oh my sweet Iesu, that did afford thee so much

as a signe of pittie in thy greatest paines : thou mightest not haue a Chirurgion to stanch thy bleeding wounds, no man sought to ease thy smart, nor to bathe thy scourged body : no man offered thee a cup of water to refresh thy fainting spirits :

Oh let shewers of teares trickle downe my cheekes, and let a sea of sorrow ouer-flow my heart, when I enter into a serious meditation of the grieuous paines, derisions, and afflictions, which my innocent redeemer patiently endured. Oh then let mine eyes send forth a flood of teares, because my mercifull & louing Iesus suffered all those *intollerable extremities* for mee, a most wretched sinner, that he might pay the price of my *redemption*, and deliuer my soule from *euermlasting captiuitie*!

Oh how should I, my bountifull Iesu, sound the bottomlesse
profan-

profunditie of thy vnspeakeable
mercy?

And how can I search the end-
les depth of mine owne wretched
miserie?

Touch my heart oh Lord, by
the vertue of thy holy spirit, and
teach me by the sacred documents
of thine vnsearchable wisdom,
so that the affections of my heart
may be faithfully affianced, and
for euer affixed vnto thy immea-
surable loue, and my minde euer-
more imployed in the diuine me-
ditation of thy holy law.

Instruct mee to lay vp in the
store-house of my *perpetuall* me-
morie, how many, how great and
griuous paines thou hast endu-
red for me. What should I render
vnto thee in *requitall* of thine im-
measurable loue? how should I be
able to demeanie my selfe thanke-
fully vnto thee, when of my selfe I
am so vile a creature, that I cannot

thinke dutifully of thee? Wherefore open mine eyes (oh my sweet Iesu) that I may see the inestimable riches of thy *bountie*.

Infuse thy working grace into my vnderstanding, that I may know & acknowledge the greatness of thy loue, and goodnesse of thy gracious benefits. Graunt me such a portion of thy grace, that in the *highest degree* of my *prosperitie*, I may meditate on thy pouerty, so that my minde may be brideled from *ambitious* thoughts, and my actions neuer transgresse the bounds of moderate humility.

And when I decke my body with costly attire, let me thinke of thy nakednes, that it may allwaie my swelling pride, and induceme to abate somewhat of my *superfluitie*, to cloathe and relieue my poore brethren in their naked necessitie.

And when my Table is furnished

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shed with delicate meates, and my cuppe filled with delicious wine, then oh my louing Sauiour, let me remember thy hunger. Oh let me not forget thy thirst, that I may be sober in my diet, and temperate in my drinke, and remember to refresh poore hungry *Lazarus*, when he lieth crying and crauing at my gate.

When I enioy my libertie, let me thinke of thine imprisonment, that I may not let mine affections runne ryot, but tame their wilde motions before they breake forth into desperate actions. Let not worldly pleasure haue such so-ueraigne dominion ouer my peaceable thoughts, but that I may alwayes haue some taste of the paines which thou didst suffer for my sinnes with patience, and sustaine for my transgressions with silence.

Lastly, let me neuer dispaire of

L 3

thy

thy potent mercy, though by my owne merit I finde I haue deserued nothing else but hell and damnation. Now that this blessed worke of thine excellent goodnesse (oh my gracious Lord) may be affected in mee, make a deepe impression of thy loue in my bowels, and ingraue the true character of thy kindnesse on my heart, so that nothing may please my taste, nothing breed my delight, nothing affect my desires, but onely thou my King & God, my Saviour and my Redcemer. Kindle the fire of thy loue within my bones, that my ardent zeale may neuer be quenched towards my beloued Lord Iesus, who did willingly abide the curse, and die on the crosse to pay my debt, and to deliuer my soule out of the prison of eternall death.

But stay not here my soule,
turne thine eyes toward thine afflicted

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flicted Iesus, view him harmlesse
 and innocent, and see in what
 scornefull habit iniurious *Pilate*
 doth present him to the bloudy-
 minded Iewes: his body is arraied
 in a roabe of purple: his cheekes
 bedewed with blood, running out
 of the veines of his head, wounded
 with a Crowne of sharpe thornes:
 A ruthfull spectacle, which might
 haue made their stony-hearts
 haue melted with compassionate
 pittie.

But (alas) vvhat can mollifie
 those harts which are full fraugh-
 ted with crueltie? thinke oh my
 soule, thou doest heare *Pilate* that
 vniust and wrongfull iudge, vtte-
 ring these or the like words vnto
 the muttering Iewes.

Behold, I bring him forth vn-
 to you, that yee may know I can
 finde no cause to pronounce
 iudgement against him, but be-
 cause yee pretend some matter:

L 4

Behold

Behold how I haue punished the man, to calme the tumults of your enraged mindes.

Looke vpon him vvith your eyes, see how miserable, vvofull, base, and contemptible he appeareth in your sight! You need not stand in feare that he will seeke to rule ouer you as a king: you may see his power is too weake to compassse a kingdome: you may see how bitterly hee hath bene scourged, scoffed at by the people, scorned of the multitude, rudely halled, and roughly handled by the Souldiers: you need not dread him as a man dangerous to the State: though he had a mind, yet he hath no might to raise vp any tempest of *sedition*: Wherefore, ye may now set him at libertie after hee hath bene scourged, without any feare of perill, and let him goe without any dread of danger.

But

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But consider heere my soule,
 that although vniust *Pilate*, con-
 trarie to equitie of law, testimony
 of his owne conscience, and sen-
 tence of his owne mouth, had ex-
 tremely punished my louing Sa-
 uiour, and had authorised his ba-
 sest officers to vse him at their
 pleasure, and to abuse him in their
 iesting humour : And although
 their taunts were *bitter* without
 meane, their derisions intollerable
 without any sparke of modesty,
 and their torments excessiue with-
 out measure, yet none of them,
 nor all of them could once delay
 the fury of the hasty execution-
 ner, nor allay the heat and fiery
 hatred of the enuious cruell
 Iewes, kindled in their burning
 breast without cause against my
 innocent Iesus: but although they
 saw him so deformed, so ignomi-
 niously disgraced, and grievously
 afflicted, yet it could not satiate,

no it could not so much as slake
the thirst of their bloody mindes:
they were so farre transported be-
yond the limits of reason in their
chollericke moode, and fretting
without measure, to see his life
prolonged the space of a mo-
ment, that they exclaimed in their
madnesse, *Crucifie him, crucifie him:*
his very breath is odious vnto vs,
If thou let him goe, thou art not Ce-
sars friend, Ioh. 19. 12. Oh ye per-
uerse and peeuish nation! Oh yee
wicked and viperous generation!
was it not enough to haue stop-
ped your clamorous mouthes, to
haue mollified your flinty hearts,
and to haue stayed your bloody
hands, when yee sawe my meeke
and kinde Sauour so cruelly
scourged, currishly scorned, and
pittifully tormented, as though
he had bene a man dangerous to
your state, and a pernicious foe to
your countrie?

But

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But although all those insupportable iniuries, and opprobrious indignities were contrarie to all pietie, and without any pittie inflicted vpon him, when as by the testimonie of *Pilate*, a sterne & seuerer Iudge, he was pronounced to bee innocent and cleare from all offences, *Ioh. 19. 6.* yet ye supposed that al those torments were too little, and nothing too much, vvhich was vniustly done to that innocent Lambe, who opened not his mouth once to murmur or mutter against his cruell persecutors.

Here hast thou cause (oh my soule) to admire the *unspeakeable mildnesse* of my Iesus, and to stand amazed at the *implacable crueltie* of the Iewes. When *Pilate* perceiued that his words could not *preuaile* to stake the flame of their enuious mindes, but rather added more *fuell* to their boyling furie,
and

and that delay of his death did so
mad, & vexeth their confused thoughts,
that they would not be quieted
before they had shed his innocent
blood: then he willing to satisfie
their franticke humor, and to shew
himselfe a friend vnto *Cesar*, pre-
sumed against the *contradiction*
and care of his owne conscience,
to pronounce sentence of death,
yea of a most vile and shame-
full death against the innocent
Lambe, my louing Lord Iesus.

Neuerthelesse he would make
a fayre shew to the world, that he
did *acquitt* him in his heart, al-
though hee *condemned* him vvith
his mouth: *And taking water, hee*
washed his hands before the people, say-
ing: I am innocent from the blood of
this iust man, looke ye vnto it: Mat 27.
24. Then all the people cryed out
aloud with open mouthes and
bloody mindes, *His blood be vpon*
us and our children, Mat. 27. 25.

And

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And indeede at last they found the wofull effect of their bloudie vvish, they felt the smart of their *bloudie* desire, though then in the heat of their furie they *dreaded* no danger, nor *dreamed* on the day of their sorrow, wherein their Citie was filled with slaughtered bodies, and the channels of their streets streamed with bloud. Although my tender hearted Saviour had fore-told them of their wofull desolation, and vvith *weeping* teares fore-warned them of their *dolefull* destruction: but they stopped their eares and would not heare his voice, flattering themselves in their deceitfull securitie, and laughed at his vvords in the *faire dayes* of their prosperity.

But here cease a while my sorrowfull soule, to meditate on the *malicious madnesse* of the bloud-thirstie Iewes, vvwhose clamorous voices could not be pacified before

fore the corrupted Iudge (cursed *Pilate*) had condemned my deare and innocent Iesus: and consider the hainous and hatefull condition of *Pilates* sinne, and view the wofull horror of his vvretched soule, who for feare of *Cesar*, and fauour of the people, did contrary to the knowledge of his conscience, and custome of law, pronounce sentence of death against my poore Iesus, who neuer meant hurt, nor thought any euill.

Tell me (thou vvicked Iudge) how couldest thou pretend any shadow to couer thy sinne? where couldest thou think to find a place of refuge for thy guilty soule?

Didst thou more dread the displeasure of the people, then the *horror* of a guiltie conscience? diddest thou stand in more awe of mortall men, then of the *Eternall* God? didst thou more regard to protest thy selfe a friend vnto
Cesar,

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Cesar, (vvho although he vvhere a great King, was but a feeble creature) than thou hadst care to discharge thine office to God, thine omnipotent Creator?

Tell me, did not thy heart ake, and all thy body tremble, so soone as *wrongfull iudgement* had passed out of thy lippes against my innocent Sauour? Wert thou not tormented vvith the sting of thy vvounded conscience? Or vvere thou depriued of all thy senses, so soone as thou haddest vttered that vvrongfull sentence? Thou didst know that the Iewes had deliuered him of enuie: *Matth. 27.28.* and wouldst thou be an instrument to satisfie their wicked malice? Thou wert ordained a Iudge, to execute Iustice, and to giue righteous iudgement; wherefore how horrible was thy sinne? how wofull was the state of thy guilty soule, when thou hadst condemned

demned my innocent Iesus.

Bitter and sweet vvater doth not flowe out of the selfe-same fountaine : yet thou (vvith the selfe-same mouth) didst iustifie my Sauour, as an innocent person, and by and by (vvith the selfe-same mouth) condemne him, as an hainous malefactor?

How odious should the crying voices of murthering Iewes haue beene to thy eares? how shouldst thou haue hated their bloudie hearts, detested their vnlawfull requests, and loathed their malicious desires, vvhen they cried out vnto thee in their furie, & exclaimed in their madnes: *Let Barrabas goe free, let Barrabas goe free: Crucifie, crucifie Iesus?* Matth. 27.21.

Thou knewst vvell enough, that vvicked *Barrabas* had made an insurrection, disturbed the peace, and committed murther, and that thou couldst finde no fault,

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fault, nor ferret out any offence in the life of my blessed Sauour, but that the spitefull Iewes had accused him for enuie, and sought his death, to satisfie their malice, for indeede his vvhole life vvas a Mirrour of excellent vertues, his hands were cleane from euill actions, his heart vvas pure from sinfull cogitations : Say thine eyes were so blinded that thou could'st not see the *bright beames* of his Diuinitie; yet thou didst see, and thy mouth did testifie, that thou didst see *the apparant Vertues* of his innocent humanitie.

What did mooue thee to pronounce false iudgement, to shed his innocent bloud? Wert thou so fond to purchase fauour of the high Priests? Didst thou so dote after the loue of the people, whose mindes are more mutable then the winde, altering their affections euery moment, that contrarie to
the

the sense of Law, testification of thy conscience, and approbation of thy owne words, thou wert seduced to condemne such an innocent person?

Thy vvife did admonish thee that thou shouldest haue nothing to doe vvith that *Righteous man*, who suffered many things because of him in her sleepe, and therefore fore-warned thee by her fearefull dreame. *Matth. 27. 19.*

But neither the *Caneat* of thy wife, nor chastisement of thy own conscience, could stay thy false iudgement, but at last the enuious Jewes had what they would at thy hands, and thou didst giue them thy consent, to execute the extreame *malice* of their wicked harts.

What hadst thou gotten, if thou hadst gained the vvhole vvorld, vvith lose of thy soule? Wofull is the purchase which is bought at so deare a rate.

Before

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Before thou vvouldst vouch-
 safe to giue Iudgement against my
 harmlesse Redeemer, thou diddest
 make a solemne protestation be-
 fore the multitude, that thou
 vvouldst not be guiltie with them
 in the *shedding* of his *innocent*
 bloud, thinking by vvashing thy
 hands with a little vvater, to take
 away the deepe stainses of thy *con-*
science. Oh how may all the world
 wonder at thy *madnesse*? How may
 all posterities condemne thee of
 folly? Well might a little vvater
 cleare the *spots* of thy *hands*, but all
 the vvater in the *Ocean* could not
 vvash away the *blots* of thy soule:
 Such prety slights may passe with-
 out contradiction amongst men,
 but alas, they cannot blinde the
 all-piercing eyes of the Eternall
 Iudge, vvho knoweth the secrets
 of euery mans heart, searcheth
 the reines, and vnderstandeth all
 our thoughts: It vvvas horrible
crueltie,

crueltie, yea, it vvas a cursed deed,
voyd of all common humanitie,
to command my Lord Iesus to be
stripped out of his cloathes, and to
haue his naked body *wounded*
with stripes, vwhen thou sawest he
could not be conuicted of any
vicked acte, nor iustly reprov-
ed for any euill word: and to license
thy lewd Officers to *gibe* at him, at
their wils, and to ieast at him like
a foole at their pleasure, and by
aggrauating his miseries to make
themselves merrie: yet so popular
vvas thy minde, and thine affecti-
ons so *glewed* to the humor of the
people, that vwhen thou sawest
that those streames of his precious
bloud, could not extinguish the
flame of their furie, thou didst
doome him to a most scandalous
and *ignominious* death, vwho vvas
honourable aboue all the sonnes
of men for his righteous life, and
declared to be faultlesse, by thy
voluntarie

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voluntarie confession , after thy
strict examination.

Oh happy are the eyes of those
which sit on the seat of *iudgement*,
which can see the *deformity* of thy
sinne, that their hearts may be re-
plenished with *integrity*, and their
hands vvith innocencie, not *stain-
ed* vvith the spottes of *Innocent*
bloud.

Curbe thou oh Lord the furi-
ous passions of my minde , and
quench the flame of *bloudie* wrath,
vvhen it beginneth to be *kindeled*
in my breast, that my heart may
not imagine to slay the innocent,
nor my hands be *defiled* with their
bloud: Keepe me that I walke not
in the counsell of the vvicked,
vvhen they lay *snares*, and digge
pits for the destruction of any of
thy deare children. I know oh
Lord, that I am readie euery mo-
ment to vvander astray , vnlesse
thou direct my feete by thy holy
Spirit,

Spirit, and guide me in thy path,
by the light of thy word.

I confesse my heart is tainted
with *originall* vices, and my hands
are stained vvith *actnall* offences:
all my parts are defiled, yea my
whole body is nothing else but a
vessell full of corrupted liquor.

I am *prone* to commit all euil-
nesse with greedinesse; But alas, I
finde in my selfe not so much as a
motion to doe any goodnesse.

I am forward to persecute thee,
with the cruell Iewes, and to giue
my consent to shed thy innocent
bloud, vvith *curst* Pilate: yea, I
daily crucifie thee by my sinnes,
and pierce thy blessed side, vvith
mine iniquitie: I caused thee to be
vnjustly accused, and vvrongfully
condemned: Haue not my cur-
sed vvords, and bloudie oathes
beene like *sharpe* speares to wound
thy heart, and my *cruell* deedes,
like nailes, to fasten thee to the
Crosse?

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Crosse? Wherefore wound thou
my heart, that I may not lye still
snorting in the bed of carelesse *secu-*
ristie, and continue *senselesse* in the
lethargie of sinne.

Purge the drosse of my vitious
heart, vvith the fire of thy holy
spirit, and purifie my corrupted
cogitations, by the bright beames
of thy grace.

Oh let this holy fire bee still
burning in my breast, that it may
consume the corruption of mine
infectious sinne, that cleaueth so
fast vnto my *bowels*! Bow downe
thine eare (oh my mercifull Sau-
our) vnto my humble petition,
and giue a gracious answere to my
earnest supplication; then I shall
bee emboldened to come before
thy Maiestie, and to approach
neere vnto thy seate of mercie.
Oh let my morning and euening
Sacrifice of thankes-giuing (my
louing LORD, and bountifull
Iesu)

Iesu) send vp a sweet sauour into thy nostrils, which diddest suffer thy selfe to be scorned, scourged, and condemned, by the sentence of vicked *Pilate*, onely for my sake, and my sinnes, to set my *captiue* soule at libertie, and vvith the effusion of thy most precious bloud, to pay so deare a price, for the purchase of my *Redemption*.

Graunt that the remembrance of such a worthie, and more then wonderfull benefit, may euermore be fresh in my memorie, and laid vp as a most pretious Iewell, in the safest closet of my thankfull minde. And at the day of thy last iudgement, and generall Assises, when thou shalt come to iudge the quicke and the dead, enter not into iudgement with thy seruant, nor remember mine iniquities, but iudge me with thine elected, according to thy mercie, that I may possesse the kingdome with them, which

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vvhich thou hast prepared for
 them from the beginning of the
 world. Oh let my Prayer come
 before thy presence, let the zeale
 of my heart, and *lifting up* of my
 hands, towards thy *Throne* of
 mercie, mouethee to grant
 the request of my hum-
 ble petition.

Amen.

M

A Medi.

A Meditation how the Lord Iesus carrying his Crosse on his shoulders, is led to Mount Caluaries to be crucified, and of those things which happened by the way.

M E D. XIII.

Our blessed Saviour (Christ the perfect ^a gaine) ^a Iohn 19.17.

Doth ^b beare the crosse whereon himselfe must die: ^b Matth. 27.32.

Simon of ^c Cyrene sometimes they constraîne ^c Luk. 23.26.

To doe ^d it. So saith the truth that cannot lie. ^d Mark. 15.21.

HE which will come after me, let him denie himselfe, take up his Crosse, and follow me. Matth. 16.24. Runne and make hast, oh my soule, at the voice of our most sweet Redeemer, who bearing his Crosse on his owne shoulders, Ioh. 19.16..17. doth inuite thee to
carrie

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carrie thy *Crosse*, if thou desire
to follow his steps. Oh how *sweet*,
how *delectable*, how *delightfull* is it
to carrie the *Crosse* after my Iesus !
His *happinesse* cannot be *uttered*,
his *blessednesse* cannot be *imagined*,
which doth follow thee, my Lord
Iesu, in thy *blessed pathes* : he walk-
eth not in *darknesse*, he commeth
not neere the *shadow of death*, but
shall haue the *light of life*.

Come therefore oh my soule,
let vs follow our Iesus, bearing
his *Crosse* on his owne shoulders :
let vs leaue all and follow him
with *alacritie*, let nothing stop our
passage, let not any thing hinder
vs in our course ; Looke vpon
thy Lord, thy Creator, thy Re-
deemer.

Consider his *tedious labour*, his
griuous afflictions, his *intollera-
ble torments*, all of them vvithout
any meane, none of them hauing
any moderation : let thy vvhole

minde be pondering on them, let them be the continuall matter of thy daily meditation.

Let thy heart be *wounded* with the *sword* of *sorrow*, and let thine eyes be drowned vvith a flood of teares: let thy heauie *groanes* and sorrowfull sighes beginne in the morning, and let them not cease in the euening: Oh let the feruencie of thy *lamentation*, demonstrate the burning zeale of thy compassion, which thou doest beare to mine afflicted Iesus.

Mourne vvith true contrition of heart for thine iniquities, and vveepe with hearty sinceritie for thy sinnes, vvwhich caused thy Christ to carrie so heauie a crosse.

Here is plentifull matter for thy meditation: heere vvanteth no *motiues* to stirre vp in thee a feeling *compassion*, for thou seest how hee is *scorned* and despised, how cruelly, how currishly hee is abused

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sed by the perfidious Iewes.

Who is so obdurate in heart,
oh my most patient Iesus? vvho
hath his *affections* so barren of
compassion, that hee hath no sense
of sorrow, when he entereth into
a *serious contemplation* of the mul-
titude of thine *afflictions*; and me-
ditateth on the bitterneſſe of the
passions which thou didſt ſuffer to
pay the ranſome of our ſinfull
ſoules, and to deliuer them out
of the bands of *eternall captivi-
tie*?

For all the night thou vvere
wearied with the out-cries of con-
tumelious tongues, and tired with
the *violence* of cruell hands, hurri-
ed and haled from the Garden,
where thou wert with thy louing
Disciples: and although thou wert
vvilling to goe of thy ſelfe, yet
the churlish crew of hard-harted
Souldiers vvere ſo froward, that
their ſturdie hands were alwaies

readie to rugge and pull thee forward, to vexethy feeble body, and to grieue thy righteous soule. For it was their solace to procure thy sorrow, it vvas their pleasure to augment thy paine, and they thought euery moment a moneth before they did present thee to *Annas*, where thou wert rebuked with taunting checkes, & buffeted with vngentle blowes on thy tender cheekes, and after that thou hadst with exceeding *patience*, endured the bitter tempest of their furie, they brought thee from thence to the house of *Caiphas*, there to abide another storme of their *malicious crueltie*. Sometime they raile vpon thee vvith their cursed tongues, sometime they thumpe thee with their cruell hands, their speeches were full of odious spite, their vvords vv ere infected vvith malicious venome vv hich they *belched* against thee my louing Sa-
uiour :

uious: their deedes were nothing
else but deadly cruelty, their words
sauoured of nothing but *barba-
rons inhumanitie*, they scoffed and
derided thee with *bitter iests*, they
defiled thy comely face with their
filthie *spittle*. Then without any
pittie (alas how should they shew
any pittie, whose hearts were hard-
ned with bloud-thirstie cruelty?)
they bring thee in hast to the
Court of King *Herod*, where thou
wert flouted at, reputed as a fot-
tish foole, scorned, contemned,
and derided like a simple Idiot:
their mirth was Bedlam-madnes:
their iestes were full of gall and
bitternesse.

Now when they had acted their
outragious villanies against thee,
and executed their diuellish deu-
ises vpon thee my innocent Iesus,
yet all of them vvere too little to
calme the tempest of their hate-
full furie, but then this cursed

crew doth hurrie thee from the
vngratious Court of *proud Herod*,
to the gracelesse house of *Pontius*
Pilate, vvhether thou wert taunted
and checked againe vvith cruell
quips, and sharply scourged vvith
smarting vvhips, stripped naked,
contrarie to all humanitie, and
beaten vvith bitter blowes vvithout
any pittie: their vvhips vvvere sharp
to teare thy flesh, their vv tongues
vvvere as keene as *rasors* to wound
thy soule, they pierced thy head
vvith a crowne of thornes, & put-
ting a feeble reede in thy hands,
flouted thee vvith the name of a
King; and bending their vv knees,
did vv worship thee in derision, of-
fending thy sacred eares vvith
their vv cursed vv words, and afflicting
thy vv wounded body vvith their
bloudie hands, and vv when thou
hadst beene so *spitefully* scorned,
bitterly scourged, and vilely con-
temned, at last thou wast vv wrong-
fully

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fully condemned to suffer a most shamefull and dolefull death.

But (oh my sweet Iesu) who did afford thee any comfort in thy exceeding sorrowes? vvhich did approach to cure thy bleeding wounds? Alas, there was no man by, vvhich vvas moued vvith any sorrowfull compassion for thy vnderferued calamitie, but euery man was forward to augment thy miserie. Now they lay a most huge and heauy crosse vpon thy wounded shoulders, the vveight of it doth make thy knees to tremble, thy legges to faile, and thy whole body to faint. And thus thou doest goe forward to the place of execution, guarded with a band of armed Souldiers, and hemd in on euery side with a *rabble* of bloudie tormentors, multitudes of the base and rude people doe flocke together out of euery quarter, they crowd and thrust one another to

see thee, but (alas) it was not to afford thee any compassionate pittie, but to laugh and reioyce at thy miserie. They proclaime out the malice of their heart against thee in their madnesse, and raile and reuile thee in the heat of their furie: They all striue like *Beares* and fierce *Lions* to approach neere vnto thee: oh vvhat opprobrious speeches, what *hatefull* and odious rayling, what *curst* words, what *uncharitable* deedes, did my most humble and patient Iesus suffer by those wicked & desperate people, whose eyes were more hard then a rocke, that they could not yeeld forth one teare for pittie, and hearts more vnapt then *Adamant* to relent with any tender compassion, when they saw so *wofull* and *dolefull* a spectacle?

But for all the *venemous* speeches vttered out of their railing mouthes, and for all the brutish deedes

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deedes done vnto thee my louing
 Iesus with their cruell hands, thou
 didst not once open thy mouth to
 contradict them in their *raging*
madnesse, or once to blame them
 in the *heat* and *hate* of their grea-
 test furie, but didst goe forward
 vvith meekenesse to the *dolefull*
 place of their *blondie execution*, to
 suffer the painefull pangues, not
 for thy owne *faults*, but for mine
 iniquities, and that with thy preti-
 ous blood thou mightst make a
 wholsome *Bath*, to cure the spots,
 and heale the blaines of my sin-
 full soule.

Teach me, oh my sweet *Christ*
 and louing *Iesus*, by thine example
 so to master mine affections, and
 to direct mine actions, that when
 mine enemies doe *insult* ouer mee
 vvith *flaunderous vvords* and
flaunt deedes, I may vvalk and
 tread in thy pathes with meeke-
 nesse of heart, and trace out thy
 steps

steps with humility of minde, hearing their diuellish *curfes* with silence, and bearing my heauie *Crosse* with patience, committing my *cause* vnto the G O D of vengeance, who heareth the cries of the silly *orphane*, putteth the teares of the weeping vvidow into his bottle, and deliuereth poore *captiues* out of prison when they call vpon him.

But tell me oh ye generation of *vipers*, tell me oh ye bloodie-hearted, and bloodie-handed lewes, why were ye so bloodie minded against my *innocent Iesus*? vwhat horrible conspiracie had he plotted or practised against you, that yee vvere so eager to vndermine his life, and so greedie to hasten the bloodie day of his death? Is this the honour that you giue to my Sauour? Is this the glorie you vouchsafe my *Redeemer*? Is this the kinde entertainment
you

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you afford to your *Prophet*, whom the day before you receiued with such ioy, spreading your *garments* on the ground, and couering the earth *greene boughes*, when he entered into *Hierusalem*. Oh most vngratefull, vnconstant, vngracious and gracelesse people! Is your loue so soone changed into deadly hate? is your late curtesie conuerted into *cruelty*? were your fauours so quickly turned into frownes? Is your honour altered to *shame*? are your *plausible* speeches changed into bitter curses?

Doe yee to day lift him vp as high as Heauen, and to morrow throw him downe as low as Hell? Doe yee bleesse him to day, and curse him to morrow? Doe yee flocke after him to day (that your tongues may sing forth his praises) and to morrow doe ye crowd after him to fill his eares with *reproches*? Doe ye to day entertaine
him

him into the Citie (as desirous of his life) and to morrow doe yee leade him out of the Citie as a *malefactor, to suffer a shamefull death?* Did yee but now *like* him, and by and by doe yee *lothe* him? Is the milde complection of your *loue*, altered in a moment, into deadly hate? What was the cause of your *mutabilitie*? What was the occasion of your *instabilitie*? Were the affections of your hearts so *mutable*, and your vneconstant desires so *moveable*?

So soone as you perceiued that my louing Iesus began to bee hated of your enuious magistrates, and cruelly handled by their wicked ministers, scorned and scoffed at by the *Souldiers*; tainted with proud and malicious words, beaten and buffeted with *cruell blowes*, scourged with whips, spitted vpon by the scumme of the people, disdainfully contemned of the
high

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high Priests, and lastly, condemned by *Pilate*: then yee began to like of their *chollericke humors*, and to play the executioners of their bloudy hate: This day yemifuse and abuse him most *vilely*, whom but yesterday yee honoured and exalted so *highly*: Now your malice towards him is without *meane*, and your cruell deeds without *moderation*. The cruell *Envy* of the high Priest kindled the fire, and yee cast Oyle into it, to increase the flame.

Oh what extreame crueltie? what cruell extremitie? what ignominious indignitie, was done vnto my afflicted *Iesus*? Was not the edge of your malice yet rebated? Did the streame of your hatred growe to bee more violent? Was there no little corner left for *pitty* to lodge in your breasts? Was there no motion of *compassion* within your bowels?

Tell

Tell me then, how could ye be so *harsh-harted*, and hard-handed, as to lay so heauy & huge a crosse vpon the shoulders of my poore afflicted Christ, whose blessed body was disquieted for want of sleepe, being cruelly tormented all the night, faint with losse of blood, and sore with store of cruell blowes?

Had Enuie so robbed your hearts, and dispoiled all your senses of common humanitie, that you were now so poore, that yee were not able to bestow vpon him so much as one *mite* of *mercie*?

What infernall Phrensie, vvhath *Tyrannous impietie*, what execrable *Tyranny* can be compared to this *Jewish crueltie*?

But alas, was there not one amongst so many, vvhich vvas so kinde-harted, as to lend a helping hand to ease the weary shoulders of my Sauious Christ, when his knees

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knees bended, and his legs trembled vnder the burden of his heauy Crosse? Oh let the lamentable relation of their furious *ferocitie* to my Iesus, be so odious vnto our eares, that it neuer finde any harbour in our hearts.

Behold oh my sorrowfull soule, the monstrous *Atrocitie* of the stiffe-necked Iewes, and the miraculous mildnesse of thy lowly Iesus! Consider his humble *obedience*, view his obedient humility, vwho was euer truly obedient euen vnto death, and euer was willing to offer vp his life, as a sure pledge of his infinite loue, towards his beloued.

Behold, thou seest how mine afflicted Lord, wounded with the teeth of *Enuie*, and pierced with the *darts* of *malice*, grudgeth not at the paine, nor refuseth the tedious labour, to carry the heavy burthen on his feeble necke, contrary

trary to all humanity, and without any pittie, so *spitefully* imposed vpon him.

But how should my sinnefull tongue divulgate the incomparable merite of thy admirable patience, my most kinde, sweet, and humble Iesu. How should my vnworthy vvords vtter the worthines of thy vnspeakeable humility, which wert willing to vndergo the burden of so heauy a Crosse, to deliuer me a most *wretched* sinner from a *bitter curse*, when the *vigor* of thy naturall *faculties* was decayed, thy humane strength weakened, and thy whole body wearied, with the grieuous paines, torments & afflictions, which the wicked Iewes (not fleshy, but flinty-hearted) without any mercy of theirs, and merit of thine, did *cruelly* heape vpon thee?

Oh let my hart be deeply wounded with *ceaselesse compunction*. Let
mine

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mine eyes be darkened with *continall weeping*: Yea, let all my senses be afflicted with *mourning*: that my *sorowes* may be great, because my *sinnes* are so *griuous*: For they indeed were the Tyrannicall tormentors that layd so heavy a Crosse on thy *tyred shoulders*: who out of the abundance of thy infinite loue, taking pittie on my *wretched miserie*, didst willingly submit thy selfe to such *flamish cruelty*, not sparing to shed thy most precious blood, to compound of it a most soueraigne *Medicine*, to cure my desperate *malady*.

Now what measure of wordes can be so great, or what *voyses* so *vehement*, as may fully expresse the extreame impietic of the bloudy Iewes, towards my blessed *Iesus*. When such hellish fury did rule and reuell in their fiery harts, that in the midst of so many bitter paines and *pangs* of his body, and
insup-

insupportable *anguish* of his soule, they did impose so ponderous and heauy a *Crosse*, on his faint and feeble shoulders, being framed extraordinarily in respect of the matter, and also vnvusually in regard of the forme.

More gently were the two Theeues vsed, which were led along with him; who were constrained to endure no such labor: for we may wel think they would vse more kindnes to those wicked persons, then to my *holy Iesus*.

For we doe not read that they were put to the toile to beare their *Crosses*, whose bodies were more able, because they had not felt one fit of the grieuous paines, nor suffered one iot of the great tortures wherewith my sorrowful Sauour had beene all the night before extremely vexed and cruelly tormented.

Heere thou hast iust cause oh
my

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my soule, to cry out against the monstrous inhumanity, and brutish crueltie of the Iewes, acted against thy despised Iesus.

What imagination can sound the bottome of their sauage *tyrannie*? What tongue is able to make a perfect relation of their horrible furie? Was it not a most ruthfull *Spectacle*, forcible enough to haue drawne streames of teares out of the dryest eye, and to haue incited a multitude of heauy groanes out of the *hardest heart*, to see my beloued Lord carry so heauy a burden vpon his painefull shoulders, yet bleeding with cruell wounds, lately, without any meane, or mercie inflicted vpon them: was there euer cruelty like vnto this?

Oh my louing Lord! Oh my most beloued Iesu, thou art now become a laughing-stocke to the barbarous Gentiles, and matter of derision to the *perfidious* Iewes.

They

They scorned, despised, flouted
and derided thee, bearing thy hea-
vy Crosse with patience towards
the place of execution, whereon
thou shouldest suffer a most bloo-
dy, bitter, and shamefull death.

And so went my Lord Iesus,
with constant humanity towards
the place where he was to suffer
the deadly pangs of their extrea-
mest tyranny, whose knees were
so weake, and legs so feeble, that
they were not able to support the
weight of so heavy a burthen,
which with such disdainful indig-
nation they had imposed vpon
him, that thereby they might so
much the more increase his derisi-
on, and multiply his dolorous af-
fliction. Oh yee most cruell tor-
mentors, doe yee neuer cease to
molest & vex my humbled Lord
Iesus? Could not one cruell death
haue quenched the flame of your
blood-thirsting malice? Oh vvhy
doe

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doe you abuse his meeke-minded patience, by compelling him to feele so many deadly passions?

Now when those malicious persecutors saw that my vvearyed *Christ* was so surcharged vvith his heavy *Crosse*, being so weightie in respect of the ponderous substance, and also so cumbersome, in regard of the extraordinary length; that although hee had a willing minde, yet that he had not sufficient strength to carry so heauie a load: then they compelled *Simon of Cyrene* (the father of *Alexander Rufus*) to ease him of his burthen, and to follow my tyred *Christ* with that painefull *Crosse*. What, did their stonie hearts now begin to relent, vvith any motiue of compassion towards my poore afflicted *Iesus*?

No, for the Curres were more curteous, that licked the loathsome soares of hungry *Lazarus*,
that

that lay crying, and dying for want of foode at the gate of their churlish maister, then those vncircumcised Gentiles, and stiffe-necked Iewes were to my innocent Iesus.

For how should their mindes be affected with any sparke of pittie, whose harts were drowned in so deepe a sea of impietic?

But because they were loth that my Sauour should end his tedious life before hee came where hee should suffer a most painefull, pittifull, and shamefull death, they graunted him a little ease, that he might goe with better speed, and make a little more haste to the place of execution, where they should play, like the infernall Furies, the last act of their bloody Tragedie.

Oh my sadde and sorrowfull soule, how canst thou calme the waues of thy flowing sorrow?
how

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how canst thou how canst thou
 allswage the pangs of thy turbu-
 lent passions, when thou dost me-
 ditate how many miseries, & mis-
 chiefes, calamities and distresses,
 were violently inflicted vpon my
 beloued Iesus, by the hatefull
 handes of those bloudy tormen-
 tors?

Oh my most mercifull Iesu! Oh
 my most louing Lord! Oh why
 was not I with thee at that time,
 my sweet Christ, that I might
 haue carried thy heavy Crosse?

Oh, how happily should I haue
 shut vp the last evening of my
 short and gloomy dayes?

Oh how blessedly should I haue
 finished my *restles course*, if I had
 died with thee on thy sacred *crosse*?

Oh how sweet had the sharpe
 deadly *pangs* and dolorous paines
 beene vnto mee, how ioyfull had
 dolefull *death* bene vnto me a sor-
 rowfull sinner, if I had died with

N

thee

thee my bountifull Lord, and blessed Redeemer!

It may be thou wouldest haue bequeathed me some liberall gift of thine indulgent mercie: as thou didst vnto that true, though *late repenting thiefe*, vvhich was crucified with thee. For at that houre thou didst *frankely* bestow the riches of thy bountiful mercy, and then thou gauest the treasure of thy *mercifull bountie*.

Then sweet streames of pure vvater did flowe out of the cleare fountaine of thy mercy, *comfortable* to coole the heat of a *thirsty tongue*, and *medicinable* to cure the spreading *malady* of a leperous soule, infected with sinne. Oh vvould I had bene there to haue had some sweet taste of that blessed fountaine! If I had drunke neuer so little, it would haue beene enough to haue *quenched* my thirst, and yet I should still haue thirsted

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thirsted to drinke more, although
 I had drunke neuer so much : If
 the cursed *churle* & damned *glut-*
ton had had but one drop of this
calestiaall water, it had bin sufficient,
 not onely to haue cooled the tip
 of his flaming tongue, but also to
 haue extinguished the fire of his
euer & neuer-dying soule, and of his
 continuall *burning* and neuer *con-*
suming body, tormented in *Hell* : fill
 my soule, oh my sweet *Christ*, with
 this comfortable vvater that may
 cure my sinfull soares, and mitti-
 gate my deserued sorrow.

But as thou didst go toward the
 place vvhere thou shouldst offer
 vp thy selfe for a compleat sacri-
 fice to appease the vvraith of thy
 angry Father, & to make an euer-
 lasting *attonement* betweene him
 and vs his disobedient children:
 thou saydst vnto those mour-
 ning women, who could not
 containe their trickling teares,

nor deteine their sorrowfull *sobs*,
to see their louing and dearely be-
loued Lord so doggedly haled and
currishly handled: *Weepe not for
me ye daughters of Ierusalem, weepe
for your selues, & your children.* Luk.

23.28. And now thou sayst vnto
me, Weepe for thy selfe, bewaile
thy sinnes, lament thy transgres-
sions, for they indeed were the ty-
rants that compelled thee to beare
so heauy a *Crosse*, they vrged thee
to abide the penalty of so bitter a
curse. Touch my heart oh Lord,
touch my heart with the sting of
a serious and restless compuncti-
on, that I may no longer lye lulled
a sleepe in the lap of careles secu-
rity: fetter my feet that I may
runne no more in the broad way
of iniquitie. Mannacle my hands
that they may be deteined from
cruell and impious actions:
Snaffle the vnbrideled motions of
my minde, that it may be restrai-
ned

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nea from all idle, scelerous, and wicked cogitations: keepe the doore of my lips, and hedge in my tonguethat it may not run without the bounds of reason: Stop the passage of mine eares, when they are allured to listen to any loose or lewd discourses.

Dispell, and disperse the thicke clowdes of blindnesse from mine eyes, take away the grosse scales, that darken my sight, so that now I may see the vgly and deformed shape of my sinnes, that I may cease to loue them, begin to dislike and to loath them, which caused my Sauour to endure the heavy wrath of his Father, which lay so heauie vpon his soule and body, that the weight of it pressed *blood* out of his veines mingled vvith water, *Luke 22.44.* so ponderous was the burden of our iniquity, so dolorous was the extremity of his bitter agonie: for neuer was

there sorrow like vnto this sorrow.

Let my sweetest musicke be continuall mourning, let my *songs* of ioy be turned into wofull lamentations, let it be all my pleasant melody to muse on the miserie of my soule, and multitude of my sins, which made thee discend from the highest *heauens*, and will throw me downe to the lowest hell, vwhere the fire lake burneth that shal neuer be extinguished, whose flames is so fierce that it cannot be greater by any augmentation, neither is it subiect to any diminution.

If all the torments vvhich bloody Tyrants haue inuented could be inflicted vpon me at one time, and my body vverc able to feele the paines of all them at once, yet all of them vvould not be so horrible, as one sparkle of this terrible fire: it needeth no fuell to nourish the flame: as it selfe neuer is wasted,

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sted, so nothing iniected into it is euer consumed. No tongue is able to expresse the horrible pangs of the damned soules which are tormented in this euerlasting and vnquenchable fire.

Let the horror of it be fresh in my memory, and the meditation imprinted in my thoughts, so that my hands may tremble and shake for feare, and my whole body quiver and quake vvith terror of it, when any euill imagination is hatched in my heart, or any wicked deed should be acted with my hands, that I may be terrified from nourishing sinne within my bosome, that layd so heauy a Crosse vpon thy shoulders: yet vvhen feare hath cast me downe, let the gentle hand of thy mercy raise mee vp, so that in my last deadly agony, I may still lift vp my heart and hands towards the seat of thy mercy: and though

B FI

remembrance of my haynous transgressions do present nothing vnto mee but cause of feare and terrour, yet al my vnfaigned repentance cause me to taste of thy infinite loue, and boundles mercy.

Teach me (oh my sweet Sauiour) to follow thee with fearefulness to the place of execution, and to take vp my Crosse with alacrity on my shoulders. But if thou wilt haue mee to follow thee (oh my most gracious Lord) then draw mee after thee: For *vnlesse thy Father and thou doe draw me, I am not able to follow thee, Iohn 6. 44.*

I see mine owne infirmity, I feele the defects of my great imbicility, the cup of affliction is bitter vnto my taste: if it doe but once touch my lips, I am ready to refuse it, I will none of it, I am loth to feele any paine, I couet nothing but wanton pleasure.

Oh how doe I begin to storne
if

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if I be but crossed with an vnkind word? much lesse am I able to beare the crosse of a malicious deed.

How is my minde troubled, & the temper of my senses *distempered*, if any thing fall out crosse to mine expectation, or contrary to my desire, so that oftentimes my mouth is filled with cursing, my heart with grudging, and all my words sauer of nothing else but bitter repining? I am willing to be thy disciple my blessed Sauior, so long as I may dwell in peace, and reape a plentiful harvest of prosperitie, but alas, I am weary of thy company, if I feele but a little blast of aduersitie: teach me oh my sweet Iesu (and I shal learne if thou be my *schoolmaister*) to know that it is the lot of those which will be trained vp in thy schoole, to be vnder the rodde of *correction*, and that none are wor-

thy to receiue a Crowne, vnlesse they be willing to take vp thy *Crosse*, those that belong vnto *sweet spices*, which send forth alwayes the most *odoriferous smell*, when they are brayed and brused in the mortar, they are like vnto stones which must be *hammered, hewed, and squared*, before they can be fit for the building of thy holy *Temple*: yea they are like vnto *gold* mixed with much *drosse*, and can haue no glory before they be *fined* and *refined* seauen times, yea *seauenty times seauen times*, in the fire of affliction.

Arme thou my hart with christian fortitude, & my minde with constant *patience*, oh thou which art mine omnipotent *Redeemer*, that no *torment* may be so great, no affliction so grievous, no miserie so vnmeasurable, but I may couragiously suffer it to publish the glory of thy name, and constantly

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stantly endure it , to manifest the fidelitie of thy loue.

Teach me so to carrie thy *Crosse* in my heart, and let the remembrance of it be so deeply imprinted in my minde , that I may daily crucifie my carnall concupiscence , wanton vanities , and worldly desires. Oh let my soule be so rauished with ioy , by the sweet meditation of thy mercie, and all my senses so well pleased and ioyfully delighted with the odoriferous sent of thy loue; that I may seeke nothing , thinke of nothing so much, or speake of any thing so often, as of my crucified **C H R I S T**, who, onely of his free mercy and gracious *bountie*, died a most vile , painefull, and ignominious death for mee a most vvretched , miserable, and desperate *sinner* , that by his precious bloud, and blessed (though bitter **P A S S I O N**) I might be made

made partaker of Everlasting Salvation.

Graunt mee, oh my sweet
CHRIST, some taste of it here
vpon earth, that I may pa-
tiently waite for the full
fruition of it, hereafter
in HEAVEN.

Amen.

A Medita-

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A Meditation, declaring the bitter
and cruell crucifying of our Lord Iesus
Christ, performed on Mount Caluarie.

M E D. XIIII.

*View here the wounds of Christ
vpon the ^a Crosse.*

^a Luk. 23. 33.

*His head, his hands, his feet, also
his ^b side*

^b Ioh. 19. 33.

*Bleeding amaine. Consider eke the
losse*

^c Luk. 23. 46.

*Of his deere life; What more could
he ^d abide?*

^d Ioh. 19. 30.

NOW blessed Iesus, and my be-
loued Sauour, is come vnto
Mount *Caluarie*, where he was to
make the last period of all his hu-
mane miserie, by suffering a most
bloudie, vile, and violent death,
being cruelly nayled to that
Crosse, which of late lay so hea-
uie vpon his shoulders, that his
wholebody did shake and tremble
vnder the burthen.

Oh

Oh blessed Mountaine! happy for thy dignitie, happy for thy fertilitye, because it pleased the Lord Christ to suffer vpon thee. But who shall ascend vpto the Hill of the Lord, wherethe Lord Iesus is crucified? Truly he that hath innocent hands, and a cleane heart.

He vvhich loueth the Lord Iesus, with all his heart, with all his soule, with all his strength, hee shall ascend vpto his Mountaine, and shall be crucified vvith the Lord Iesus. Hee which hath crucified his flesh, and the concupiscence thereof, shall be crucified, and suffer with his beloued Iesus. I desire to be crucified with thee, (oh my most sweet Iesu) I long to suffer on the crosse with thee, that I may be crowned by thee, but I know that first it is needefull for mee that the world be crucified vnto mee, and I vnto the vworld.

Gal. 6. 14.

But

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But now let vs see (oh my sorrowfull soule) how my *innocent Iesus* was vsed by the rough-handed and cruell hearted *tormentor*, when he vvas come to the place of execution, vvhether malefactors did suffer grieuous punishment for their hainous offences.

First, hauing exiled all compassion and pittie from their heart, they lay hold vpon him with their bloudie and polluted hands, and then they hastily rob and disroabe him of his garments, before a rude multitude of the basest and meanest of the people, yea, they strip him starke naked, that hee might appeare more vile and contemptible in their eyes.

Here hast thou good cause, and iust occasion my perplexed soule, to over-flowe thy cheekes afresh vvith a flood of teares, and to dilate and open thy heart, that thy heaue groanes, and sorrowfull sighes,

sighes, may haue their free passage, when thou seest thy louing Iesus stripped naked by the hands of such dogged and cruell tormentors, exposed to the eyes of the pittilesse people, and extreame coldnesse and roughnesse of the weather.

Oh how was the beauty of thy excellent composed body obscured with spots of bloud? how was the pure-white colour of thy skin made blacke and blew with bitter blowes, my most beautifull Iesu?

Oh how spitefull and vnappeasable was their indignation! how bitter was the miserie? how great, yea exceeding great was the ignominie of thy grieuous passion, my louing Christ, my mercifull Iesu? For so sharp was the edge of their cruelty, so eager was the malice of their hearts, and inhumanitie of their hands against thee, that thou art layde naked vpon the Crosse,

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Crosse, vvhhen as such extremitie was not vsed, but to most wicked, vile, and ablect persons, who for their notorious crimes deserued no pittie: such was their damnable impietic.

But vvhat a spring of bitter teares might arise in the vveeping eyes of thy sad and *mourning Mother*? vvhat sword of sorrow did pierce her tender heart, vvhen she saw her deerely-louing, and deerely beloued Sonne, so roughly disrobed of his cloathes, and *nakedly exposed* to the view of the rude, base, and common people, vvho came not with relenting hearts to shew any signe of sorrow at the execution of such bloudie crueltie, but rather to solace themselues, and to laugh, deride, and raile vpon thee, in this extreamest miserie?

Now vvhen those cruell *tormen-*
tors had speedily turned my inno-
 cent

cent *Iesus* out of his cloathes, they layde his naked body vpon the *Crosse*, and first they nailed his innocent hands, and after his blessed feet, with long & strong nailes; So that the streames of bloud, spouting out of his veines, changed the hew of his *Crosse*, into a crimson colour. Oh what grievous paine, what horrible *tortures*, did those wicked vvretches procure to my blessed *Sauour*?

Oh vvhat infernall furie had incensed their bloudie mindes? what diuellish madnesse enraged their *hearts* so farre to degenerate from the ciuill nature of men, into the sauage nature of beasts? Oh *spectacle* full of sorrow! oh sight full of ruth, how grievous vvould that pittifull sight haue beene to mine eyes, when the very Meditation of it doth so deeply wound my heart.

Though I know that the immaculate

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maculate Lambe was sacrificed on this wooden Altar, that he might wash and cleanse my polluted foule with his pretious bloud, take away the foule staines of my defiled flesh, and by suffering so vile a death on the Crosse, to deliuer me from a bitter curse, due vnto mee for my great and grievous sinnes: Yet needes must mine eyes haue melted (like Ice) into teares, my heart haue beene consumed with fobs, and all my bowels pained with compassion, if I had beene a wofull beholder of his dolefull Passion; vnlesse mine eyes had beene more drie then a flint, my heart more hard then iron, and my bowels composed of brasfe.

But indeede, vwhat riuers of streaming teares should water my cheeks? what heauy groanes, and lamentable sighes should sound out of the bottome of my heart? How should all mine affections be drowned

drowned in the vvaues of afflictions, when I contemplate the hideous deformities of my vgly sinnes, and seriously meditate on the cruell tyrannie of my trayterous transgressions, which indeed were nothing else, but cruell hands, and a hard hammer, to driue the iron-nailes into thy blessed hands, and innocent feet, and to crash their tender bones into pieces.

Wound my soule (oh my sweet Iesu) pierce my heart, that it may streame forth blood, let nothing but mournfull sighes be pleasant vnto my vweeping eyes: let nothing but voices of horror and lamentation be delightfull vnto my dolefull eares, so that all my senses may be true mourners, to bewaile the crueltie of my sinnes, and to shew some tokens of true repentance for the multitude of my transgressions, which so pittifully wounded thy sacred body, and so
grie-

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griuously vexed thy righteous
soule.

Crucifie my heart, that it may
die to wicked cogitations: Cru-
cifie my hands, that they may haue
no power to commit euill acti-
ons: Crucifie mine eyes, that they
may want light (in taking delight)
to gaze vpon vworldly vanities:
Crucifie mine eares, that they may
be dull and deprived of hearing,
when they should listen to fruit-
lesse and friuolous words, vnflauo-
ric speeches, lasciuious, and wan-
ton discourses: Crucifie my
tongue, that it may haue no mo-
tion to vtter any opposite thing
to the pure Law of my God, or
hurtfull to the commoditie of
those which are godly and good.
Crucifie my *Tasse*, that it may not
be allured with the wanton en-
ticements of *delicate meates*, nor so
ouercome with the baytes of plea-
sant wine, that the eyes of my vn-
derstanding

derstanding be darke vvith the
fumes of gluttony, or my soule be
polluted, or my body defiled with
filthie adulterie.

Crucifie the olde man (*sinne*)
that hath beene my Tenant so
long, and hath had his habitation
in my bosome, that being dead, he
may be carried out to his graue,
that my soule may be infected no
longer vvith his carnall impietie,
and that I may no longer wilfully
loue, but willingly *loath*, and for
euer leaue his damnable com-
pany.

But now (oh my sorrowfull
soule) turne thine eyes towards
thy crucified *Iesus*, meditate seri-
ously in thy minde, & let it be the
perpetuall matter of thy thoughts,
to thinke how thy louing Sauour
was most pittifully martyred, and
cruelly mangled, tortured vvith-
out any pittie, scorned at his
death vvith vile indignitie, and
thought

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thought vnworthy of any mercy
or kinde humanity , that thou
mayest mourne for thy sinnes in
the morning , and repent for thy
misdeeds in the euening , vvhich
were hard-hearted , and bloudie-
handed executioners, to crucifie
thy innocent Iesus.

Crie out, oh my vvretched,
and vvicked soule , trembling at
the vgly sight of thy grieuous
sinnes , and troubled vvith the
horror of thy guiltie conscience.
Cry out saying : Oh my sweet Ie-
su ! oh my milde and *mercifull* Ie-
su ! how exceeding painefull are
the pangs of thy Passion ? how
violent are the streames of thy
afflictions ? how cruelly is thy bo-
dy wounded, and thy soule pressed
vvith the heauie vveight of my
sinnes ? Oh. how horrible , how
detestable, how innumerable are
my transgressions , that tormen-
ted my Sauour vvith so many
heauie

heauie afflictions? What a deere price didst thou pay for my Redemption? At what a high rate hast thou bought me a most wretched sinner? no summes of gold had it beene neuer so much, no heapes of siluer had they beene neuer so great, could rid mee out of Captiuitie: It vvas onely thy precious bloud that might pay the price of my ransome, It was onely thy innocent death that vvas sufficient to purchase my freedom.

How is the naked body of my louing Redeemer and kinde Reconciler, stretched out vpon the Crosse, to deliuer mee from the bitter curse vvhich vvas due vnto me for my monstrous impiety, and the execution of it readie to be serued vpon me for my intollerable iniquitie?

How firme are thy harmelesse bands fixed vnto thy Crosse? how hard

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hard are thy innocent feete nayled
vnto it? Thou hast onely liberty
to moue, but (Alas) no where to
lay downe thy weake, and vvearie
head. Thou liest naked, obiected
to the blasts of the vvinde and
storme of the weather, thou hast
no cloathes to keepe thee warme,
thou hast no shelter to keepe thee
from harme.

Thou wert poore indeed at thy
birth, but now thou art more
poore at thy death: for at thy
birth thou hadst a Stable for thy
Chamber, and a Manger for thy
Cradle: thou hadst swathing
cloathes (although they were
course) that might defend thee
from colde, and cherish thy tender
body. But at thy death thou art
cruelly robbed of all thy garments,
thou hast not so much as a ragge
to lay vpon thee, the sharpnesse of
the aire nippeth thy skin, the fu-
rie of the windes stormeth against
thy

thy naked body, thou hast no
roofe to couer thy head from the
blustering windes: thou hast no
place of harbour to protect thy
body from the *stormie weather*:
Oh how hard is the bed thou liest
vpon at the houre of thy death?
How hard is the pillow that lieth
vnder thy head, when thou art
readie to yeeld vp thy breath?
How is thy blessed body debased
by wretched men heere vpon the
earth, which is so highly honou-
red by the *Angels in Heauen*? Oh
how should my heart faint vvith
bleeding vvounds of sorrow for
my finnes? How should mine eyes
make my bed to flote with a flood
of teares, when I begin to call to
an audit my hainous trespasses,
and to cast vp the infinit summes
of my *transgressions*, which caused
my Lord to passe through such a
great Campe of miseries, and to
abide the bitter brunts of so many
calamities?

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calamities? for vvhat hadst thou done, oh my most sweet Lord? what hadst thou done, that thou should be so spitefully despised, so maliciously martired, so extremely tortured, and so cruelly tormented? What wicked action had thy pure hands committed, nay what good deed had they omitted, that they should be so pittifully wounded? How had thy innocent feet transgressed, that they should be so severely punished? How had any little particle of thy blessed body offended, that it should be so grievously tormented? Truly, thy deeds, my blessed Sauour, were alwaies acted vvith integritie, and thy words did vter nothing but truth and sinceritie: thy hands were alwaies cleane from sinfull actions, thy heart vvas alwaies pure from vvicked cogitations: It vvas thy meruailous loue, thy miracu-
lous mercie, thine vnspeakeable

pittie, that did induce thee to suffer those torments vvhich were due vnto me for mine offences. It was I my sweet Sauour, it was I my selfe that had so grievously sinned: It was thy wonderfull *charitie*, it was thy charitable mercy, to shed thy pretious blood, to cure the desperate disease, of my deadly miserie.

But such, oh such, and so vile is the horrible ingratitude of my minde; such, and so great, is the dulnesse of ~~my~~ memorie, such and so hard, is the *stupiditie* of my hart, that I am vnthankfull for thy mercy, forgetfull of thy bounty, senselesse without any compassion, yea quite colde, without any zealous meditation of thy grievous Passion.

Haue mercy vpon mee, oh my most mercifull Lord, haue mercie vpon mee, Oh let the sweet dew of thy infinite mercie, distill
downe

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downe vpon my head: yea rather
 let it bee infused into my heart,
 that it may mollifie the hardnesse
 of mine *affections*, moisten the dri-
 nesse of my bowels, and fructifie
 my minde with the fruits of thy
 loue, because I cannot, yea rather
 because I am vnwilling to suffer
 vvith thee, and loue thee so little,
 vvho hath alwaies loued mee so
 much: for I freely confesse, I have
 no sense of thy innarrable, and in-
 numerable sorrowes, which thou
 didst suffer for the multitude of
 my sinnes. Alas mine eyes are dry
 without *teares*, my kinde Iesu, my
heart is so dead, that it cannot
 breath forth any heauie groanes:
 mine *affections* are starke colde,
 without any heate of true deuoti-
 on, so often, yea rather so seldom,
 as I enter into a meditation of thy
 bitter Passion, and ruminatethy
 tedious paines and terrible *pangs*
 vvhich thou didst feele in thy

most pretious body, to reuerſe the ſentence of *damnation* pronounced againſt me for my ſinnes, and to purchaſe a gracious pardon for my *condemned* ſoule.

But pardon me, forgiue me my moſt mercifull Lord, I haue a hart of Iron, my bowels are more hard then Marble, vnleſſe thou mollifie them, they are vnapt to receiue any print of thy mercie, or any impreſſion of thy grace.

Take away from mee I pray thee my ſtonie heart, giue mee a fleſhie and tender heart, that may be vvounded vvith the thornes of ſorrowe for my rebellious thoughts, yeeld forth dolefull groanes for my grieuous ſins, and bleed vvith the vvounds of compunction, when my minde doth meditate on thy heauy Paſſion.

Oh why ſhould not my heart, my vvretched heart, be pinched with ſome paine for the loue of thee,

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thee , vvhich didst vvillingly
 vouchsafe to die for the loue of
 me? Wherefore haue the *sparkes* of
 my loue lien so long couered in
 the *embers*? Or rather why are they
 almost extinguished? Oh what se-
 uere punishment should I take of
 my selfe, for my monstrous *ingra-
 titude*? How is my tongue able to
 vtter one word, yea one sillable of
 a word, to excuse the coldnesse of
 my loue? How may I blush, nay
 how may my face be confounded
 with shame vvvhich am so vvay-
 ward, and vnwilling to suffer any
 little affliction for thy sake, who
 endured so many extreame tor-
 ments for my *sinne*? I lie on fea-
 ther-beds, couered vvvarme vvith
 cloathes , and thou didst lie na-
 ked, nailed to a wooden Crosse,
 and that in the time of colde wea-
 ther, vvhen others doe vvvarme
 themselues at a fire.

If my head begin to ake, I lay

it downe vpon a soft pillow , to ease my paine, & lessen my grieve: But thou oh my louing Lord, hast not so much as a bolster of straw vwhereon thou mightest lay thy dying head, pierced with sharpe thornes, and bleeding vvith many wounds.

When I am sicke, my friends about mee bestirre themselues to ease my diseased body, and to reuiue my fainting spirits. But alas (my sweet Sauour) there vvas none about thee at the houre of thy pittifull and painefull death, vvwhich vvould proffer thee any kinde deede, no, not so much as a comfortable word.

They offer thee bitter vvine mixed with mirrhe, and mingled with Gall. But although thy thirst was great, caused by the extremitie of thy paines, and immoderate effusion of thy blood, yet vvhen thou hadst tasted of it, thou didst refuse

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refuse to drinke of their bitter
potion.

How hard weretheir harts? yea
how dead, without any feeling of
common compassion, that could
giue vnto my sweet Sauour no
better then such a bitter Potion?

Such was the succour that they
would afford thee at the houre of
thy death: This was the best *Cor-*
diall they would giue thee a little
before the parting of thy breath.

What iust occasion hadst thou
my mercifull Redeemer? yea, what
admirable patience hadst thou,
that thou didst not bitterly in-
ueigh against the bloudie Gen-
tiles, and vnbeleeuing Iewes, who
were so maliciously madded, and
bloudily minded against thee, that
all vvhich they sought, and all
which they wrought, was to aug-
ment thy sorrow?

But whilst their hearts were in-
flamed with malice against thee,

○ 5 and

and their hands labouring to crucifie thee, thou wert so farre from accusing them for their sauadge cruelty, that thou didst pray vnto thy heauenly Father, that hee would remit and forgiue their iniquity, saying: *Father pardon them, because they know not what they doe.* Luk. 23. 34.

And this oh my sweet Christ, was the first vvords vvwhich thou spakest vpon thy bitter Crosse: Indeede they knew thee not, for their eyes were blinded that they could not see, and their hearts were hardned that they could not vnderstand.

Heere maist thou meditate (oh my soule) with exceeding comfourt vpon the wonderfull patience, admirable mercy, & sweet words of thy louing Sauour, who was not so much grieued with paine of his owne *afflictions*, as hee was earnest to pray for the remission of their finnes.

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sinnes. Hee did not once open his mouth, to make any iust *Apologie*, for his owne innocencie, nor to denounce any deserued malediction: No, not one bitter vvord against them, for their dogged cruelty. But in the extreme st pangs of his bitter Passion, his tender heart was moued vvith pittifull compassion towards them, he opened the fountaine of his mercy, that the sweet streames of his *Benediction* might flow vpon them. Hee blessed them that cursed him, hee shewed them a true token of his entire loue, for their cruell hate, he prayed for them as if they had been his dearest friends, when indeed they were his deadly foes.

How should my feeble tongue, like a trumpet (oh my bountifull Iesu) sound forth the wonderfull worthinesse of thy surmounting mercy? How should mine vnable and barren hart, conceive the dignitie

nitie of thine vncomparable meeknesse? How should the weake sight of my darke vnderstanding pierce into the hidden mysteries of thy gracious mildnesse, vvhich surpasseth all vnderstanding.

How affable and ineffable is the sweetnesse of thy charitable prayer? how bottomlesse is the depth of thy clemencie? how vnexhaustible is the treasure of thy benignitie?

How large and spacious, yea how infinit are the bounds of thy mercie? For with what tranquillity of minde? with what piety and pittie of heart? with what sweet, milde, and perswasive words didst thou sue for their pardon, vvho now were breathing out nothing else but curses against thee, vvith their malicious tongues, and euen now acting the extremity of their Tyrannie against thee with their bloudie hands?

Thou

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Thou wert not discouraged by their iniuries, thou wert not hardened with their reproches: thou didst not rebuke them for their euill words: thou didst not check them for their wicked deeds: thou didst seeke to salue their soares, who gaue thee deadly wounds: thou diddest make *intercession* for their life, who cruelly put thee to death: thou wert full of pittie towards them, whose hearts were empty of all compassion towards thee. Oh with what wonderfull mildnes of mind, with what great deuotion of spirit, in what abundance of loue didst thou cry, *Father, forgine them?* Oh wonderfull worke of thy worthy mercy! oh rare and memorable example of exceeding pittie! oh perfect patterne of excellent charity! oh let me poore wretched sinner, taste the sweetnes of this hony, reuiue my dying heart with this cordiall
com-

compassion, relieue my sicke soule
with this comfortable *confection*.
Cry out so forme, my sweet *Lord*,
and kinde *Mediator*: commend
my wofull case, and pleade my
cause vnto thy Father, saying, *Fa-
ther forgive him*.

For in truth, I know not what
I do: loue of the world hath blind-
ed mine eyes, desire of carnall
pleasures, is rooted in my heart,
and all manner of *wanton vanities*
are rife in my minde: I runne
headlong in the broad way of de-
struction: I cannot finde the nar-
row path, which leadeth to Sal-
uation.

Open mine eyes (oh Lord) that
I may see to walke in thy wayes,
and direct my feet, that I may
tread in thy pathes.

Teach mee to follow the pat-
terne of thy excellent patience, so
that I may not with well onely to
my dearest friends, which dearly
loue

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loue mee, but also pray for my
cruell enemies, who deadly hate
mee.

But alas, how soone am I dis-
pleased? how long is it before I
will forgiue, if I be once offended?
I am prone with enuious *Cain*, to
stain my hands with horrible murder.
I long for a day with rough
Esau, wherein I may slay my inno-
cent brother. I oftentimes fall out
with my friend for a crosse word,
so that oftentimes in requitall, I
seeke to doe him a mischieuous
deed: I thinke my selfe the worse
when I see him: Oh how doe I
disdaine to speake vnto him?

Teach mee to learne this hard
lesson of patience: purge the seed
of malice out of my mind, mellow
the ground of my heart vwith the
deaw of thy graces, that it may
not onely be tender, to giue my
beloued poore Friends, but that it
may also be pliable to forgiue my
hate-

hatefull Foes : seeing that thou wert not so much touched with the sense of thy owne afflictions, (and no doubt the paines of them were most gricuous vnto thee) as thou wert moued with zeale to pray for thy bloody enemies, when they made a prey of thy garments, and cast lots for thy *un-seamed vesture*, Ioh. 19. 24.

Now though *Pilate* gaue wrongfull iudgement against thee, to take away thy innocent life, yet he seemed to honour thee at the houre of thy death, when hee wrote on the Crosse, *Iesus of Nazareth, King of the Iewes*, Matt. 27. 37. Mar. 15. 26. Luk. 23. 38. Iohn 19. 19. It pleased him to intitle thee a *King* by name, but alas, hee had no such conceit of thee in his secret thoughts. But indeed thou wert worthy of a far more honorable Title, being not onely King of the Iewes, but also of the Gentiles:

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tiles: Yea, Creator and Gouvernor
of euery creature.

Neuerthelesse, thou didst not
clothe thy selfe with the vesture
of our Humanitie, that thou
shouldst be honoured with any
worldly dignity.

It was thy chiefest honor to do
the will of thy heauenly Father;
Ioh. 14. 31. thou camest not to de-
priue *Herod* of his Kingdome, nor
to gather any forces to deliuer the
Iewes, as they foridly dreamed of
their *Messias*, & vainely expected
at the comming of their King.

Thou camest to deliuer the peo-
ple from the Captiuity of their
sinnes, and by shedding thy preti-
ous blood to saue their soules.
Graunt me oh my sweet Sauour,
that I may set open the dore of
my heart, that thou mayest enter,
which art the true *King of glory*,
and that I may stil desire (althogh
I am vnable) to shew my selfe a
louing

louing and loyall subiect to re-
ceiue thee.

Send thy holy spirit, as a Har-
benger before thee, to giue mee
warning of thy comming, and
then I shall be prepared to enter-
taine my *gratious Soueraigne*, with
humility of minde, and tokens of
sincere loue.

I long (oh my King) for thy
comming, for I am assured if
thou vouchsafe to enter into
my cottage, thou wilt bestow
such a royall gift vpon mee, that
I shall beginne to disdaine the
pompe of the vworld, and ac-
count nothing so deare vnto mee
as thy loue.

Oh would my louing Sauour
would imbrace mee betweene his
blessed armes! Oh I vvish to liue,
I long to die betwixt thy louing
imbracements: thy armes vv ere
stretched out on the Crosse, as if
thou wert ready to receiue any pe-
nitent

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nitent sinner, refuse not to receiue me a wretched sinner, who wounded with the horror of my sinnes, doe come vnto thee as my Physitian, who is only able and willing to heale my wounds. Let thy precious blood stoppe the bloody issue of my sinnes: thy mercy, and nothing but thy mercy can cure my *malady*: that one, and that alone, is all my remedy.

Graunt mee (oh my sweet Iesu) that I may bee able to say vwith thine Apostle, *I am crucified with thee*. Crucifie my wanton flesh with the nayles of thy feare: mortifie my rebellious thoghts with dread of thy Iustice, and Meditation of thy iudgements. Let it be the ioy of my hart: let it be the daily exercise of my minde: let it be the object of all my thoughts to thinke on my Lord Iesus, and him crucified.

I cannot wonder enough, thogh
I

I neuer cease to wonder at thee,
my Iesu, my Sauour, and my Re-
deemer: yet let me neuer cease to
maruaile at the wonderfull worke
of thy Passion, which thou didst
so patiently suffer, that by thy in-
nocent death, thou mightest can-
cell the obligation of our infinite
debt, & affixe it to thy Crosse, that
thou mightest deliuer vs poore
and miserable wretches, from the
danger of the curse, which was
gone out against vs: Oh how can
my meditations attaine to the
length of thy admirable loue? how
can my cogitations measure the
breadth of thy clemency? how
should my deepest imaginations
diue into the depth of thy mercy?
My eye is too dimme, to per-
ceiue the beauty, my eare is too
dull, to heare the greatnesse, my
hart is too grosse, to conceiue the
goodnes, my taste is too weake, to
relish the sweetnes, my tongue is
too

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too feeble, to declare the worthines of thy loue: no words, be they neuer so many, can expresse the quantity, no eloquence, be it neuer so excellent, can relate the quality.

Oh with what humility of minde, with what exceeding patience, with what kinde and tender affections didst thou suffer the extreamest pangs of thy bitter afflictions?

How is my minde amazed with the bright beames of thy loue? How are all my thoughts confounded with the greatnes of thy clemency?

How is my soule rauished with the goodnes of thy mercy? What did moue thee, oh my sweet Sauiour, but thy vnspeakeable loue? what did induce thee, but thy incomparable mercy, to pay so deere a price for my Redemption?

Oh let the remembrance of thy infinite bounty neuer depart out
of

of my minde: Let all my affecti-
 ons be inflamed with the fire of
 thy loue: Let the sweetnesse and
 greatnesse of thy mercies be my
 chiefest Meditations: Mortifie my
 disobedient cogitations with thy
 feare, and crucifie my rebellious
 actions on thy Crosse: that
 although sinne must dwell
 and remaine in mee,
 yet it may not
 raigne and rule
 ouer mee.

Qui ex deo
Primer
mitat A Medita-

Med. 15. of the Lords Passion. 319

A Meditation concerning the derisions and scornfull speeches, vttered to the Lord I E S V S, (when hee was nayled on the Crosse) by the Iewes, and one of the Theeues which were crucified with him; and of the second words he spake on the crosse.

M E D. XV.

Twixt^a Theeues Christ suffered. For
no fault he shed

^a Mat. 27.38.

Mark. 15.27.

His pretious bloud, The^b Sunne
thereat asham'd

^b Mark. 23.4.

John. 19.6.

^c Ore-uaild his face. The granes
gane up their dead:

^c Mar. 15.33.

Matth. 27.45. and 27.52.

With wonders more, that cannot here
be nam'd.

NOW ruminare (oh my sorrowful and lamenting soule)
what scornfull speeches, vvhatspightfull

spitefull derisions, and bitter reproaches, were breathed out of the mouthes of the enuious Iewes against my patient and silent Iesus, after they had nailed his pure hands, & blessed feet to the Crosse.

Call home all thy wandring cogitations, that they may be soly and wholly intentiue to this heavenly and diuine meditation.

Let streames of teares gush out of my melting eyes, let them penetrate into my bosome, that they may mollifie my stony heart, so that it may be so deeply wounded with sorrowfull compassion, as if I had beene an eye-witnesse of his painefull Passion, when his innocent hands, and blessed feet streamed forth pretious blood: yet the streames of it could not quench the fire of their malice, they could not calme the rage of their stormy minds, nor breed any one thought of pittie in their cruel hearts:

Meda 5. of the Lords Passion. 321

hearts : It was not sufficient for
 them to torment him with their
 bloody hands, but now at his vn-
 deserued death, they raile and re-
 uile him with their blasphemous
 mouthes : for as their hearts were
 stony, not apt to take any print of
 compassion, and their hands filled
 with *sauage cruelty* without mercy,
 so their words and speeches were
 vnciuil, void of all modesty. Some
 cry out, *He saved others, let him save*
himselfe if he be the Sonne of God: the
 Souldiers disdainfully deride him,
 and scornfully mocke him, saying:
If thou be king of the Iewes save thy
selfe. Also they that passe by, nod
 their heads at him, *re vile him bit-*
terly, and blaspheme him, saying:
Ah thou which doest destroy the
Temple of God, and in three dayes dost
build it againe, save thy selfe: If thou
be the Sonne of God, come downe from
the Crosse: Oh how cruelly was
 my innocent Saviour tormented
 with

with their vnmercifull hands? oh how was his righteous soule wounded with their *malicious tongues*? their words do sauour of Gall, and their speech is more bitter then wormwood. But so great was their malice, so grievous was their indignation, so deadly was their hatred against my louing Iesus, that they thought all their cruell deeds were too litle to be inflicted vpon him: and that all their words were not halfe bitter enough, which their venemous mouthes did spue out against him.

But as my blessed Redeemer did patiently suffer the extreame tortures of their *merciles hands*, so hee did meekely beare the bitter taunts of their reuiling tongues. Oh let the memory of this thy exceeding patience bee so deeply sealed in my minde, that my thoughts may stil meditate on thy infinite loue! let my teares (often
flowing

Med. 15. of the Lords Passion. 323

flowing out of my eyes) be true tokens of my inward sorrow, and let my grievous groanes be as faithfull messengers to declare my true repentance: For it was my horrible transgressions and heinous offences, my kinde and loving Saviour, that made thee to abide the tyranny of their bloody and murdering hands, and to feele the sting of their sharpe and malicious tongues.

But (alas) mine eyes are so dry, that they cannot shed a teare, and my heart so hard, that it cannot yeeld a groane, vnlesse thou moisten the one with the gracious raine of thy graces, and mollifie the other, by the vertue of thy spirit.

Now not onely the irreligious Gentiles who were actors of this bloody Tragedy, and the enuious Iewes who were authors and Spectators of all their cruelty,

did disgorge the bitter choller of their malice against my crucified Iesus, but also one of the malefactors having no remorse of conscience for his owne offences, nor pittie on my Saviour, so grievously taunted, and spightfully scorned of the basest of the people, began to raile vpon him without modestie, & to vse these tearmes against him, full of vile indignitie: *If thou art Christ, saue thyselfe and vs*, Luke 23.39. But his other fellow touched with sorrow for his sinnes, and freely confessing that they had both worthily deserved, & did iustly suffer death for their transgressions, began to reprehend him for his blasphemous impietie, and to iustifie my Iesus for his blamelesse innocency.

And when he had rebuked his fellow for such great inhumanity, he turned to my Saviour, to implore his mercy, that he might be
made

Med. 15. of the Lords Passion. 325

made partaker of the ioyes of his
heauenly Kingdome, vterring this
short and sweet prayer : *Lord re-
member me, when thou comest into
thy Kingdome.* And hee had scant
ended his short petition, but my
mercifull Saviour made him this
gratious answer, *Verely I say vnto
thee, this day thou shalt be with mee in
Paradise, Luke 23. 43.*

But now let vs consider, oh my
soule, with deuout attention, and
behold with attentive deuotion,
what riches of infinite bounty,
what large promises of vnameas-
urable liberalitie, what a blessed in-
heritance, my bountifull redeemer
doth promise vnto this poore, na-
ked, and true, though later pen-
ting sinner.

How might this blessed promise
mittigate the sorrowes, (Oh thou
sorrowfull sinner,) of thy perplex-
ed minde? How might it ease the
foares of thine afflicted body? for

as faith bred in thy heart a true contrition, and opened thy mouth to make that humble petition, so no doubt it sealed such an assurance vnto thy wounded conscience, that thou didst stedfastly beleue his promise, and faithfully looke for the performance. But how may my speech extend it selfe to the length of thy boundlesse liberalitie (my most liberall Redeemer ?) How may my words measure the bredth of thy vnlimited mercy ? yea how can my thoughts sound the bottomlesse Sea of thy benignitie ? in thy first words vttered on the *Crosse*, thou doest pray thy Father to forgiue thy cruell *tormentors*, and in thy second words thou doest bountifully giue *Paradice* vnto a sorrowfull sinner.

Oh who can worthily estimate the dignitie of the gift ? who can sufficiently extol the bounty of the giuer ?

Med. 15. of the Lords Passion. 327

giuer? although (my sweet Iesu) thy whole life was the merit of our saluation, yet at thy bitter death thou didst pay the full price of our redemption. Oh happy thee that had such a sweet tast of thy mercy! Oh blessed soule, that wert made partaker of such infinite bounty! Oh what great graces & excellent vertues were infused into thee, that thou didst beleue my Iesus to be the true Son of God thy Creator: whom thou didst see to die the death of a miserable creature?

As thy faults were intollerable in thy dissolute life, so thy faith appeareth admirable at thy sorrowfull death. For what but faith was the motiue to moue thee to sue to him to be remembered in his kingdome of eternall felicity, who to thy outward eyes appeared nothing else but a spectacle of wofull misery? and as thy confidence was great, and thy loue much,

so thy Iesus doth speedily assure
thee to enioy a bountifull reward.

Therefore I pray thee my most
bountifull I. I. I. so to inspire my
minde with thy grace, and so to
kindle thy loue in my brest, that I
may be contented to be crucified
with thee here vpon earth, that I
may be receiued by thee into thy
kingdome of heauen.

And grant that I may so truly
lament for my trespasses, and shed
such bitter teares for my sins that I
may faithfully say with this peni-
tent theefe: *Lord remember mee
when thou shalt come into thy King-
dome.* For I confesse O Lord, I haue
beene no better then a Theefe, for
I haue robbed thee of thy honor,
I haue bene vntrue vnto thee con-
cerning thy glory. My lips are
defiled with lying, my hands haue
wrought the workes of deceit, I
haue often beguiled the widdow,
and defrauded the Orphane. I haue
sought

Med. 15. of the Lords Passion. 329

fought to make my selferich by
 oppression, I haue beene disobe-
 dient to my gouernours, and
 would not liue vnder their law-
 full subiection. Oh Lord remem-
 ber not my great and grieuous of-
 fences, let thy mercy blot them
 out of thy memory, that they
 may not be laid against me, when
 I shall be summoned to appeare
 before thee: Remember me accor-
 ding to the multitude of thy mer-
 cies, as thou didst this late-repen-
 ting malefactor, whom thou hast
 left vnto mee as one rare example
 of thy infinite mercy, that I should
 not dispaire in regard of thy iu-
 stice, and that I should not pre-
 sume to sin in respect of thy mer-
 cie. Oh let me remember this rare
 example of thy extraordinary
 goodnesse, so that I may neither
 dispaire with the heauy burden of
 my sinnes, nor presume without
 feare to transgresse the bounds of

thy holy law: that although I
haue runne long the wilde race
of vnbrideled iniquitie, yet at last
I may returne home vnto thee out
of the way of impietie, vvith this
faithfull and true repenting
offender, and be a com-
panion vvith him in
thy Paradice of
euerlasting
felicitie.

A Medita-

Med. 16. of the Lords Passion. 338

A Meditation, concerning the lamentation of the Virgine MARY, beholding her Sonne, lifted vp vpon the Crosse, standing by it, accompanied with Iohn the Euangelist, and Mary Magdalene.

M E D. XVI.

The blessed Virgin ^a standing by the
Crosse ^a Iohn 9.25.
Of Christ our Lord; Behold thy
^b Sonne, sayd he ^b Ibid. 26.
Vnto his Mother; Oh most grienous
losse,
That he must die, who from all ^c faults
was free! ^c Luke 23.14.

Now turne thy thoughts (Oh my sorrowfull soule, from the blasphemous reproches, scornfull derisions, and malicious slanders of the wicked Iewes, insulting against my innocent I E S V S.

And

And now thou hast heard how bountifull thy Saviour was vnto the penitent Theefe, that was sorrowfull for his owne iniquity, and couragious to iustifie my mercifull Redeemer, for his vnspotted innocency : Meditate a while on the Lamentation of his blessed Mother, whose heart was wounded with sorrow, to see her Sonne so cruelly tormented, when hee had neuer offended in word, nor imagined any euill in thought.

How sharpe was the sting of dolour to wound her heart? how intollerable was the griefe that did trouble her minde, when shee saw his body bleeding with so many wounds, before her wofull eyes, and heard their bitter words and diuelish reproches cast out against him, in the audience of her dolefull eares.

As shee had cause to reioyce at his blessed Birth, so now shee had
good

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good occasion to mourne for his cruell death.

For though no doubt she was annointed with oyle of graces about her fellowes, yet we may not thinke shee vvas quite exempted from the passions of a woman, or void of the tender affections of a Mother, when shee saw the harmlesse head of her louing and beloved Son bleeding with a *Crowne of Thornes*, & his innocent hands, and blessed feete, fastened to the Crosse with iron nailes.

Certainely shee knew that his Conception vvas so sanctified by the holy Ghost in her wombe, that his most blessed body vvas alwaies free from the infection of impiety, and his flesh neuer tainted vvith the corruption of iniquitie.

But yet shee knew hee did not suffer without sense of his paines, and although he was endued with a su-

a supernaturall patience, yet shee knew that he felt the pangs of his bitter Passion, subiect by his humane nature to many infirmities as we are: yet euer hauing a pure heart and cleane hands, from the spots of sinne, vwherewith our soules are polluted, & our bodies continually infected.

Wherefore thinke oh my soule, that as her afflictions were grievous, so her lamentation vvas great: suppose that thou doest see her, with her face discolored with palenesse, discovering her motherly sorrow to thy outward eies, and that thou didst heare her mournefull tongue, telling this dolefull tale to thy attentue eares, vvhich should cause thee to be a partner with her in her woe, and sigh for thy sinnes, which vvere the cause of her sorrow, to see her beloued Sonne so cruelly crucified by the Gentiles, and so disdainfully

fully derided by the Iewes.

Thinke (I say) that thou doest see her vvateriug her eyes vvith store of teares. & vttering these or the like words, vvith her sorrowfull lips to her dearely beloued Son, (vvhich words should draw out teares from thine eyes, and driue out groanes from thy hart) vvhich shee pronounced vvith a dolefull accent in this or the like manner.

Oh vvhat medicine, (be it neuer so soueraigne) can allvvage the rigour of my malady? vvhat salve (be it neuer so precious) can heale the vvounds of my bleeding heart? vvhat vvords (be they neuer so comfortable) can cheare vp my dolefull minde, vvhen I see thee my beloued Sonne, so cruelly tormented, and so ignominiously taunted? Alas for me poore vvretch thy sorrowfull Mother.

How intollerable is the paine?
how grieuous is the punishment
that

that is inflicted vpon thee? Thy death is not so bitter vnto mee, (and yet how loath I am to forgoe thee,) as these cruell torments which I see, doe torture thy innocent body, and doe greatly augment the sorrow of my perplexed minde. As thy blessed life was the cause of my chiefest felicity, so will thy bitter death be the beginning of my miserie.

Who shall afford mee comfort in the time of my calamity? who shall giue me counsell? who shall be my succour in the time of my necessitie, vwhen I am separated from thee? How shall I spend the daies with sorrowing, and passe through the tedious nights with mourning?

But thou oh my G O D omnipotent, vvvhich art his eternall Father, vvwho canst not shut thine eies of compassion from thine afflicted Sonne, comfort mee

Med. 16. of the Lords Passion. 337

mee his sorrowfull Mother.

Thou seest the wounds of his body, thou knowest the sorrowes of my heart, and because thou art a Father of mercies, and a GOD of all consolation, looke downe vpon me out of thy holy Sanctuarie, and as thou hast proued me to be thy faithfull Handmaide, so let the sweetnesse of thy Fatherly loue, temper the bitternesse of my griefe, that although I be deprived from the humane societie of my Sonne, yet the vvings of thy prouidence, may still overshadow mee, and thy omnipotent arme safely protect me.

But as the Virgine *Marie* did bewaile the cruell and bloudie death of her innocent Sonne, so *Marie Magdalene*, vvith many teares gushing out of her eyes, began to lament the wofull case of him her louing Master, on this or such like manner.

Oh

Oh my deere Master ! oh my gracious Lord ! oh my blessed and bountifull benefactor ! I cannot liue without thy louing company : I cannot abide, without thy amiable Societie : What tongue, though it speake neuer so dolefull, can truly relate my sorrow ? What vvords, be they neuer so rhetoricall, can ease my inward grieffe, vvhen I see I shall be separated from so louing and so kinde a Master ?

Oh how tyrannous are the torments wherewith the bloudy tormentors doe torment thine afflicted body ? How sharpe are the arrowes of their malice, vvherewith they vvound thy righteous soule ? How grieuous is the sight of their cruell deedes vnto mine eyes ? How odious are their dogged words vnto mine eares ? Yet my constant loue vnto thee, will not giue mee leaue to leaue thee,
(though

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(though it be a death vnto mee to see thy calamity) so long as mine eyes may behold thee.

The sight of the bitter pangs of thy Passion doth affright me with horreur: The signes of thy approaching death, doth confound my senses with continuall terror: I see thy head which I annointed with pretious oynement, cruelly pierced with Thornes, & pittifully bleeding with many wounds.

I see thy harmlesse hands pierced with iron nayles, and thy innocent feete stained vvith bloud, which I bathed with the teares of mine eyes, and vviped vvith the haire of my head.

Oh how should I sufficiently bewaile the innocent death of my louing Iesus?

How doth my heart faint with sorrow, and my senses faile me for grieffe, when I see the torments of his body, and when I thinke
vpon

vpōn the affliction of his soule?
But alas, the waues of sorrow doe
stop the passage of my words, my
speech faileth, and my voice faint-
eth for grieve.

Now thou hast heard (my for-
rowfull soule) the lamentation of
the Virgine *Marie*, as a kinde Mo-
ther,orrowing for the death of
her dearest Sonne: and the pitti-
full mourning of *Marie Magda-
lene*, sighing for the losse of so lo-
uing and kinde a Master; Cease
not thou to shed teares, with thy
weeping eyes, and to sob vvith a
broken and contrite heart, for the
cruell and shamefull death of thy
louing Sauour, who died for thy
hainous sinnes, and suffered for
thy horrible transgressions.

Grant me, oh my most gracious
Lord, that my head may flowe
with water, and that mine eyes
may be turned into a fountaine of
teares: For vvhere shall I goe to
draw

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draw water, but to the fountaine
of my Sauour?

Oh why should I cease to weepe
for thy sake, vwhen thou didst
vweepe so often, because of my
sinnes? Thou hast told me, that
they are happy, and blessed, that
mourne for their sinnes, and la-
ment for their offences, and that
they shall be comforted in the day
of their trouble, and receiue con-
solation at the houre of their af-
fliction.

Draw me (oh Lord) vnto thee,
that I may behold thee, and take
such hold of thee, that thou maist
neuer depart from me.

Receiue mee into the little
number of thy louing and faith-
full friends, who would not leaue
thee in thy extreamest miserie, but
did weepe and sigh to see thy cala-
mitie: so that being partaker with
them of their sorrow, by my me-
ditation of thy bitter Passion,
suffered

suffered here vpon earth, I may
be made copartner with them of
thine vnspeakeable ioyes, in thy
blessed Kingdome of heaven. Oh
let thine eares be open to the
petition of my lips, and
let thy mercy grant
the desire of my
heart.

A Medi-

Med. 17. of the Lords Passion. 343

A Meditation concerning the obscuration and Eclipse of the Sunne about the ninth houre, and of the fourth speech which the Lord spake on the Crosse.

M E D. XVII.

When Christ upon the ^a Crosse for us was nail'd, ^a Mar. 15. 20.

And that his Ghost was readie to ^b depart. ^b Mat. 27. 50.

The ^c Sun asham'd his splendanc beames ore-vaild, ^c Luk. 23. 45. and (Math. 27. 45.

As blushing to behold so vile a part.

NOW call to minde my sinfull soule, how the firmament was darkened, the Sunne eclipsed, and his beames obscured at the bitter Passion of thy Saviour. And meruaile not that the brightnesse of the Sunne vvas dimmed, and that his golden beames, did not shew forth their glorie, vwhen as the Sonne

Sonne of righteousness, my innocent Iesus had his beautie obscured, and his glory darkened with the clowdes of his grievous and bitter Passion. And if thou consider the cruelty of his enemies, and the malice of his foes, so virulent in the diuellish cogitations of their hearts, and so violent in the bloody actions of their hands: thou maist thinke that the Sunne did as it vvere disdain to afford them his comfortable heat, or deny them his cheerefull light, that so their eyes might be overshadowed with darknesse, as the light of their vnderstanding vvas obscured with malice.

But meditate not onely oh my soule, on the horrible cruelty of the barbarous Gentiles, and on the execrable spite of the bloody Iewes, and that their facts vvere so odious, and their deedes so detestable, that they seemed to deprive

Med. 17. of the Lords Passion. 345

priue the Sunne of his splendant
brightnes, and to rob the earth of
her chieftest comfort: but more
often thinke seriously of thy sins,
& meditate sincerely of thy trans-
gressions, which darken the light
of thy minde, & eclipse the beames
of thy vnderstanding, so that thou
doest not see to tread in the path
of harmelesse piety, but doest wan-
der beside it, into the dangerous
waies of damnable iniquity.

Wherefore let the light of thine
eyes be obscured with weeping,
and thy heart ake with groaning,
as outward signes of thy inward
sorrow, as faithfull witnesses of
thy serious and true repentance:
so that the bright beames of the
comfortable loue of thy Redeemer
may still enlighten thy heart, and
the light of his cheerefull counte-
nance euermore shine vpon thee.
Oh let not the mistie vapours of
my grosse offences, my mercifull

Q

Saviour

Saujour, so obscure the beames of thy mercy, but that their gracious influence may still haue their powerfull operation in my minde, and reuiue my dead heart with the liuely motions of feruent and true deuotion. Let the vertue of thy Spirit so dispell and dispierce the thicke cloudes of my sinnes, that my soule may be cherished vvith the heat of thy loue, and see the brightnesse of thy glory.

But now cease thou my soule, to behold the darkned Sun with thine amazed eyes, and attend to thy voice of thy crying Saujour with thine attentiu eares. What mournefull tongue can vtter the sharpenesse of his agony? vvhath thought can conceiue the greatnesse of his paine? Oh how grievous vvas the extreimity of his pangs, vvhich made him lift vp his eyes vnto heauen, and his earnest and loud voice vnto his Celestiall

lestiall Father, crying out in this
wofull manner: *Eli, Eli, lamma-
zabatani? my God, my God, why hast
thou forsaken mee?* Oh how vehe-
ment was the wrath of thy angry
Father against thee my mercifull
Iesu, my louing Sauour? how vi-
olent vvere the torments that vex-
ed thy body? How grieuous were
the afflictions that pressed and
perplexed thy minde, groaning
vnder the heauie burden of our
sinnes, imposed vpon thine inno-
cent shoulders? Indeede our hay-
nous sinnes, our horrible trans-
gressions, moued false-hearted *Ju-
das* to betray thee, and induced the
stubborne-minded Jewes to reiect
thee: they made thy Disciples to
flye for feare, and to leaue their
louing Master in time of dan-
ger: they compelled thy head
to bee crowned vvith pricking
thornes, thy face to be defiled with
spettle, thy body to be scourged

with vvhippes: they pierced thy hands, and nailed thy feete, they were the hammer and nailes that fastned thee to the Crosse. These caused thy Father to punish thee with the seuerity of his iustice, that thou being innocent, mightst make satisfaction for our trespasses, suffering a shamefull and cruell death to finish the great worke of our redemption, and to deliuer our bodies and soules from eternall destruction. These made thy louing Father seeme to withdraw his cheerefull countenance from thee, because thou didst appeare so deformed to his eyes, and vgly in his sight, hauing put on the filthy ragges of our iniquitie: although hee did alwaies loue thee, and could neuer leaue thee, being alwaies beautifull vvith the true ornaments of thy owne integrity. Oh how should mine eyes water my bed with flowing teares, and my

my heart labour with continuall
groanes, to weepe for the cruelty
of my sinnes, and to lament for
the tyrannic of my transgressions:
which vvere such cruell tormen-
tors, to torture thy body, and such
furious tyrants to vexe thy soule?
how great oh my sweet Iesu, are
the tortures which thou doest pa-
tiently endure for my sake? how
painefull, how shamefull, and cur-
sed vvas the death vvhich thou
didst suffer for my sinnes? the
punishment was great wherewith
thy body was afflicted, the anguish
was grievous, wherewith thy soule
was affected, the thornes vvere
sharpe, that wounded thy sacred
head, the whips were terrible that
scourged thy naked body, the
nailes were painefull that entred
through thy hands and pierced
thy feete: nothing but markes of
cruelty appeared to thine eyes, no-
thing but scornfull reproaches

of thine enemies founded in thy eares. But as thy outward afflictions were vnspeakeable, so thy inward sorrow was more intollerable, vwhen thou didst thinke how forgetfull vvee vwould be of thy mercies, and how vnthankfull we would be for thy benefits.

And as thou, my most deare Iesu, in the fiercest fittes of thine agonie, and sorest pangs of thy Passion, didst call, and crie to thy heauenly Father for succour, so teach mee to lift vp my deuout heart, pure hands, and a lowde voice, towards the seat of mercy, when any outward affliction doth pinch my body, or any inward tribulation presse my soule: teach me oh Lord in the stormie daies of my greatest persecutions, to meditate on thy vvonted goodnesse, and when my soule is most perplexed with the horror of my guilty conscience, to thinke on
the

the multitude of thy mercies.

But forsake mee not, my sweet Iesu, vwhen my strength faileth: vphold mee when my feete begin to slide, and raise mee vp vwhen I begin to fall: thou doest neuer leaue them vvithout comfort in time of their trouble, vvho come vnto thee vvith confidence of thy promises, and faithfully craue thy succour: Oh suffer not my soule to be cast downe vvith immoderate mourning, or my mouth to be filled vvith murmuring, when thy hand lieth heauie vpon mee. Comfort my drouping heart with some taste of thy heavenly consolation, vwhen either the sword of *persecution* doth vvound my body, or sorrow for my sinnes doth afflict my minde. Let mee remember that thy children are in this vvorld as the *Israelites* were in the Desart: they shall haue many cruell foes, abide hunger

and thirst, runne through many dangers, and drinke of the bitter waters of *Mara*, before they can come into heavenly *Canaan*, and chaw the Wormewood of affliction, before they can eate of the fruit of the tree of life, more sweet then milke, and more delicate then hony. Let me remember, that *Abraham* the Father of the faithfull, was often afflicted: that *Jacob* thy beloued, was constrained to flye for feare of *Esau*, his rough-handed, and hard-harted brother, and then vngently intreated, and vniustly rewarded for his faithfull seruice, by *Laban* his churlish Vnckle. That *David* thy chosen vvas often in danger of his life, pursued and persecuted by furious *Saul*, before he was aduanced to his Kingdome. Oh let mee not forget the many miseries, and bitter afflictions, which tumbled in heapes vpon *Iob* thy faithfull seru-
uant:

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uant: Let their patience calme the turbulent motions of my repining minde, and let the remembrance of their deliuerance arme my hart with a confident and stedfast resolution, that the eye of thy carefull prouidence neuer sleepeth nor slumbreth, but continually watcheth ouer thy faithfull and beloved, and that thine omnipotent arme is then stretched out to rid them out of perill, vwhen they seeme to be in a desperate case, past all hope, and farthest from succour.

And let me know that affliction is the best hope that thy children may expect in this worldly Lotterie, but yet let the anchor of my hope take such sure hold on thy promises in the time of my misery, that I may alwaies be assured, that thou art able, and neuer vnwilling to cure my *maladie*, if I call faithfully vpon thy name, and

Q 5

waite

waite thy appointed time with patience, abiding constant in thy loue, and confident in thy vvord. Grant mee oh my Lord Iesus, to erie out vnto thee in the daies of my trouble, & to craue thy strong aide in the houre of my tribulation. O let mee drinke a deepe draught of the fountaine of thy mercie, vvhen my poore heart is parched with thirst, in this world of miserie: Heare me from Heauen, and let my voice sound in thine eares, that I may receiue comfort when I am dittressed, helpe me vvhen I am oppressed, and peace of conscience when my soule is afflicted, that when I feele the sweet taste of thy mercy, my lips may shew thy praise, and my tongue declare thy glory, saying: *With my voyce I cried vnto the Lord, with my voyce I prayed vnto the Lord, and hee heard mee.*

A Medi-

A Meditation, concerning the fife
and fixt words, which the Lord Iesus
spake on the Crosse; to wit, *I thirst*, and
It is finished.

M E D. XVIII.

*When Christ our Lord, the ^a foun-
taine of all blisse,* ^a Zach. 13. 1.

*Had said, I ^b thirst; and that the
houre was come* ^b Ioh. 19. 28.

*That hee to Death must yeeld for
our ^c amisse,* ^c Rom. 4. 25.

*He said: It's ^d finisht now; and
all is done.* ^d Ioh. 19. 30.

HEere (Oh my soule) consider
not onely the woes, but mark
the words of thy dying Iesus: thou
didst heare him cry vnto his hea-
uenly Father, with feruencie of his
affection, vttering the vehemencie
of his affliction, and now heare
thy wofull Iesus, speaking vnto
the wilfull deafe-eard, and dead-
hearted Iewes, saying, *I thirst.*

And

And although enuie had so parched vp their hearts, that they had no sap of relenting pittie, yet let his words pierce so deepe into thy tender heart, that it may be wounded vvith true compuncti- on, and stirre vp actiue and liuely motions of compassion vvithin thy bowels, so often as thou dost thinke on his necessity, and so often as thou dost meditate on his calamity: but alas, thou dost sel- dome or neuer meditate on his humane misery.

Oh what grieuous infirmities, miseries, distresses, and calamities, did our fraile assumed nature bring vpon thee, my louing, sweet, and mercifull Iesu?

How many great and vnsup- portable torments did our sinnes (yea my sinnes, made thine by im- putation) compell thee to suffer? What did cause thee to doe it my blessed Sauour, but the ardent feruour

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feruour of thy exceeding loue? What worthinesse of merit was there in vs, as a motiue to moue thee? it was thine vnspeakeable mercy, and nothing but thine inestimable mercy, which did induce thee.

But canst thou (oh my sorrowfull soule) containe thy teares within the little caue of thine eyes, and suppress thy groanes, and repress thy sighes within the hollow corners and cauernes of thy heart, when thou doest thinke on the extreame thirst of thy louing Iesus, and of the small compassion that was shewed vnto him by the vnmercifull Iewes? wherefore cry out with the voyce of mourning, and lament in thy crying, & say vnto thy beloued Iesus, Oh my most louing Lord, oh my most gracious Reconciler, oh my most mercifull Redcemer, how should my sad & sorrowfull soule
be

be afflicted with heauinesse? how should all my senses be afflicted with mourning, vwhen my minde doth contemplate the wounds of thy body, and meditate the sorrow of thy soule, afflicted with the deadly pangs of thy bitter passion, vvhich inflamed thy heart with excessiue heat, and dried vp the moysture of thy bowels, with immoderate thirst? And how should mine eyes swell with weeping, and my hart be wearied with groning, to bewaile my sinnes, which so sharpened the hearts of the Gentiles, vwith the eagernes of crueltie, and so shortned the hands of the Iewes, vwith the malice of impietie, that they reteined no sparke of pittie in their hearts, nor would extend their hands to give thee any comfortable refreshing in thy greatest extreanity? But as their hearts and bowels were filled with sharpe, sower, and malicious humors,

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mors, so they giue thee a sowre
and bitter drinke, compounded
of Gall and Vinegar.

Oh nefarious & horrible impiety!
oh detestable cruelty of the perfidious
Iewes, to be so stony-hearted,
as not to afford so much as a
draught of cold water to my dying
Iesus, vvho is able to giue water of
life, which shall so plentifully sa-
tisfie the longing desire of those
that drinke of it, that they shall ne-
uer after be molested vvith thirst,
nor haue any necessity to drinke.

Oh would I had beene there
my bountifull Iesu, that my vvee-
ping eyes might haue afforded
thee store of water, to haue slaked
thy drinellse, and quenched thy
thirst. Oh how extreame vv as the
griefe of thy tender-hearted Mo-
ther! Oh how sorrowfull vv as the
sadnes of *Iohn* thy louing Disciple,
who loued thee so tenderly, & was
beloued of thee so intirely?

Oh

Oh how dolorous was the lamentation of *Mary Magdalene*, mourning for thee her kinde distressed Master, who had forgiven her many sinnes, because shee had shewed thee much loue ! Who all did behold thee with their wofull eyes, and did heare thee with their doleful eares, complaine that thou wert dry and thirsty, and no doubt but they did all wish with sighes, & desire with heavy groanes, that they had beene able, (but alas, they might not be suffered) to giue thee some comfortable refreshing.

When the Diuell our ancient enemy did tempt thee in the Wilderness, thou wert pinched with hunger, & at thy death thou wert parched with thirst, thy moysture dried vp like a pot-shard, and thy tongue cleauing to the rooffe of thy mouth.

Now what are these naturall wants and weak infirmities found
in

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in thy body, but strong arguments
vnto vs of thy true man-hood, and
true testimonies of thy humane
nature, that we might know, that
although thou wert indued with
exceeding patience, yet that thou
being man, wert subiect to our pas-
sions: but as thy sacred Conception
was free from all carnall cor-
ruption, so thy pure Life was al-
waies free from all sinnefull in-
fection.

Thou hadst great cause (my lo-
uing Saviour) to be molested with
drinesse, and grieved with thirst,
when as thy body was distempe-
red with *watching*, brused with cru-
ell blowes, and thy bloud exhau-
sted with thy *bleeding wounds*: yet
such as was the inhumanity, such
was the cruelty of the pittilesse
Iewes, that in this extremitie they
would not afford thee a cuppe of
colde water. But is it credible, yea,
is it possible, that my Saviour should
be

be afflicted vvith thirst at his death, who hath tolde vs (and it is true that hee hath told vs) that he hath the water of life?

Tell me my bountifull Iesu, how was thy moisture consumed? what caused thy thirst? art thou not hee which cryed, *If any man thirst, let him come to me & drinke?* Ioh. 7. 37. art thou able to satisfie others that are thirsty, and art thou thy selfe oppressed with thirst? art not thou he my louing Sauour, which said to the woman of *Samarita*, that thou hadst the *water of life*, & that hee vvich *should drinke of this water*, should neuer thirst any more, but that it should be a well of water in him, springing up vnto euertlasting life.

Thy speech (my Sauour) is veritie: and thy words are truth: thou hast the water of life, thou art able, and as thou art able, so thou art most willing, to refresh our thirsty soules, vvith this blessed vvater,
if

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if vvee will resort to drinke of thy
 pure and *Christall fountaine* : I will
 come vnto thee (my sweet Iesu)
 that thou mayest satisfie my soule
 vvith thine euerlasting *bread*, and
 quench my thirst with this *Water
 of life* : for my soule thirsteth af-
 ter God, which is a liuing Foun-
 taine.

I will cry vnto thee, the Lord
 my God, my Sauour, my protec-
 tor, and I will say, I thirst, I thirst,
 my bountifull Iesu : Oh that I
 might haue but so much as a little
 taste of this Cælestiall water : Oh
 how doe I long to drinke of this
 fountaine! quench thou my thirst,
 oh my sweet Iesu, with this liuing
 Water, for thou onely art able to
 quench my thirst, because vvith
 thee there is the fountaine of life.

And graunt that my soule may
 still thirst with such a longing af-
 ter thy *loue*, that it may make haste
 to these waters of comfort.

Oh

Oh how dangerous and deadly were my malady? how vn-sufferable were my misery? how damnable were my state? how desperate were my case, if I should not drink of this *heavenly Fountaine*?

But as the spring of these blessed and wholesome waters doth euer flowe, and as thy vnstinted bounty (oh my mercifull Sauour, euer aboundeth) so thou doest neuer deny any thirsty soule to drinke of this liuing water.

Wherefore let the seruency of thy loue so inflame my soule, that it may thirst, and thirsting, may runne vnto thee, to be refreshed with this comfortable water.

I know, oh my blessed Redeemer, that thou wert not onely afflicted with thirst in thy body, but that thou wert more affected with thirst in thy spirit.

Heare thou, (oh my thirsty soule) the sweet word of thy Sa-
uour!

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uiour! Oh with what exceeding mercy is it replenished? with what inestimable Charity is it vttered?

He saith, *I thirst*: but he saith not, I am pained, grieued, or afflicted: And what dost thou thirst for so much, oh my louing Lord? Thou dost not thirst so much for wine which is pressed out of the grapes of the Vine: or for water which floweth out of the Riuer: but thy thirst is my saluation, thy meat is my redemption. Thou dost thirst for my faith, my saluation, my ioy: this spirituall thirst did more affect thy soule, then any naturall or humane thirst could afflict thy body: Therefore thirst thou (oh my soule after thy louing and merciful Sauour) as the *thirsty Hart desireth the water*. Oh how canst thou but thirst after him, who hath thirsted so much after thee? Let all things (be they neuer so sower) be pleasant vnto thee

thee for his sake: let all things (be they neuer so bitter) be most sweet vnto thee for his loue. Refuse not to drinke of the bitter cup of affliction for his cause, and hee will not faile to refresh thee in the time of thy calamitie, his hand shall be stretched out to deliuer thee in thy necessitie:

Grant me my Lord, that I may offer vnto thee the wine of my true deuotion, vvith the Mirrhe of mortification, and gall of hearty contrition. But as it might be dolefull vnto thee my soule, to heare thy louing Iesus cry out, *Sitio, I thirst*: so let it be ioyfull vnto thee, to heare him take his farewell with *Consummatum est*, It is finished, *Ioh. 19.30.* Oh let the Meditation of this word be more sweet vnto me, then the hony vvhich *Sampson* found in the carkasse of the Lyon, vvhen he was hungry, *Iudg. 14.8.* and more delectable vnto mee, then

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then the vvater vvwhich hee found
in the Iawbone of the Aſſe, vvhen
he vvvas thirſty, *Iudg. 15. 19.* For
now had my bleſſed Redeemer
fulfilled the ſacred decrees of the
holy Scriptures, concerning my
ſaluation, and appeaſed the wrath
of his Father, kindled againſt me
for my ſinnes.

Now he had cancelled the Ob-
ligation of my infinite debt, and
not vvith ſiluer and gold, but vvith
his owne moſt pretious blood
purchaſed my Redemption: And
by his death, conquered death,
hell and the deuill.

Oh happy death that hath re-
deemed mee to eternall life! Oh
glorious victory, although my
Sauiour obtained it ſo dearely!
Therefore let mee not be careleſſe
to ſell that ſo cheape, which my
Sauiour hath bought ſo deare.
Let mee conſecrate my ſoule and
body wholly to him, for they are
his

his owne, he hath dearely bought them.

Direct my spirit, oh Lord, by the leuell of thy perfect word: let the meditation of my heart be day and night in thy sacred law, that I may offer vp vnto thee daily the calues of my vnfained lippes, speaking of thy meruailous kindnesse early in the morning, and telling of thy manifold mercies late in the evening: send downe a gracious raine of thy holy Spirit into the furrowes of my heart, that the memory of thine innumerable benefits, may perpetually flourish in my minde, and thine euerlasting praises euermore sound in my mouth, for thou alone art my Redeemer, oh Lord God of my saluation.

A Medita-

Med. 19. of the Lords Passion. 369

A Meditation how CHRIST
gaue vp the Ghost, and of the won-
ders which were seene at his death.

M E D. XIX.

*Strange ^a wonders at our Sauours
death were wrought, ^a Mar. 15. 38.
The graues did ^b open, and the dead
came forth: ^b Matt. 27. 51.
The Templerent in ^c twaine. Dumb
creatures sought ^c Luke 23. 45.
T'expresse to blinded ^d Iewes, their
makers worth. ^d Luk. 19. 40*

Lift vp thine eyes, oh my soule,
Land behold how the counte-
nance of thy Sauour is couered
with a deadly palenesse, his sight
beginneth to faile, and his heart
to faint, yet a little before the de-
parture of his soule, and in his
greatest pangs, hee cryed out with
a lowd voyce, as if he had felt no
paine, saying: *Father, into thy hands*

R

I

I commend my spirit: and vwhen he had said thus, bowing downe his head, and closing his eyes, he gaue vp the Ghost, *Luke 23.46.* Now so soone as his blessed soule was dissolued from his breathlesse body, the vaile of the *Temple* vvas rent into two peeces from the top the bottome, the earth did quake, the stones were rent, the graues opened, and many bodies of the Saints, which slept, arose out of their graues, came into the holy Citie, and appeared to many.

Awake thou now oh my soule, lie no longer snorting in the bed of carelesse security: vvhat wilt thou say? what wilt thou doe, oh my soule?

Thou seest that the earth trembleth, & quaketh, that the stones doe cleaue in pieces, and that the beholders are all amazed at the death of the Lord Iesus.

Oh! why art thou so senselesse
oh

Med. 19. of the Lords Passion. 371

oh my soule, and as it were dead
 without motion at the recordati-
 on of the death, and meditation
 of the Passion of thy Sauour? Oh
 let the sinnefull vaile of the Tem-
 ples of thy head rend into peeces,
 which couereth the eyes of thy
 vnderstanding! let thy earthly
 body tremble with horror, and thy
 stony heart cleaue in sunder with
 terror of thine impietic: and now
 arise thou out of the graue of
 thine iniquitie, let thine eyes waste
 and consume away with weeping,
 and let thy heart melt away with
 sighing, that thou mayest shew
 some signes of sorrow for thy
 sinnes, and some tokens of true
 repentance for thy transgressions,
 which caused the bitter Passion,
 and procured the cruell death of
 thy innocent I E S V S: and cry out
 vvith the astonished Centurion,
Verely this man was righteous, Hee
was the Sonne of G O D, Mat. 17.

R 2

Life

Lift vp thy hands & crie out with a faithfull heart, Oh my gracious Lord, my sweet Sauour, and louing Redeemer, how terrible were my trespasses, how haynous were my transgressions, that nothing but thy pretious blood could wash out the staines of mine iniquitie? and nothing but thy death deliuer me out of the chaines of euermlasting captiuitie? What shall I doe to gratulate the greatnes of thy loue? how shall I perfectly relish the goodnesse of thy mercy? how shall I throughly tast the sweetnesse of thy compassion? For how doth thy loue exceede in greatnesse? how doth mercy abound in goodnes? and how doth thy compassion excel in sweetnes, that thou being the true and naturall Sonne of God, shouldst be made man, that we being sinnefull men, should be made the sons of God? yea, when vvee were thine enemies,

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enemies, vessels of sinne, and vassals of Sathan? And that thou being man, shouldest be made subject to the same passions, to the same affections, to the same afflictions, that we are? yea, *obnoxious* to death to pay our debt: but yet thy life was neuer infected with any sinfull action: no, not so much as affected with any euill cogitation.

Oh my kinde Iesu! Oh thou innocent Lambe! Oh my most louing Lord! by how much the more I consider thy calamity, by how much the more I ruminatē thy mercy, by so much the more cause I finde to be faithfully affected towards thee for the greatnes of thy loue, and to be afflicted with thee for thy grievous torments. Oh let me behold in my serious meditation, and see with the eye of mine vnderstanding, how thy most sacred body is brused vvith

crucell

R 3

cruell

cruell blowes , thy tender flesh
mangled with bleeding wounds,
thy venerable head perfored and
pierced with a Crowne of prick-
ing thornes , thy beautifull fore-
head spotted, and thy comely haire
knotted with coniealed blood, thy
nostrils offended vvith stinking
spittle , and thy blessed mouth di-
stafted with gall and vinegar, thy
most bright eyes obscured with a
vaile , thy amiable face buffeted
with fists , and defiled with dust,
thy chaste eares filled with reproa-
ches , thy naked body scourged
with whips, thy vveary shoulders
shrinking , and thy weake knees
failing vnder the heauy burthen
of the crosse, thy most holy hands
pierced, & thy blessed feet bored
with sharpe iron nailes , thy blef-
sed side opened , and thy heart
wounded with a speare. Oh let
the remembrance of thy grievous
torments my louing Iesu, let the
memory

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memory of thy bleeding wounds
and scornefull reproaches, wound
my heart with vvofull compun-
ction, and pierce into my harde-
ned bowels, that they may relent
vvith tender compassion, that I
may feele some sense of paine-
full sorrow for thy sake, seeing
thou hast suffered so much for
my finnes:

But before thou passe any fur-
ther, (oh my soule) doe thou not
let it passe without earnest medi-
tation, how that although the
hearts of the tormentors of mine
afflicted Iesus, were so poysoned
with impietic, and their hands so
polluted with cruelty, that they
griued his righteous soule vvith
their scornes and reproaches: kil-
led his innocent body with their
tortures, yet that the fury of their
malicious harts was so restrained,
and the violence of their cruell
hands so repressed, that they

R 4

could

could not breake one bone of his blessed body, as they did of the malefactors, which were crucified with him, because the sacred scripture had said they should not, and therefore their hands were fettered that they could not: *Exod. 12. 46. Num. 9. 12. Zach. 12. 10.* Wherefore let this meditation comfort thy drooping heart (oh my soule) and console thy fainting spirits in the sowrest fits of any worldly misery, and in the sorest conflicts of any affliction that can betide thee: that no Tyrant, be hee neuer so mighty, or his heart neuer so malicious, can imagine more in his cruell thoughts, or act any more with his bloody hands against thee, then the Diuine prouidence hath predestinated, and the counsell of the highest hath alwayes determined.

Let this resolution be as a pretious Balme to heale the wounds
of

Med. 19. of the Lords Passion. 377

of thy sorrow, and as a soueraigne
 Salue to cure thy soares, that they
 may not fester with dispairefull re-
 pining, or rancor with impatient
 mourning.

Let no dread of danger throw
 downe the Fort of thy hope: let
 no Tempest of persecution shake
 the foundation of thy Faith, and
 let no waues of affliction quench
 the flame of thy loue towards thy
 Sauour, but let the oyle of his suf-
 ficient grace so strengthen the si-
 newes of thy Faith, when it wax-
 eth feeble, that thy heart neuer
 faile, nor thy courage quaille, when
 thou art molested with any sicke-
 nes, or affliction of body, or moued
 with any malady of thy mind, be-
 ing faithfully perswaded, that no
 calamity can betide thee without
 his will, nor no danger can come
 neere thy dwelling without his
 good pleasure: and that no Ty-
 rants, (although they be neuer so
 R 5 mighty)

mighty) can do but so much, and no more against thee, then hee in his wisdom knoweth to be profitable for thee.

For neither the prophane Gentiles, nor the superstitious Iewes, could doe any more vnto my innocent Iesus, then he vvas willing to suffer, who came to die for the sinnes of the people: they could not do one iot more then was enacted in the highest Court of the Cælestiall Parliament, determined by the secret Counsel of the Trinity, & confirmed by the euerlasting Statutes of the sacred Scriptures.

Confirm my mind (oh Lord) with a stedfast perswasion of thy power, and comfort my weake nature with a resolute confidence in thy word, that in the time of my aduersitie, and day of my tribulation, yea, at the houre of my death, I may commend my spirit into thy hands, as thou didst thine into
the

Med. 19. of the Lords Passion. 379

the hands of thy heauenly Father,

Oh what a consolation & comfort may it be vnto me in my greatest misery, to commend my soule into thy custody, for there it shall remain in the safe harbor of eternal tranquility, no more subiect to misery, no more obnoxious to vanity: the ioy that it shall possesse is vnspeakable, the felicitie incomparable, the continuance of it neuer decaying, but alwayes durable without any change, or ending.

Receiue my soule (oh my louing Sauour into thy hands, that it may be safe, vnder the shadowe of thy wings: it is thine owne, it came from thee, and therefore let it returne vnto thee: receiue my gift, my bountifull giuer.

But because (oh Lord) nothing that is impure may appeare in thy sight, neither canst thou behold any vnclean thing with thine eie, purge my soule with the fire of thy

thy spirit, and wash away the spots of it with thy precious blood, that being beautified with the pure white robe of thy mercy, *Rev. 12.*

18 it may confidently approach vnto the Throne of thy Maiesty.

Oh let the affection of my loue be neuer defectiue towards thee, and infuse that into me, by the gift of thy grace, which I am not able to obtaine by my owne strength, captiuate all my senses, that they may be obsequious to do thy will, and frame all the members of my body, to performe thy law, that being partaker of thy death, by true mortification of my flesh, I may also be made partaker vvith thee of thy glorious Resurrection, by the viuification of thy blessed Spirit.

A Medi-

Med. 20. of the Lords Passion. 381

A Meditation, how the Lord Iesus was buried, and of the lamentation of his Mother, and other women, for his death.

M E D. XX.

*Within a ^a Tombe, which in a
Rocke was wrought, ^a Mar. 15. 46.*

*Ioseph ^b enshrines the body of our
Lord. ^b Mar. 27. 90.*

*Wrapt in a ^c cloath, which hee of
purpose bought. ^c Luk. 23. 53.*

Mark. 15. 46.

*Oh happy man, that did such lone
afford!*

AS there was a wicked and covetous *Indas*, (oh my soule) amongst the faithfull Disciples of thy louing *I E S V S*, to betray him to a cruell death, so there was a kinde *Ioseph* found among the Jewes, who brought him honourably to his graue.

Oh

Oh who is able to relate the lamentation, to expresse the sorrow, and vtter the grieffe of the Virgin *Marie*, mourning for the death of her deare Sonne, and other vvomen, vvho did behold him vvith their compassionate eyes, vvhen (like an innocent Lambe) he gaue vp the Ghost, and bewailed his departure from them, vvith floods of teares !

Now thinke that thou doest heare the Virgine *Marie* discouering the inward sorrowes of her heart, (of her griued and wounded heart) vttered out of her dolefull mouth, passionate, as she was a tender harted woman, and more compassionate, as shee vvas a louing Mother, vvhen shee saw the vvounded and breathlesse body of her Sonne, taken downe from the Crosse.

Let her sorrowfull words penetrate thine eares, and pierce thy heart,

Med. 20. of the Lords Passion. 383

heart, that thou maiſt bewaile the debts of thy ſinnes, as ſhe lamented the death of her Sonne, in this or the like manner.

Oh my moſt ſweet Sonne, what is my felicity, which I had by thee in thy life? Is it any thing elſe but extreame miſerie at thy death? how is my chiefeſt ioy changed into ſorrow? my mirth into mourning? how is my reioycing turned into lamenting, my cheerefulneſſe turned into heauineſſe? nothing can mitigate my calamity, nothing can eaſe my malady.

What haſt thou done (oh my moſt deare Sonne) what heinous crime haſt thou committed? vvhhat odious treason haſt thou perpetrated, that thou were condemned to die ſuch a ſhamefull and bitter death?

Thy pure hands were neuer defiled with any euill actions: and thy harmleſſe heart did neuer harbour

bour any vvicked cogitations :
thine eyes were neuer bewitched
with worldly vanities, nor thine
eares delighted with lewd discour-
ses : thy mouth did vtter forth
wisedome, and thy tongue spake
nothing but the truth : thy whole
life was a Mirrour of piety, thy
words deserued no reprehension,
thy deeds were without all excep-
tion. Oh how bitter was the ma-
lice? how horrible was the enuie?
how blinde were the eyes? how
bloody were the hearts of the cru-
ell Iewes, to crucifie my deare
Sonne, my innocent Iesus? how
dolefull is it to mine eyes, and do-
lorous to my heart, to behold thy
bright eyes obscured with deadly
darknesse ! thy blessed hand de-
priued of action, and thy beauti-
full feete senslesse vvithout any
motion ! to see thy cheerefull
countenance couered with an ashy
palenesse, thy skinne blacke and
blew

Med. 20. of the Lords Passion. 385

blew with blowes, and thy flesh
mangled with wounds.

This spectacle is so wofull, that
I can no longer behold thee with
mine eyes, and the waues of sor-
row doe overflow my heart so
fast, that they stop my words, and
stay the current of my mournfull
speech.

Now as *Marie Magdalene* did
behold the blessed body of my Sa-
uiour with his mourning Mother,
so she did not cease to lament his
death, who had bene so kinde a
Master vnto her in his life: What
a plentiful streame of teares ran
downe her cheekes? What a spring
of sorrow arose in her heart? How
did her sorrowfull sighes second
her heauie sobs? How did her
dolefull sobs preuent her lamen-
table sighes? Thinke thou doest
see her kisse his senslesse hands:
thinke thou doest see her kisse his
breathlesse feet, speaking vnto her
louing

louing Master, with her trembling voice being dead, as if he did heare her, and were aliue, bathing them with her teares, and giuing a little ease to her sore diseased heart, by vttering these or the like words, with her feeble lips.

*Mary Mag-
dalens la-
mentati-
on for the
losse of
her Ma-
ster.*

Alas (my sweet Master) alas my most louing Lord, the staffe of my stay, the onely ioy of my heart, the sole comfort of my perplexed spirit; Alas for me, how comfortlesse doest thou leaue mee? how ioyfull was I made by thee? how sorrowfull shall I bee by being without thee? To whom shall I haue recourse for comfort in the straightnesse of my sorrow? To whom shall I goe for succour in time of my trouble?

How lamentable is the view of thy vvounded head vnto mine eies? How grieuous is the view of thy sacred hands and feet vnto my sight, pierced with iron-nailes and depri-

Med. 20. of the Lords Passion. 387

deprived of sense, which I so carefully annoynted, bathing them with the teares of mine eies, and drying them with the haire of my head? *Ioh. 11.2. and 12.3. Mat. 26.7.* But now alas, in stead of odoriferous oyntment, they are mangled with wounds, and spotted with blood: Oh wretched woman, oh miserable creature, because I am deprived of such a loving and welbeloued Master.

Where shall I find one who will loue me so deereily, and regard me so entierly? Thou art hee which diddest often vouchsafe to come into my cottage, and to sit downe at my Table, and didst vouchsafe to honour my poore house with thy gracious presence, when alas I was not able to afford thee any such entertainment as might in any sort requite thy kindenesse, or recompence thy loue, *Iohn 11.28.* Oh my most sweet Iesu, thou
didst

didst defend me from the Pharisee who disdained me for my trespasses, and loathed me for my sinnes. Thou didst kindly excuse mee, speaking in my cause, and pleading my case, when my sister began to be angry with me, and to conceiue displeasure against mee: Thou didst commend me when I did annoynt thee with a pretious oyntment, washing thy feete with my teares, and wiping them with my haire, thou didst mittigate my sorrow, thou didst remit my sins, thou didst kindly aske for mee when I was not present with thee, and commanded my sister to call me vnto thee.

Oh what great, and how many demonstrations of thy loue, how many tokens of thy kindnesse, how many signes of thy charity, how many arguments of thy mercie, Oh my most sweet Lord, hast thou shewed vnto mee? vvhata rich

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rich treasure of thy bounty, hast thou conferred vpon mee? When thou didst see my mourning for the death of my Brother, thou didst comfort mee in my sorrow, thou didst asswage my griefe, thou didst weepe with me, such was thy kinde affection towards my louing brother, such was thy tender compassion towards mee his sorrowfull sister: and thou didst not onely shed teares, as signes of thy loue, but thou didst raise my dead brother out of his graue for my consolation, and restored him to life againe for my comfort: *Iohn. 11. 35. Ibidem, 43.* As nothing was more sweet and pleasant vnto me, then to enioy thy blessed company, so nothing can be more sowre and sharpe vnto me, then want of thy comfortable societie.

But alas, sorrowfull words are too weake a medicine to cure my maladie: and although I haue
cause

cause to say much, yet extreamity of griefe vwill suffer mee to say no more.

Now thou hast heard oh my soule, the lamentation of a tender Mother, deploring the death of her Sonne, and also the pittifull mourning of a faithfull seruant, bewayling the want of him, who was her louing Master, and bountifull benefactor: canst thou be so stonie-hearted, that thou art moued with no feeling compassion? Is thy heart so hard that it cannot giue a groane? Are thine eyes so dry, that they vwill not yeeld a teare, at the meditation of the death and buriall of thy Sauour, who died for thy sinnes, and was slaine for thine iniquities?

I flie vnto thee my most mercifull Lord, that thou maist mollifie and moysten, my hard, and dry heart with plentifull showres of thy graces: turne my head into a
spring

Med. 20. of the Lords Passion. 391

spring of water, and change mine eyes into a fountaine of teares.

I know not how to excuse my selfe, because I haue beene so vnthankfull for thy benefits, so forgetfull of thy mercies, and so vnkinde vnto thee for thy loue.

What shall I say, but woe and alas for me, a most wretched and wicked sinner? Who can measure the quantity of mine infelicitie? Who can describe the horreur of my miserie? Who can quiet the troubles of my minde? Who can pacifie my troubled conscience, because my hard heart hath not beene touched with any compunction, nor my bowels moued with any compassion, when I did think on thy cruell death, and meditate on thy bitter Passion?

Oh wretched man that I am!
oh miserable creature! for when others doe mourne at the meditation of thy Passion, shed teares,
and

and send forth sighes at the remembrance of thy death: my hart is so ouer-growne with hardnesse, that it cannot be touched with sorrow, and mine eyes are so dry without moisture, that they vvill not send forth a teare. Oh why doe I not sigh, sob, and weepe in my Meditation of the bitter Passion of my Sauieur, my gracious and bountifull benefactor, who did abide so many painefull torments and reproachfull taunts for my sinnes, and suffered a most shamefull and cruell death on the *Crosse* for my transgressions? How can I excuse the coldnesse of my loue? How should I cleare my vnthankfull minde? If Death take away my Father, or depriue me of my Mother, I water my cheekes vvith teares, and vvearie my heart vvith groaning. I can weepe for the death of a Brother, and wring my hands for sorrow at the buriall
of

Med. 20. of the Lords Passion. 393

of my sister: I cannot but mourne when I follow my friend to his graue, my teares doe testifie my loue, my voyce doth vtter words of lamentation, my heart is sadde with sorrow, and all my sences are disordered with griefe.

But alas, how is the moisture of mine eyes consumed, that they cannot yeeld one teare? How obdurate is my heart that it will not groane when I think on the deadly pangs of my Sauour, and when I meditate on the grieuous passion, and bitter death of my Redeemer, who hath beene more beneficiall vnto mee then any louing Father! and more kinde then any tender-hearted mother: what kindnesse of a Brother, or milde affection of a Sister, can equall his loue? What friend can be so glad for my prosperitie? who of mine acquaintance can be so sad for my aduersitie? Who can

S

be

be so constant vnto me in affection? Who can be so faithfull vnto me in compassion, as my mercifull Sauour? My Parents gaue me my flesh, polluted with sinne, and defiled with vices: I receiue from my Sauour, Memory, Will Vnderstanding, and Reason: yea, what is there in me which is good, but it commeth from my GOD? My Parents haue beene an occasion to throw me downe into hell, but my Redeemer did shed his precious blood to bring mee into the Kingdome of heauen: Therefore why doe I not sigh and lament for the death of my Lord, my Sauour, my Redeemer, who is my solace in time of sorrow, my consolation in my misery, and my refuge in the houre of my necessity? But oh my most bountifull Iesu, father of mercies, I mourne with sorrow, and lament with teares, when death doth rob mee of my
Parents,

Med. 21. of the Lords Passion. 415

receiue them to dwell in thy Cæ-
lestiall Citie, which is stored with
all abundance: But who can des-
cribeth the beauty, or demonstrate
the glory of this heauenly Hieru-
salem? for it is made of pure golde,
the foundation of pretious stones, the
walles of Iasper, & the gates of pearle.
In needeth no Sunne to giue light vnto
it in the day, or any Moone by night,
for the glorious presence of the Lord
doth fill euery place with his shining
brighstetne. Reuel. 21. 18. 19. 20.
21. 23.

What eye hath seene one sparke
of the glistering cleerenesse? what
eare hath heard one title of the
greatnesse? what heart can con-
ceiue so much as a graine of the
goodnes of this eternall Citie? Oh
happy are the people that shall
enter into thy beautifull gates! Oh
happy are the Citizens that shall
dwell within thy pretious walles!
for they shall liue with the An-
gels

gels in eternall peace and security,
and see God in his glorious Maie-
stie. Entertaineme (oh Lord) into
thy gracious seruice, and graunt
me grace, that I may serue thee all
the dayes of my life in feare, and
honour thee with my loue: that
when I haue serued out my time
as thy faithfull seruant here on
earth, I may be incorporated into
this heauenly Citie, and admitted
into the freedome of this blessed
societie. Come (oh my Lord

I E S V) come vnto vs

quickly, and receiue

vs to dwell with

thee eternally,

Amen.

F I N I S.

Soli Deo gloria.

MOST
DEVOVT
and Diuine
MEDITATIONS
O F
Saint BERNARD.

Concerning the know-
ledge of humane Condition.

Seruing as so many Motiues
TO MORTIFICATION.



LONDON:

Printed by T.S. for Francis Burton,
dwelling in Paules Church-yard at
the signe of the greene
Dragon. 1614.

MOST
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and Divine
MEDITATIONS
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Concerning the know-
ledge of humane Condition.
Forming as to many Monks
to MORTIFICATION.



LONDON.
Printed by T. S. for Francis & Taylor,
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the space between
Dunston and St. Dunstons.



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FINIS.

T 3





Of the similitude of
Man to GOD.

MOTIVE. I.

MAny knowe many False things, and know not know-
 themselves: they pry ledge.
 into others, and leaue
 themselves. They seeke God by The ready
 those outward things, forsaking way how
 their inward things, to vvhich to know
 God is neerer, and more inward. God.
 Therefore I vvill returne from
 outward things, to inward, and
 from the inward I will ascend
 to the Superiour: that I may
 know from vvhence I come, or

Three
things in
vs, where-
by wee re-
member,
behold,
and desire
God.

whither I goe ; who I am, and
from whence I am : that so by
the knowledge of my selfe, I may
be the better able to attaine to the
knowledge of God. For by how
much more I profit, and goe for-
ward in the knowledge of my
selfe, by so much the neerer I ap-
proach to the knowledge of God.
Concerning the inward man, I
finde three things in my soule, by
which I remember, behold, and
couet God. But these three things
are, the *Memory*, *Understanding*,
Will, or *Loue*. By the *Memory*, I
remember him : by the *Under-
standing*, I behold him : by the
Will, I embrace him. When I re-
member God in my *Memory*, I
finde him : and in him I am de-
lighted, because hee vouchsafeth
to giue himselfe to mee. By the
Understanding, I view and con-
temple what God is in himselfe,
what hee is in the Angels, what
he

he is in the Saints, what hee is in Men, what he is in the Creatures. In himselfe, hee is incomprehensible, because he is the beginning and end, and the beginning without beginning, the end without end. By my selfe, I vnderstand how incomprehensible God is, when as I cannot know, and vnderstand my selfe, whom he hath made. In the Angels he is desirable, because they desire to behold him. In the Saints hee is delectable, because being happy in him, they reioyce continually. In other creatures hee is admirable, because he createth all things powerfully; gouerneth all things wisely, disposeth all things bountifully. In men hee is amiable, because he is their GOD, and they are his people. Hee dwelleth in them, euen as in his *Temple*, and they are his *Temple*. Hee disdaineth neyther

Motiues to
moue vs to
loue God.

particular, nor vniuersall. Who-
soever is mindefull of him, and
doth both know, and also loue
him, hee is vvith him. Wee
ought to loue him, because hee
hath first loued vs, and hath
made vs after his Image and si-
militude, which thing he would
not impart to any other creature.
Wee are made according to the
Image of G O D, that is, accor-
ding to the vnderstanding, and
knowledge of the Sonne, by
whom we vnderstand, and know
the Father, and haue acceſſe vnto
him.

So great is the affinitie be-
twene vs and the Sonne of God,
as that wee are the image of him,
who is the image of God. Which
affinitie also, the similitude doth
testifie: because wee are not one-
ly made according to his simili-
tude, but also to his likenesse.
Therefore it behoueth, that that
which

Mot. 1. to Mortification. 5

which is made according to his image, doe agree vvith his Image, and not participate onely a vaine name of the Image. In vvhich regard, let vs represent, and expresse his Image in our selues, in the feruent desire of peace, in the beholding of truth, and in the loue of Charitie.

Let vs holde him in our memorie, let vs carrie him in our conscience, and let vs adore and vvorship him euery where, vvho is present euery where. For our vnderstanding in that same respect, is the image of him, in which it is capable of him, and may bee partaker of the same. The minde (or soule) is not therefore the Image of him, because the minde remembreth it selfe, ^{How the soule is sayd to be the Image of God.} vnderstandeth and loueth it selfe: but because it may be able to remember, vnderstand, and loue

loue him, of whom it was made.
The which when it doth it be-
commeth vwise.

The three faculties of that most excellent and highest the soule, *Wisedome*, then a reasonable *to wit, Memory, Will* Soule, which through Memory, and *Vnderstanding* Vnderstanding, and Will, consisteth in that vnutterable Trinitie. *resembling the Trinitie.*

But it cannot consist and abide in the same, vnlesse it remember, vnderstand, and loue the same. Let it therefore remember her God, loue and worship him, after whose Image it was made, with whom it may alwayes bee blessed. Oh blessed Soule, with vvhom GOD hath found rest, in vvhose Tabernacle hee dwelleth and remaineth: Blessed, which may say, *and hee which created mee, resteth in my Tabernacle*: For hee cannot denie the rest of HEAVEN vnto her.
Therefore

How the soule is said to be truly blessed.

Mot. I. to Mortification. 7

Therefore why doe wee forsake
our selues and seeke God in these
externall and outward things,
who is at home with vs, if vvee
will be with him?

Verely hee with vs, and in vs,
but as yet by faith, vntill vvee
shall see him face to face. *Wee*
know (saith the Apostle) *that* *How God*
Christ dwelleth in our hearts by faith. *dwellleth*
Because Christ is in our Faith, *in vs.*
Faith in our Vnderstanding, our
Vnderstanding in the heart, the
heart in our breast.

Through Faith I call God to
minde (as a Creator) I adore him
as a Redeemer, I attend and wait
for him as a Sauour, I belieue to
behold him in all his Creatures,
to haue him in my selfe, and that
which is more pleasant, and bles-
sed then all these (vnspeakeable)
to know him in himselfe. For to
know the Father, Sonne, and the
holy Ghost, is life Euerlasting, *What life*
eueralting
is.
perfect

What life
euerla-
sting is.

perfect blessednesse, chiefest pleasure.

The eye hath not seene, the
eare hath not heard, neither
hath it entred into the heart of
man, what great loue, what great
sweetnesse, and what great plea-
santnesse doth remaine vnto vs
by that vision, when we shall see
God face to face. Which is the
light of those which doe inligh-
ten, rest to the labouring, a Coun-
trei to them that returne from
exile, life to the liuing, a Crowne
to the conquering. Therefore in
my vnderstanding, I finde the
Image of that most high and su-
preame Trinitie: to the vvhich
most supreme Trinitie alwayes to
be remembred, looked vpon, and
to be loued, that I may remiem-
ber it, be delighted with it, em-
brace and view it, I must referre
and employ that time which I
liue.

The

The minde is the Image of **G O D**, in vvhich are these three things, *Memory*, *Understanding*, and *Will*, or *Loue*. VVee attribute to the *Memory*, all vvhich vvee know, although we thinke not of it. Wee attribute to the *Understanding*, all vvhich vvee finde to bee true in thinking, vvhich wee also commit vnto *Memory*.

The faculties of the soule resembled to the Father, the Sonne, & the holy Ghost.

By *Memory*, vvee are like to the Father, by *Understanding* to the Sonne, by *Will* to the holy Ghost. Nothing in vs is so like to him, as *Will*, *Loue*, or *Charitie*, which is a more excellent vwill. For Loue or Charitie, is the gift of God.

So that no gift of **G O D**, is more excellent then this : For the loue which is of **G O D**, and which is also **G O D**, is called properly the holy Spirit, by whom the loue of God is disfused in

in our harts, by whom the whole
Trinitie doth inhabite and dwell
in vs.

*Of the miserie of Man, and the
examination of the last Iudge-
ment.*

MOTIVE. II.

CONCERNING the outward
man, I proceed from those
parents, which made mee to be
worthy of damnation before I
was borne. Sinners begot a sin-
ner, and nourished mee with
sinne: the miserable brought a
miserable creature into the mise-
rie of the light. I haue nothing
from them but misery, sinne, and
this corruptible body which I
carry about mee. And I hasten
to goe to them, which through
the death of the body, are de-
parted from hence. When I
looke

looke vpon their Graues and Sepulchers, I finde nothing in them but ashes, vvormes, stincke, and loathsomnesse. What I am, they haue beene, and what they are, I shall be.

What am I? Man, proceeding from a liquid humour: For in a moment of conception I was conceived of humane seed, afterward, that froth congealed, increasing a little, was made flesh, Mans corruption. and afterward crying and lamenting. I was deliuered to the banishment of this World: and behold, now I die, full of iniquities and abominations. Now, euen, now I shall appeare before a seuerer and strict Iudge, to render an account of my workes. VVoe bee to mee miserable vvretch, when that day of Iudgement shall come: and the Bookes shall bee opened, in vvhich all my actions, and cogitations shall be

be recited, in the presence of the Lord.

The conscience of the wicked shall be their owne accuser.

Then hanging downe my head, with confusion of an euill conscience, I shall stand in iudgement before the LORD, trembling and sorrowfull, to vvit, reckoning vp my wicked deeds which I haue committed : and when it shall be sayd of mee, behold the man, and his vvorkes : then I shall reduce and bring againe before mine eyes all my sinnes, and offences. For it shall be brought to passe, by a certaine diuine power, that good and euil works shal be recalled to the remembraunce of euery one, and shall be seene in the view of the minde, with a wonderfull speede and celeritie : that the knowledge of them may accuse, or excuse the conscience ; and that so both euery man seuerally and generally, may be iudged together.

Mot. 2. to Mortification. 13

gether. Euery man shall be iudged for his deeds. And all the secrets of all men shall appeare and lie open vnto all. For that which wee are ashamed, and blush at to confesse now, shall then be manifest and apparant to all. And therethe reuenging and deuouring fire shall burne and consume whatsoeuer heere wee cloake and flatter by dissembling. The swift fire shall rage, and raigne euery where, hauing gotten free scope and libertie.

At the day
of iudgement, all
things shal
be made
manifest.

And by how much the longer the Lord doth waite, and tarry for our amendement; so much the more strictly hee will iudge vs, if vvee shall abuse and neglect his patience.

Why therefore doe vvee so earnestly couet this life, in which the longer wee liue, the more we sinne? For by how much the more

Nothing
more mu-
table then
humane
condition.

more the dayes of our life are lengthened, by so much the more our faults and transgressions are augmented. For euill things do daily increase, but good things decay and are diminished; Mans state doth neuer stand at a stay, but is continually chaunged by prosperity and aduersitie, and hee knoweth not when he shall die.

The short-
nesse of
mans life
shadowed
out by a
double si-
militude.

For as a blazing starre in the skie runneth swiftly, and vanisheth away suddenly; or as a sparkle of fire is suddenly extinguished, and turned into ashes: so wee may see this life quickly ended, and suddenly consumed. For while man tarrieth willingly, and liueth most pleasantly in this World, and supposeth that hee shall liue long, and purposeth many things to be done in long time, hee is suddenly snatched way

Mot. 2. to Mortification. 15

away by death, and the Soule is taken from the body, before hee beware of it. Yet the soule is separated with great feare, much paine, and bitter grieve from the body. For the Angels come to take her, that they may bring her before the Tribunall seat of a most fearefull Iudge; then shee calling to minde her euill and most wicked workes, which shee hath done day and night, trembleth, and seeketh to shunne and auoyd them, and to desire a truce of them, saying; Graunt me the space, yea but of one houre.

Then her workes, as it vvere, Our speaking together, shall answere, works will and say; Thou hast made vs; wee follow vs are thy workes; wee vwill goe to iudgement, forward with thee to iudgement. Vices also shall accuse her with many and manifold crimes, and shall bring many false

false testimonies against her, although one sufficeth to her damnation. The Devils also shall terrifie her, vvith their gastly countenance and horrible aspect they shall persecute her, and take holde of her, as terribly, so also horribly, desirous to re- teine her, vnlesse there be one vvho can deliuer her from them.

The state
of a dam-
ned soule.

Then the Soule, finding the eyes shut, the mouth, and other sences of the body, by which shee was wont to haue passage, and to bee delighted in these outward things closed, shall returne to her selfe, and seeing her selfe alone, and naked, stricken vvith exceeding hor- rour, shee shall faint in her selfe, and fall downe vvith despera- tion.

And because for the loue of the world, and pleasure of the flesh,

Mot. 2. to Mortification. 23

flesh, shee forsooke the loue of God, shee wretched shall be quite forsaken in the houre of such great necessitie, and shall be deliuered to the Devils to be tormented in Hell: So the soule of a sinner, in the day wherein hee is ignorant, and houre in which hee knoweth not, is snatched away of death, and is separated from the body, and proceedeth forward full of miseries, trembling and sorrowing; and when shee hath no excuse, which shee may alledge for her sinne, shee fainteth, and faileth with dreadfull feare, to appeare before G O D; shee is shaken, and quaketh with exceeding horroure; and is tossed and troubled with manifold tempests of perplexed thoughts, and dispairefull cogitations; the dissolution and separation of the flesh grieuing her, and all being remoued out of her sight, shee considereth

considereth her selfe, and that time to which shee approacheth, and after a little while, she findeth in that, that which can neuer be altered nor reuerfed. Shee considereth throughly how seuer the eternall Iudge commeth, and what straight accounts she must make before the seueritie of such great Iustice.

For although shee haue escaped all the vvorkes vvwhich shee could vnderstand, yet for all that, comming before a strict and seuer Iudge, shee dreadeth those more, which shee vnderstandeth not in her selfe. Feare increaseth, when shee thinketh she could not passe through the way of this life vvithout a fault, neither that time, which shee hath liued commendably is vvithout offence, if it be iudged, pittie and mercy excluded. For who is able to consider how many,

Mor 2. to Mortification. 19

many, and how great euils vve
commit in moments of times, and
what great good things wee neg-
lect to doe? For as the commissi-
on of an euill thing is sinne, so the
omission of a good thing is an of-
fence.

Sinnes are
of two
sorts, of
commis-
sion and
omission.

For great is the losse and dam-
mage, when wee neither doe, nor
thinke good things, but suffer our
heart to wander & stagger abroad,
through vaine and vnprofitable
things.

Neuerthelesse, it is a very hard
and difficult thing to bridle the
heart, and keepe it from an vnlaw-
full cogitation. Also it is a thing
ouer-hard, to execute earthly af-
fares without sinne. Wherefore
no man can perfectly compre-
hend and discern himselfe. But
being busied & toyled with many
thoughts, and cogitations, he re-
mayneth in some measure vn-
knowne vnto himselfe, that hee
V knoweth

Why man
is at his
death fear-
full.

knoweth not all those things which he tollerateth. Wherefore, his departure out of the world being instant, and pressing him, hee is terrified with a more exact feare: because, although he remembreth that hee hath not omitted those things which he knew, yet he dreadeth those things which he knoweth not.

Of the dignitie of the Soule.

MOTIVE. III.

Excellency
of the
Soule.

OH Soule, sealed with the Image of God, adorned with his similitude, betrothed to him by Faith, endowed with the Spirit, redeemed by blood, associated with Angels, capable of Beatitude, heire of Goodnesse, partaker of Reason, what hast thou to doe with the flesh, of whom thou sufferest so many evils?

Because

Mot. 3. to Mortification. 21

Because of the flesh, the finnes of another are imputed to thee, and thy vertues reputed as a stained and filthy clout, and thou thy selfe art brought to nothing, and reputed as nothing. The flesh is no other thing, vvith vvhich thou hast so great societie, but a some, become flesh, clothed with beautie, fraile, and euery moment decaying. But it shall be truely, it shall be a miserable and rotten car-kasse, and meate for the vvormes. For how much soeuer it be decked and adorned, it is alwayes flesh.

If thou doest consider, vvhat issueth out by the mouth, nostrils, and other passages of the body, thou shalt neuer see a more filthy dunghill. If thou vvilt reckon vp all her miseries, thou shalt finde how shee is fraugh-
ted and laden vvith finnes,

prouoked with vices, itching with concupiscences, possessed vwith passions, polluted with illusions, alwayes prone vnto euill, and bending towards all kinde of vices, full of all confusion and ignomie. By the flesh, man is made like vnto vanitie, because from it he hath drawne the vice of lustfull concupiscence, by which hee is held captiue, and abased, that hee loueth vanitie, and worketh iniquitie.

The beginning
of a proud
man.

Consider oh man, what thou art from the first beginning, and day of thy birth, vnto thy latter end, and day of thy death, and what thou shalt be after this life.

Truely, thou hast beene that which in time afore thou wert not, afterwards made of base matter, & wrapped in a homely cloth, thou wast nourished with vnclean bloud in thy mothers wombe, and a thin skin was thy best Garment, thou

thou camest vnto vs, being so clothed and attyred, neither art thou mindfull of thy base, vile, and contemptible beginning: beauty, fauour of the people, youthfull heat and riches, haue stolne from thee the knowledge to know what man is. For man is no other thing Mans vile-
but corrupt seed, a vessel of vn-
cleannesse, and meate for the
Wormes. After hee is a man, hee becommeth a Worme, after the worme, commeth stinke and loth-
somenesse: So euery man, is turned into no man. Wherefore is man proud, whose conception is sinne, whose birth is punishment, whose life is a turmoyling labour, and death an ineuitable necessity? Why therefore art thou proud, oh man? Consider what thou wert in thy Mothers wombe, how afterwards Meanes to
pull down
pride, to
humble vs. thou wert exposed and obiected to the miseries of this life, and to sin: and after that to become a worm,

a d wormes meat in the graue?
Why art thou proud, dust and
ashes, whose conception is sinne-
full, whose birth is misery, life a
punishment, and death, anguish
and calamity? Wherefore doest
thou feed, and pamper thy belly
with delicate meate, and decke thy
backe with sumptuous clothes,
vvhich vwithin few dayes after,
the vvormes shall deuoure in the
graue? But thou dost not adorne
thy soule with good workes,
which is to bee presented vnto
God, and his Angels in Heauen.
Why doest thou basely esteeme
thy Soule, and preferre the flesh
before her? That the Mistresse
should vvaite and play the Mayd,
and the Mayde beare all the
sway, like the Mistresse, is a great
abuse. The vvhole world verily
cannot counteruaile the price
and value of one soule. There-
fore the price of the Soule is farre
dearer

deerer, and is at an higher rate,
 vvhich could not bee redee-
 med but vvith the bloud of
 CHRIST.

What wilt thou giue for ex-
 change to redeeme thy soule,
 vvhich doest giue her for nothing?
 Did not the Sonne of GOD, The soule
 of man in-
 valuable. when hee was in the bosome of
 his Father, descend from his roy-
 all *Throne* for her, that hee might
 deliuer her from the power of the
 Deuill? The vvhich when hee
 saw fettered vvith the ropes and
 chaynes of Sinnes, and forth-
 vvith to bee deliuered to the De-
 uils, that shee might bee dam-
 ned to perpetuall death, hee
 vvept ouer her, vvhich knew
 not to vveepe for her selfe. Nei-
 ther did hee onely vveepe, but
 suffered himselfe to bee slaine,
 that hee might redeeme her
 vvith the precious price of his
 bloud.

The hay-
nousnesse
of sinne.

Behold oh mortall man, for whom such a Sacrifice is giuen. Acknowledge (oh man) how noble thy Soule is, and how grieuous her wounds were, for whom there was such necessitie, that the Lord *Christ* should be wounded. If her wounds had not beene to death, and to euerlasting death, the Son of God would neuer haue dyed to haue cured them.

Doe not therefore carelesly esteeme the passion of thy soule, to whom thou seest such great compassion to be yeelded, from such a great *Maiesty*. He powreth forth teares for thee, wash thou also euery night thy bedde with compunction of thy heart, and continuall streames of thy teares. Hee powred forth his bloud for thee, shed thou also thine, rather then for any worldly affliction to start from thy Christian profession.

Doe not regard what the flesh will,

Mot. 3. to Mortification. 27

will, but what the spirit may: then shall the soule be glorious, vwhen she shal returne to her God. Yet so, if she shall carry no sinne with her from the body, and shall wipe away all filthinesse. But if thou say, this is a hard saying, I cannot despise the World, and hate my flesh. Tell mee, where are the louers of the world, which were with vs a little while agoe? Nothing remaineth of them, but ashes & worms: marke diligently what they are, and what they haue beene.

Motions
to despise
the flesh.

They haue beene men, as thou art, they haue eat, drunke, laughed, and spent their dayes in prosperitie, and in a moment are gone downe all to the Graue, many to Hell. Heere their flesh is bequeathed to the wormes, and there their Soule to the fire: vntill they two being bound againe with an vnhappy coniunction, be overwhelmed in euerlasting flames,

Y 5

which

which were before companions together in vices. For one punishment doth entangle them in the end, whom before one loue had bound together in a wicked deed. What hath vaine-glory auailed them, their short ioy, worldly power and authoritie, the pleasure of the flesh, deceitfull riches, their great householde, and euill concupiscence? Where is their laughter? Where is their boasting? Where is their pride and arrogancie? Of such great mirth, what great mourning? After so little pleasure, how grievous miserie? They are fallen from that exceeding reioycing, into great miserie, into great ruine and grievous torments. VVhatsoever is happened to them, may happen to thee, because thou art a man of the same earth, slime of the same slime.

Thou

A good
caution.

Mot. 13. to Mortification. 29

Thou art from the earth, thou liuest of the earth, and thou shalt returne into the earth. When that last day shall come, vvhich will come suddenly, peradventure it shall be to day. It is cer-^{The cer.} taine that thou shalt die, but it ^{rainty and} is vncertaine when, or how, or ^{vncertain-} where, because death doth al-^{tye of} wayes attend and waite vpon thee euery vvhether. Thou also, if thou wilt bee vwise, shalt looke ^{Those} for death euery where. If thou ^{which ful-} wilt follow the flesh, thou ^{fill the} shalt bee punished in the flesh: if ^{lusts of the} thou art delighted vwith the flesh, ^{flesh, must} thou shalt bee tormented in the ^{bee puni-} flesh. ^{shed with} the flesh,

If thou shalt require fine and costly apparell, in stead of thy braue garments, the Wormes shall be spread vnder thee, and the Wormes shall be thy couering. For the Iustice of God can iudge and determine no other thing, but
that

The marks
of a wic-
ked world-
ling.

that which our works do deserue.
For hee which loueth the world
more then God, a place of plea-
sure, more then the House of Pray-
er; gluttony more then absti-
nency; lechery more then cha-
stity; followeth the *Deuill*, and
shall goe with him to euerlasting
punishment.

What mourning do you thinke
there shall be then? what lamen-
tation, what sorrow and sadnesse,
when the wicked shall be separated
from the fellowship of the righte-
ous, and from the sight of God,
and shall be deliuered into the
power of the *Deuils*, and shall goe
with them into euerlasting fire,
and shall be there with them al-
wayes without end, in perpetuall
mourning and lamentation? Be-
cause being banished farre from
the blessed Countrey of *Paradise*,
they shall be tormented in the
place of neuer-ceasing torments,
neuer

neuer to see the light any more,
 neuer to obtaine any releasement,
 or refreshing: but by thousands of
 thousands of yeeres to be tormen-
 ted in Hell, neuer to be deliuered
 from thence: where the tormen-
 tors are neuer tyred nor wearied:
 neither hee vvhich is tormented
 euer dyeth. For the fire there so
 consumeth, that it alwaies prefer-
 ueth. The torments are so acted,
 that they are alwaies renewed. But
 euery one shall endure paine of
 torment, according to the quality
 of the fault and they that are guil-
 ty of the same sinne, shall be for-
 ted and ioyned to their like, to be
 tormented. No other thing shall
 be heard there, but weeping and
 mourning, groaning and how-
 ling, lamentation, and gnashing
 of teeth. And nothing shall be
 seene there, but Wormes, and the
 terrible faces of the tormentors,
 and most hidious monsters of the

The qua-
 lity of the
 paine shall
 be fitted to
 the quality
 of the of-
 fence.

Diuels.

The condition of the damned after death of the body.

The difference of a repenting and an obstinate sinner.

Devils. Cruell Wormes shall bite the innermost parts of the heart, heere shall be paine, there feares, sighing, astonishment, and horrible terrour. And they being miserable and wretched, shall burne in euerlasting fire for euer; and besides, they shall be tormented in the flesh by fire, in the spirit by the Worme of conscience, there shall be intollerable griefe, horrible feare, incomparable stinke, death both of soule and body, without hope of pardon or mercie. Neuerthelesse, they shall so dye, as they may alwayes liue, and shall so liue, as they may alwaies die. So the soule of a sinner is tormented in hell for his sinnes, or being conuerted from her sinnes, is placed in Paradise.

Now therefore let vs choose one of the two, either alwaies to be tormented vvith the vvicked,
or

Mot. 3. to Mortification. 33

or to liue in ioy with the righteous. For good and euill, life and death, are set before vs, that vvee may put forth our hand to which vvee vvill. If torments cannot terrifie vs, at least let rewards allure vs.

Of the reward of the heauenly Countrey, the which all Christians ought to endeavour to obtaine.

MOTIVE. IIII.

IT is a reward to see God, to liue with God, to liue of God, to be with GOD, to be in God, vvhich vvill be all things in all: To haue GOD, vvhich is the chiefest good; where the chiefest good is, there is the chiefest felicitie, chiefest pleasure, true libertie, perfect charitie, eternall securitie, and secure eternitie:
there

The exceeding
ioyes of
the righteous.

there is true ioy, full knowledge, all beauty, and all beatitude. There is peace, pietie, goodnesse, light, vertue, honesty, ioyes, mirth, sweetnesse, euerlasting life, glory, praise, rest, loue, and sweet concord. So the man shall be blessed with GOD, in whose conscience sinne hath not beene found.

Hee shall see God at his desire, he shall haue him at his pleasure, hee shall enioy him to his euerlasting delight.

He shall flourish in eternity, hee shall be glorious in truth, hee shall shine in glory, he shall reioyce in goodnesse, so hee shall haue eternity of continuance, so hee shall haue facilitie of knowledge and wisdom, and felicity of rest and quietnesse. For he shall be a Citizen of that Holy Citie, of which the Citizens are *Angels*, God the Father the *Temple*, his Sonne the glorie and brightnesse, the Holy

Mot. 4. to Mortification. 35.

Holy Ghost the loue and charity.

Oh heavenly Citie, secure Mansion, fertile and ample Countrey, thou containest all which delighteth, the people liue vvithout mourning, the Inhabitants are quiet and peaceable persons, hauing no want, or necessity: How glorious things are spoken of thee, oh Citie of God! So that the Habitation of all vvhich reioyce, is in thee. All reioyce with mirth, and exceeding ioy: All are delighted and made ioyfull by God: vvwhose lookes are beautiful, face faire and comely, speech sweet, and delectable: hee is delightfull to be seene, pleasant to be drunke, sweet to be enioyed: He pleaseth by himselfe alone, hee both sufficeth of himselfe for desert, and also sufficeth of himselfe for reward: neither is any thing sought vvithout him, because it is wholly

A description of the
celestiall
Citie.

wholly found in him, whatsoeuer is desired.

IA God is
all good.

It is alwaies pleasing and delightfull to behold him, alwaies to be delighted in him, and alwaies to enioy him. In him the vnderstanding is clarified, and the affection is purified, to know and loue the truth. And this is the sole and whole good of man: namely, to know and loue his Creator. Therefore vvhath madnesse of vices doth moue vs; to thirst after the bitter Wormewood of this World, to follow the shipwracke of this sliding life? To suffer calamitie, to endure the Domination of a vvicked *Tirannie*: and not rather to flye and flocke together to the felicitie of the Saints, to the societie of the *Angels*, to the solemnitie of supernall and heauenly ioy, and to the pleasantnesse of a contemplatiue life, that vvee may
enter

enter into the Dominions of the LORD, and see the superabundant riches of his goodnesse.

There we shall be freed from toyling cares, and shall see how sweet the Lord is, and how great the multitude is of his exceeding sweetnesse. We shall see the beautie of his glorie, the brightnesse of his Saints, and honour of his Royall Maiestie. We shall know the power of the Father, the vvisedome of the Sonne, the most liberall clemencie of the Holy Ghost: and so vvee shall haue knowledge of the most high Trinitie.

The happy estate of the iust in heauen.

Now vve see bodies by the bodie, also we see the Images of bodies by the Spirit: but then vvee shall see the Trinitie vvith the pure sight of the minde. Oh happy vision to see God in himselfe, to see him in vs, and to see vs in him.

him. In which vision, with happy pleasure, and pleasant happinesse, wee shall haue all whatsoever wee shall desire, desiring nothing else besides, and wee shall loue vvhatsouer wee shall see: blessed with the loue, blessed with the sweetnesse of the loue, and pleasantnesse of the contemplation. This shall be the end of that contemplation, this shall be the summe of that felicity. Because the sincere Diuinitie shall be vnderstood to be in his purity, the incomprehensible Trinitie shall be comprehended in it.

The Mysteries of the Diuinitie shall be made manifest, God shall be scene, and shall be loued. Also this vision and delight filling and satisfying the whole heart of man, shall be the whole perfection, and summarie consumation of that blessednesse. All shall speake with one tongue and language: there shall

Mot. 4. to Mortification. 39

shall be reioycing without wearisomnesse : one affection : Loue eternall. Truth shal appeare openly, charity shall fill them immeasurably, and there shall be a perfect and sound societie of body and soule. The Humanitie being glorified, shall glister like the Sun, the fellowship of the flesh and Spirit shall be quiet and peaceable, and there shall be one ioy of men and Angels, one feast, one speech and communication. Loue shall not languish, nor charity melt away, all good things being present. There shall be no affliction of delay, because the blessed presence of the Diuine Maiestie, shall be all things vnto all; and there shall be a common omnipotencie of vvisedome, peace, righteousness, and vnderstanding vnto all. There shall not be a diuersity of tongues in that eternall peace, but a peaceable and tuneable concord

cord of manners and affections.

A descrip-
tion of
perfect
peace.

Who is ca-
pable of
heavenly
happines.

What true
repentance
is.

In that flood and streame of felicity, abundant society shall co-
uet nor desire nothing else: there shall be great happinelle, for there shall be a heaped store of felicitie, glory euermore encreasing, and ioy superabundant: but who shall be fit for these things?

Verily, the true *Penitent*, the good *Obedient*, the louing *Companion*, and faithfull *Seruant*. For a

true *Penitent* is alwaies in labour and grieve, hee is grieved vvith things that are past, he laboureth to preuent and auoyde euils to

come. For it is true repentance, without intermission of time, to be grieved for our sinnes and offences. And he repenteth truly, vvhich doth so bewaile his trespasses committed, that hee doth not afterward commit things to be lamented: hee is a scoffer, and not a true *Penitent*, vvhich doth that

that still, which hee may repent,
and that may grieue him. If
therefore thou wilt be a true *Pe-
nitent*, cease from sinne, and offend
no more. Because that repentance
is vaine, vvhich afterward is stai-
ned vvith some ensuing trespasse.
Euery good *Obedient*, yeeldeth
vp his consent and deniall, that
he can say; *My heart is readie, oh
God, My heart is readie.* Readie to
doe vvhatsoever thou hast com-
maunded, readie to obey at thy
becke. It is prepared to attend vp-
on thee, to minister to my Neigh-
bours, to keepe and vvatch my
selfe, and to rest and dwell in
the contemplation of heauenly
things.

*A good
Obedient*

A louing Companion, is duti-
full and beneficiall to all, burden-
some to none. Hee is dutifull to
all, because hee is deuout before
God, kinde towards his Neigh-
bour, sober towards the World,
the

*A louing
Compa-
nion.*

the Seruant of the Lord, the Companion of his Neighbour, the Lord of the World. Hee hath things that are aboue him, for his solace; things that are equall to him, for his fellowship; things that are beneath him, for his seruice: he is a burthen to none, but reduceth those things which are beneath, to the profit of the meane, and to the honour of the superiour, following superiour things, drawing the inferiour, possessed of the former, possessing the latter: he is a faithfull seruant, in the Meditation and contemplation of God, and in the care and custodie of himselfe. Therefore first vse all diligence, to keepe and watch thy selfe, afterward vnderstanding that thou canst not be able to keepe and preserue thee by thy owne industrie, humbly entreat for the ayde of the Diuine clemencie. Therefore that thou
maiest

maiest behold the good, vvell-pleasing and perfect vvill of thy Creator in thee, faithfully in thy prayers solícite him, that his roy-
all Campe of Angels may pitch their Tents round about thee. De-
fire zealously the protection of
Christ thy Redeemer.

Wee must
flye vnto
GOD in
the time
of necessi-
tie.

Crie vnto him and say, Behold
a poore sinner standeth at thy
dore of mercie, open to him that
knocketh, open thou oh sweet
Saviour, which hast said, *Knocke
and it shall be opened*: that I may de-
clare vnto thee all my miseries and
necessities which I suffer. Powre
out the secrets of thy heart before
him, and craue pardon for thy
transgressions, by a sorrowfull
and true Confession. Let Iesus
Christ keep the dore of thy heart.
For vvhen Iesus Christ keepeth
the dore of the heart, and is the
Porter, so that all of the Household
of the heart, enter in and come out

X

by ns

by him, Thousands of Angels forth-with are present, reioycing at the gates of the outward senses: so that no Straunger dare breake into those terrible Armies, because of the reuerence and Maiestie of the Dore-keeper, and the Watch and Ward of the Angels.

How a man ought to examine himselfe.

MOTIVE. V.

THou being a curious and strict examiner of thy integritie, examine thy life by a diligent and daily inquisition. Marke carefully how much thou doest profit and goe forward, or how much thou doest decay, and goe backwards: vvhat thou art in manners, vvhat thou art in affections; how like thou art to God

Mot. 5. to Mortification. 45

God our Redeemer and Saujour,
or how vnlike ; how nigh , or
how farre , not by distances of
places, but by affections of man-
ners.

Endeauour vvith all thy for-
ces and all thy industrie to know
thy selfe ; because thou art much
better, and more laudable, if thou
know thy selfe, then if thy owne
selfe being neglected and not re-
garded , thou shouldest know the
course of the Starres , the vertue
of herbs, the complexions of men,
the natures of beasts, and shouldst
haue the science and knowledge
of all celestial & terrestrial things.
Therefore restore thy selfe to thy
selfe, and if not alwaies or often,
at least sometime. Rule thy af-
fections, direct thy actions, and
correct thy foote-steppes: let no-
thing remaine in thee , vvhich
is not rectified vvith necessarie
Discipline : place all thy trans-
gressions

How wee
ought to
be mind-
full one of
another in
our pray-
ers.

gressions before thy eyes : place thy selfe before thy selfe, as it were before another, and so bewaile thy selfe. Lament thy iniquities and immeasurable sinnes, vvith vvhich thou hast offended thy God, declare vnto him thy miseries, shew vnto him the malice of thy aduersaries. And when thou shalt humble thy selfe with teares before him, I pray thee that thou be mindfull of mee. For I, since the time I haue knowne thee in Christ, doe loue thee, and send vp mention of thee thither, vvhere both an vnlawfull thought doth deserue punishment, and an honest thought is not vnrewarded. For when (like a spirituall Priest) I offer vp the calues of my lippes, and a sorrowfull heart, vpon the Altar of God, I doe remember thee.

Thou also shalt doe the like office for me, if thou wilt loue me,
and

and make me partaker of thy prayers: I desire and couet to be present there vvith thee by remembrance, when thou powrest forth deuout Prayers before God for thy selfe, thy familiar acquaintance, Parents, and Friends.

Neither meruaile, if I haue said, I desire to be present, if thou loue mee; and therefore doest loue me, because I am the Image of God, I am as present to thee, as thou art to thy selfe, for whatsoever thou art, I am the same substantiall.

The iust
are all the
Image of
God.

For euery reasonable soule is the Image of God: wherefore he which seeketh the Image of God in himselfe, doth as well seeke his Neighbour as himselfe. And hee vvhich shall light vpon it, and finde the same Image by seeking, knoweth the same in euery man. For the sight of the soule is the vnderstanding, therefore if thou

The loue
toward
God, ap-
peareth in
the loue of
our bre-
thren.

seest thy selfe, thou seest mee, be-
cause I am no other thing then
thou art. And if thou louest the
most righteous and great GOD,
thou louest me, being the Image
of God: And also I, if I loue God,
doe loue thee. And so while wee
seeke one thing, and bend and en-
cline to one thing, we are alwayes
present together, but in GOD, in
whom we loue one another.

*That a man ought to be diligent and
deuout in singing of Psalmes, and in
performing other Diuine exer-
cises in the Church,
or else-where.*

MOTIVE. VI.

VHen thou shalt enter in-
to the Church to pray,
or to sing, leaue the tumultuous,
and disquietfull motions of thy
vvaueing cogitations vvithout
dores,

dores, and vtterly forget the care of externall things, that thou maiest be at leasure to God alone. For it cannot be, that hee can talke with God at any time, which holding his peace, doeth also prattle to the vvhole World. Be therefore earnest and deuout towards him, which is earnest and intentiue towards thee, heare him speaking to thee, that hee may heare thee speaking to him. And this shall be effected, if thou shalt bee present at the performing of Diuine praises, and holy exercises, vvith due reuerence, and diligent carefulnes, and attend to the diuine Scripture. I do not say that I can doe these things, but that I would, and it repenteth mee, that I haue not done them, & it doth not grieue me to doe them. But thou, to vvhom greater grace is granted, by vowes and deuout prayers, turne the kind eares of the Lord to thee,

Cares of
externall
things stop
the passage
of our
prayers,
that they
cannot as-
cend into
Heauen.

thee, with thy teares and sighes,
and entreate him gently, for thy
griuous transgressions, and with
spirituall songs, laud, and glorifie
him *in his workes.*

For the heavenly Citizens are
delighted in nothing so much as
to behold it, nothing can be per-
formed more pleasant & delight-
full to the King of Kings, as hee
doth testifie: *The Sacrifice of praise
shall honour me.*

A Consort
of heauen-
ly Musick.

Oh how happy shouldest thou
be, if thou mightest once behold
with spirituall eyes, how the Prin-
ces goe before, ioyned to the Sing-
ers, in the midst of the *Damo-
sels*, playing on the *Timbrels*.
Thou shouldest see without
doubt, with what care, with what
dancing and reioycing, they are
present among the Singers: with
vvhhat care and dancing they are
present to them which are silent,
to them vvhich meditate; They
are

are present with them which are silent, they rule ouer them which prouide and gouerne all things in order. For the supernall powers doe loue their fellow-Citizens, and they all doe seriously reioyce together for them, which receiue the inheritance of saluation: they comfort, furnish, defend, and prouide for all. For they desire our comming, because they expect the ruines of their Citie shall be thereby repaired. They diligently enquire, and vwillingly heare good things of the good; they run carefully too & fro, in the midst of vs, betweene God and vs, carrying our sighes and groanes to him most faithfully, bringing backe againe to vs, his grace and fauour most deuoutly. They will not disdain to be our companions, which are made our seruants, wee make them to triumph with ioy, when we are conuerted to repentance.

Angels reioyce for the saluation of men.

Therefore let vs make hast to fulfill their ioy by vs. Woe vnto thee, whosoever thou art, vvhich doest desire to goe againe to thy vomit, and to returne to the mire? Doest thou thinke thou shalt haue them pacified and pleased at the day of iudgement, vvhom thou vvilt depriue of so great, and so long hoped for ioy? They exceedingly reioyced, when we came to the profession of true Religion, euen as for them whom they did see called backe from the very gate of Hell.

What will it be then, vvhether they shall see vs returne from the gate of Paradise, and that they should goe backwards againe, vvhich had one foote in heauen? For although we haue our bodies here beneath, yet wee may lift vp our hearts aboue. Therefore let vs runne, not vvith the steppes of the body, but vvith the affections,
but

but with the desires, but with sighs of the soule, because not onely the Angels, but also the Creator of the Angels doth vvaite for vs. GOD the Father doth vvaite for vs, as children and heires, that he may put vs in possession of all his good.

The Sonne of God doth waite for vs as Brethren, and co-heires with him, that hee may offer vs to GOD the Father, the fruit of his Natiuitie, and price of his blood. The holy Ghost doth wait for vs, for hee is loue and benignity: in Gods election irrevocable, which we are predestinated from Eternitie, and there is no doubt, but hee will haue his predestination to be accomplished. Therefore because all the heauenly Court doth expect, and desire vs, let vs desire it with as great desire as we can.

For he shal cometo it with confusion and blushing, vvho soeuer doth

doth not vehemently desire to see it. But vvhofoeuer is conuerfant in the same, by continuall prayer and daily meditation, hee doth both depart from hence without griefe, and is also receiued into it with great ioy. Therefore, wherefoeuer thou shalt be, pray within thy selfe. If thou shalt be farre from the place of prayer, thou thy selfe art a place. If thou shalt be in thy bed, or in some other place, pray thou: and where the Temple of prayer is, thou must pray often, and the body being bowed downe, the minde is to bee lifted vp to GOD. For as there is no moment, in vvwhich man doth not vse, or enioy the goodnesse and mercie of GOD: So there ought to bee no moment, in vvwhich hee should not haue him present in memory. But you vvill say, I pray daily, and see no fruit of my prayer: but as I come to it, so

What gesture is to be vsed of him which prayeth.

Obiection of a faithfull petitioner.

so I returne from it : no body
 doth answere mee , no body
 speaketh , none giueth any thing
 at all , but I seeme to haue la-
 boured in vaine. So speaketh
 mans foolishnesse , not marking
 what the *Truth* afterward promi-
 seth : saying , *Verely I say vnto you,*
that whatsoeuer yee aske praying, be-
leeue that you shall receiue it, and it
shall be performed to you. Doe not
 therefore make slight account of
 thy prayer , because he to whom
 thou prayest, doth not make slight
 account of it, but before it passeth
 out of thy mouth , he willeth that
 it should be written downe in his
 Booke. And we must vndoubted-
 ly hope for one thing of two, that
 eyther he will giue vs that vvhich
 we aske, or that which he knoweth
 to be more profitable for vs.
 Thinke therefore the best, what-
 soeuer thou canst, of God, and the
 worst of thy selfe that thou maist;
 thou

God gi-
 ueth that
 he know-
 eth to be
 best for vs.

thou oughtest to belecue of him more copiously and amply then thou canst thinke. Make account that thou hast lost all that time in which thou dost not thinke of God. For all other things are none of our owne, but the time onely is our owne. Therefore finde leisure to serue GOD, and wheresoeuer thou shalt be, there be thou safe without danger. Doe not wholly deliuer vp thy selfe to worldly affayres, but vse the world as if thou vsedst it not. In what place or state soeuer thou dost consist, cast thy thoughts vpon God, and ponder something belonging to thy Salvation, in thy minde. Therefore with all facility, gathering thy minde together, dwell freely with thy selfe, and walke in the latitude and bredth of thy heart; there prepare, and make ready a large supping parlor for CHRIST: for the

We must
relye onely
vpon God.

the minde of a wise man is alwaies
with God. We ought to haue him
alwayes before our eyes, by whom
wee are, liue and vnderstand. For
we haue him our Creator, that we
should be, wee also ought to haue
him our Teacher, that we should
be wise, and the giuer of inward
sweetnesse, that wee may be blef-
sed, and in this wee know his I-
mage in vs, that is, the Image of
the most high Trinitie. For as he
is, he is both wise and also good;
so also we, according to our small
measure, both are, and know that
wee are, and both loue to be,
and to know the same. There-
fore vse thy selfe as the Temple
of G O D, because of that vvhich
is in thee like to God. For it is
the greatest Honour which can
be performed to G O D, to vvor-
ship and to imitate him. Thou
doest imitate him, if thou art
godly, for a godly minde is a
holy

He wor-
shippeth
God truly,
that doth
the deeds
of charitie.

God is pre-
sent euery
where.

holy Temple to God, and the hart of a godly man, the best Altar. Thou doest worship him, if thou art merciful, as he is merciful vnto all. For it is an acceptable sacrifice to God, to doe good to all in regard of God. Doe all things as the childe of God, that thou maist be worthy of him, who hath vouchsafed to call thee childe. But in all things which thou dost, know that God is present. Beware therefore, that neither thy eyes, nor thy thoughts, be fixed on that which breedeth a sinfull delight: neither say nor doe that which is vnlawfull, although it like thee, neither offend God by any deed, or gesture, which being present euery where, beholdeth whatsoever thou doest any where. Thou hadst need to watch and looke to thy selfe narrowly, because thou doest all things before the eyes of a Iudge, which seeth all things cleerely.

cleerely. Neuerthelesse, thou needst not to stand in dread of him, but art secure with him, if thou prepare thy selfe to be such a one, as he may vouchsafe in fauour to be present with thee; but if hee be absent by grace, yet is he present with thee by reuengement. But God correcteth them whom he loueth. woe be to thee, if it be so with thee; yea, rather woe be vnto thee, if he be not so vvith thee. For God is angry vvith him whom he scourgeth, not when he sinneth, for he condemneth him in time to come, perpetually, whom hee doth not amend by scourging vvhen he liueth vvickedly.

A Consideration of Death.

MOTIVE. VII.

IT is certaine that Death threatneth thee euery where, the Deuill lieth in waite, that hee may snatch away

God forsaketh none but such as willingly forsake him first.

Nothing in the world more noble then the heart of man.

away thy soule when it departeth out of thy body, but feare thou not, for G O D which dwelleth in thee (if hee yet dwell in thee) will deliuer thee from death, and from the Deuill. For hee is a faithfull friend, neither doth hee forsake them which trust in him, vnlesse he be first forsaken of them. But hee is forsaken when the heart, through wicked, vile, and vnprofitable cogitations, roaueth hither and thither with a wandering vnderstanding.

Therefore thou must with all carefulnesse and vigilancy watch and keepe it, that God may rest and remaine in it. For in euery Creature, which is busied and toiled in the vanities of the world vnder the Sunne, nothing is more excellent then mans heart, nothing more Noble, nothing is found more like vnto God, wherefore hee requireth no other thing
of

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of thee, but thy heart. Therefore How to
purifie the
heart.
 cleanse the same by pure and sin-
 cere confession vnto God, and
 continuall Prayer, that thou maist
 see God with a pure and cleane
 heart, by a continuall looking vp-
 on God.

In euery place be thou subiect
 and intentiue to him, and frame
 thy manners, that he may be plea-
 sed in thee. Loue all men inward-
 ly, and shew thy selfe louing to all,
 that thou mayst be a peace-maker,
 and the childe of God. So thou
 shalt be a good childe, like vnto
 thy heauenly Father, also holy,
 humble, and righteous. And when
 thou shalt be such a one, be mind-
 full of mee, to commend mee
 to GOD in thy prayers. Woe
 bee to mee which say those Good
words
must be se-
conded
with good
deeds.
 things, and doe them not, and if
 I doe them sometime, I continue
 not long in them, I haue those
 things in my memory, and doe
 not

not obserue them in my life; I haue them in my words, and not in my conditions; I ruminat and ponder the Law in my heart and my mouth all the day, and doe things contrarie to the law; I read of Religion in it, and I loue Reading more then prayer.

Notwithstanding, the holy Scripture doth teach me no other thing, but to loue Religion, to preferue Vnitie, and to haue Charitie. Some body waiteth and attendeth for mee, desirous to speak to mee concerning his want and necessitie, but I take some idle booke or other, which this man or that man commends vnto me, I read in it, and by immoderate reading, I loose the practise of the fruits of Charitie, the affections of piety, the lamentation of compunction, and heartie sorrow, the profit of the holy Sacraments, and contemplation of heavenly things.

Immoderate reading must not let the practise of Charitie, nor the exercise of Meditation,

things. Neuerthelesse, nothing is found more sweet in this life, nothing is receiued more delicious, nothing doth so separate the vnderstanding from the loue of the world, nothing doth so fortifie the minde against temptations, nothing doth so stirre vp man, and further him to euery good worke of deuout and labour, as the Grace and benefit of diuine meditation, and ^{The profitable fruits of deuout meditation on,} heauenly contemplation.

In what manner a man ought to pray deuoutly.

M O T I V E. VIII.

HAue mercy vpon mee, oh God, because I offend there most where I ought to amend my sinnes. For while I pray often, in the place of prayer, I doe not marke what I say, I pray truly with the mouth, but my minde wandering

ring abroad, I am depriued of the fruit of prayer. With my body I am within, but with my heart I am without.

It is presumption
to pray
without
heartie and
true deuotion.

And therefore I loose that I say. For it profiteth little to sing, or pray with the voyce onely, without the deuotion of the hart. Therefore it is great foolishnesse, yea, rather great madnesse, vwhen wee doe presume to speake with the Lord of *Maiestie* in prayer, and being without vnderstanding, doe turne our minde from him, and turne our heart, I know not to what fooleries and toyes. It is also great madnesse, and grievously to be punished, when most vile and base dust, doth disdain to heare the Creatour of the whole world speaking to it.

But it is an vnspeakeable grace of the Diuine goodnesse, which doth daily behold vs vnhappy vvretches, turning away our eares, hardning

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hardning our hearts, and neuer-
thelesse cryeth out to vs, saying :
Returne yee Transgressors vvith
your heart, attend and see, because
I am God.

God speaketh to me in a Psalme,
neither yet, when I say a Psalme,
doe I consider whose Psalme it is.
Wherefore I doe great iniurie to
God, when I pray to him to heare
my prayer, which I doe not heare
my selfe, who doe vtter the same.

I intreat him that he attend to
mee, but I neither attend to my
selfe, nor to him, but that which
is farre worse, by thinking filthy
and vnprofitable things within my
heart, I bring an horrible stinke
before his sight.

The pray-
er of the
wicked is
turned in-
to abho-
mination.

Of

Of the instabilitie and wandering of the heart.

MOTIVE. IX.

The heart
of man is
tossed to
and fro in
the stream
of euill cogitations.

NOthing is more vnconstant, instable, and fugitiue in mee, then my heart, the which so often as it leaueth me, floweth and fleeth away by euill cogitations, so often it offendeth God. My heart, great heart, wandering, vnstable while it is led by his owne will, cannot remaine constant in it selfe, but being more moueable then any moueable thing, is distracted and drawne through infinite things, and runneth vp & downe, hither and thither, through innumerable matters.

And vvhile it seeketh rest and content by diuers things, it cannot finde the same: but continueth in the labour and turmoyle of miserie, voyd of rest and contentment.

and seeketh here and there, where it may rest, and findeth nothing which may suffice it, vntill it doth returne to him backe againe, who gaue it.

It is ledde from cogitation to cogitation, and it is altered and changed, by diuers employments and affections, that at least it may be filled with varietie and change of those things, with whose qualitie it cannot any way possibly be satisfied.

So the heart is troubled with its owne illusions and fantasies; the Diuine grace being remoued and subtracted. And when it is returned to it selfe, and discusseth and examineth that vvhich it thought, it findeth nothing, because it was not a worke, but an vnsauoury and vnseasonable thought, which compoundeth and frameth many things of little or nothing at all.

The heart
reuolting
from God,
can finde
no rest,
vntill it re-
turne to
God.
And that
we haue is
Gods
owne, yet
hee saith,
giue mee
thy heart.

And lastly, imagination decei-
ueth it, which the illusion of the
Deuill formeth and shapeth. God
commaundeth me that I giue him
my heart, and because I am not o-
bedient and subiect to God, com-
manding , I am rebellious , and
contrary to my selfe. Whereby I
cannot be brought in subiection
to my selfe, vntill I shall be subiect
to him, and serue my selfe with an
euill will , which would not serue
him with a good will. Therefore
my heart plotteth, endeauoureth,
and goeth about more things in
one moment, then all men are able
to performe in a yeere ; I am not
vnited with God, and therefore I
am diuided in my selfe. I cannot
be truly vnited with him , but by
loue : neither be subiect to him, but
by *humility* : neither can I be truly
humble, but by *truth*.

It is expedient therefore that I
examine my selfe in Truth , and
know,

know how vile, how fraile, how vnconstant and slipperie I am. Afterwards, when I shal know all my wants and miseries, it is needfull that I cleaue vnto him, by whom I am, and without whom I am nothing, and can doe nothing: and because I haue departed from the Lord by sinning, I cannot returne vnto him but by true confession. Therefore I must now confesse in truth and sinceritie, because I haue neuer confessed my sinnes, in that measure and manner, in which I haue sinned, neither haue I remembered all; eyther because of the antiquitie or multitude of them. But if I haue confessed them, I haue not sincerely confessed them, but haue flattered the flesh in my confession, and haue dealt falsely in casting vp the sum of my great and grievous transgressions. And it is a cursed dissimulation, to make but a slight and

counterfeit confession of our rebellions towards GOD, and of our iniurious and vncharitable actions towards men, and onely to pare the outside of sinne away, and as it were, to wash our hands with a little water, & not to pluck vp sinne by the rootes, that it may neuer afterwards grow vp in our hearts.

Our Con-
fession
must bee
true and
sincere.

For confession is not profitable, but in the Truth and puritie of the heart, that there may be three which may beare vs witnesse in Heauen: The Father, and the Sonne, and the holy Ghost. And as men haue beene beholders of our manifold transgressions, so let vs make them witnesses of our humble repentance, and hartie contrition. And although we must, and ought to acknowledge GOD alone to bee All-sufficient to graunt vs free pardon and absolution, yet wee should
not

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not refuse to shew forth manifest testimonies to men, of our true and sincere Humiliation. To vvhich, the Apostle Saint *James*, doth counsell and perswade vs, saying: *Confesse your sinnes one to another.*

For it is very conuenient, that vvee, vvhich haue beene stubborn and rebellious by sinning against GOD, should be humble also towards men, whom vve haue offended, eyther by the euill example of our wicked life, or else by our wrongfull dealing and false deeds.

For it is most healthfull to the soule, that a man repent in heart, and acknowledge his fault with his mouth, so that God, which is present in *Mercy* and *Grace*, may pricke his heart by compunction and bitter repentance, and afterward may bee also present and ready to giue him full pardon of

his finnes. But if a sinner doe truly repent, and yet by some accidentall necessitie bee preuented that he cannot make any acknowledgement to such men as he hath offended, we must confidently beleeue, that whatsoeuer is defectiue in him concerning such acknowledgement, is fulfilled by *Christ*, who hath made a full satisfaction. For GOD accepteth that as done, which a man hath beene willing, although not able to performe.

That Sinne is not to be excused.

MOTIVE. X.

IN the account of my finnes, where I should haue amended, I haue augmented my finnes, and added finnes to finnes. When I haue beene accused of them, I haue

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haue eyther by some meanes excused them, or wholly denied them, or that which is worst, I haue maintained and defended them, and haue answered impatiently, when indeed there is no sinne with which I am not, or may not be polluted. It is iust therefore, all occasion being remooued, that I promise amendment, howsoeuer, or of whatsoeuer I am accused, to the end that I may be deliuered from sinne committed or to be committed.

An varelenting sinner will either cunningly excuse or flatly deny his sinne.

*What a great euill it is, not to
correct or reprehend
others.*

MOTIVE. XI.

I Greatly dreading the multitude of my owne iniquities, haue beene afraide to reprehend the

Y 5

trans-

By silence
we make
our selues
guiltie of
other mens
sinnes,
when wee
ought to
admonish
or correct
them.

Good
things are
made euill
by abuse.

transgressions of others, and therefore haue beene the Author of death, because I haue not expelled the poyson, which I might haue purged by crying out vnto them.

I haue stormed against others, and haue beene incensed with furie, when they haue reprehended me for my vices, and I haue hated them whom I ought to haue loved: I desired that those things might not be, which did hurt or displease me.

Neuerthelesse, I did know that in their owne Nature they vvere good, and made of a good Maker; and therefore they did hurt mee, because I was euill, and did vse them euilly. For nothing is contrary or hurtfull to my selfe, but I my selfe. For that is with mee and in mee, whatsoever is able to hurt mee, and I my selfe am a burthen to my selfe.

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I wished also that God might not know my sinnes, or that hee would not, or could not punish them, and so I would haue God to be foolish, vniust, and impotent. Which if hee were, hee were not a God. There is no *Pride* aboue my *Pride*, therefore the words of my transgressions are farre from my saluation: For *Pride* is suspected and hatefull to GOD, neither can it be, that it may returne into fauour vvith him. They lodge in diuers Innes, neither doe they dwell together in one and the same minde, vvhich might not dwell together in HEAVEN. Shee was borne in Heauen; but being as it were vnmindefull, by what way shee fell from thence, shee hath not beene able to returne thither afterward.

Pride and
God cannot dwell
together.

When as the Ayre hath beene at sometime troubled with Raine, or else with too much colde or heat,

I murmured wickedly against God. For all things which we received for the vse of life, wee reuert, or rather peruert, to the vse of wickednesse. Wherefore it is iust, that vvee which haue sinned in all things, be smitten and wounded in all things. Oftentimes in singing diuine Psalmes, I was more delighted with the tune of my voyce, then in the compunction of my heart. But God, to whom nothing is hidden, vvhich is wickedly committed, doeth not so much require the sweetnesse of the voyce, as the purity of the heart. For while the Singer doth tickle & delight the people with melodious voyces, he mooueth God to wrath, with his euill conditions.

God more
respecteth
a true
mourning
heart, then
a sweet
melodious
voyce.

I haue oftentimes extorted of my Gouvernours and Rulers license to speake, or to doe something by ouermuch importunitie,
or

or by crafty subtilty, not considering miserable wretch, that hee coufeneth and deceiueth himselfe vvhich laboureth priuily, or secretly that the Magistrate or Minister may enioyne him that vvhich may best sort and most please his corrupt desire. I haue often coueted and desired a Needle or a Knife, or some base thing, and I haue not beene touched with any sense of sorrow for my couetous desire, because I did not esteeme it a sinne, by reason of the basenesse of the matter. But there is no great difference, what substance so euer be desired, base or precious, if the affection be equally corrupted. For the Knife is not in fault, but the couetous desire of the Knife is to be condemned. Neither is Gold in fault, but the greedie desire of Gold is vitious and sinfull.

Concupiscence is not to be iudged by the estimation of the thing, but by the corruption of the desire.

In my labour, I haue not laboured

red so much as I should, or so much as I could.

In silence also I haue beene idle, which is a most great sinne. For in silence no man ought to be so idle, that in the same leasure he thinketh not on the profit of his Neighbour: nor so busied, that he require not the Meditation, and contemplation of God. For hee doth not profit himselfe much, which doeth not profit another when he may.

I haue boasted my selfe of my Vices, thinking that to be a signe of Vertue, which was a criminall Trespasse. Of Vertues also I haue made Vices. For Iustice, while it exceedeth due mediocritie and measure, ingendreth the Vice of all bad and hatefull cruelty: and too much pittie, bringeth forth the dissolution and ouerthrow of discipline, and necessarie correction, so oftentimes that is vice which

which is supposed to be vertue. So Vices are
 carelesse remisnesse, is supposed to be taken, (or
 be gentle mildnesse, and the vice rather mi-
 of sloathfulnesse doth imitate the taken) for
 vertue of quietnesse. I fained my
 selfe to be that vvhich I was not,
 or that I would not do that which
 I would, said one thing vwith my
 mouth, and willed another thing
 in my heart, and so vnder the skin
 of a Sheepe, I shrowded the con-
 science, indeede of a subtill Foxe.

* For indeede a luke-warme con- * Notes of
 uersation, and a more naturall a deceitfull
 and corrupt cogitation, ioyned Consci-
 vwith a fained confession, a short ence.
 compunction, obedience vwith-
 out deuotion, prayer vwithout
 earnest intention, reading vwith-
 out edifying, speech without care-
 full circumspection, are proper-
 ties of a Fox-like and crafty con-
 science. Oh how hard are these
 things to mee which I speake, be-
 cause I smite & wound my selfe by
 speaking

The confession of sinnes is a ready way to obtaine remission.

speaking them : notwithstanding, because I doe not denie my selfe to be a sinner, but doe acknowledge my sinne, peradventure the acknowledgement of my faults, shall be the obtaining of my pardon with GOD, a mercifull and pittifull Iudge. Therefore I will declare my miserie, if peradventure his kindnesse and pittie may moue him, I will confesse my sin, because the acknowledgement of sinne is the beginning of saluation. I carrie my selfe kindly towards men, I excede not in my garments, I am carefull to obserue Ecclesiasticall Orders, to pray and sing at houres appointed, but my heart is farre from my God. I looking vpon the outward part, think all things are safe and well to me, not feeling the inward Worme which gnaweth the inward bowels. As it is recorded in the fiftieth Chapter of *Oseas*, *Strangers haue*

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have eaten up my strength, and I knew it not.

And therefore, vvholly occupied and imployed about those things which are without, and altogether ignorant of the things within me, I am powred out like water, and brought to nothing, forgetting things past, neglecting things present, not fore-seeing things to come: I am vnthankfull for benefits receiued, prone to euill, and slow to good.

How euery man ought to consider himselfe.

M O T I V E. XII.

IF I doe not looke vpon my selfe, I know not my selfe, but if I looke vpon my selfe, I cannot tolerate or endure my selfe: because I finde such great things in my selfe, which are worthy of reprehension

hension and confusion: and by so much the more narrowly and more often I examine my selfe, by so much the more are the abominations I finde in the secret corners of my heart. For from the very first moment I began to sin, I could not let one day passe without sinne.

When we
sin with-
out sense
of sinne,
our soule
is sicke,
euen vnto
death.

Neither as yet doe I cease to sinne, but from day to day, I adde sinnes to sinnes, and I haue them before mine eyes. I behold them, yet I doe not groane nor sigh for them. I see things to be blushed at, neither doe I blush: I looke vpon things to be grieved at, neither am I grieved: vvhich thing is a signe of death, and a token of damnation. For a member, which feeleth not the paine, is mortified and dead: and a disease insensible, is alwayes incurable. I am vnconstant, and dissolute, neither doe I reforme my selfe, but I re-
turne

turne daily to the sinnes I haue confessed: neither doe I take heed of the Ditch, into which I wretched creature haue fallen, or into which I haue made or seene another fall into. And when I should haue vvept and prayed for the euils I committed, and for the good thinges I neglected (oh grieve) it turned to mee into the contrary: For I was luke-warme, and I was quite cold from the feruent heat of prayer, and now haue remained colde vvithout sense; and therefore I cannot bewaile my selfe, because the grace of teares is departed from me.

*Of the presence of the Conscience
every where.*

MOTIVE. XIII.

I Cannot conceale my sinnes, because wheresocuer I go my conscience

science is with me, carrying with it whatsoeuer I haue layd vp in it, either euill or good. It keepeth the pledge which it hath receiued from me, being aliue, it will restore the same to me being dead. If I doe euilly, it is present: If I seeme to doe well, and therefore am lifted vp, it is present. Is present to me being aliue, it followeth mee being dead: there is inseparable confusion to mee euery-where, according to the quality of the pledge it hath receiued. So, so, in my owne house, and from my owne family, I haue mine Accusers, Witnesses, Iudge, and Tormentors.

A sinner
hath his
accusers
within
himselfe.

My *Conscience* doth accuse me, my *Memory* is the witnesse against mee: *Reason*, the Iudge: my *Will*, the Prison: *Feare*, the Executioner: and my delight the Torment.

For how many vicked delights

Mot. 14. to Mortification. 87

lights there haue beene to procure my carnall pleasure, so many Torments there shall bee in my grieuous punishment: for we are thereby punished, from vvhence we delighted.

Of the three Enemies of Man.

M O T I V E. XIIII.

HElpe me oh my God, because mine enemies haue besieged and compassed my soule round about. namely the *Body*, the *World*, and the *Dinell*. I cannot flie from the body, nor driue it away from me. I must needes carrie it about mee, because it is fast tyed and bound vnto me, I may not destroy it, I am compelled to nourish and sustaine it. And when I make it fat, I nourish mine aduersarie, against my selfe. For if I shall pamper my selfe, and that I shall be lustie

The flesh,
the first e-
nemie of
man.

The world
the second
emie of
man.

Iustie and strong, the health and strength of it doth trouble and molest mee. Likewise the vworld doth hemme mee in, and besiege me on euery side, and by five gates (to wit) by the five senses of the body; namely, the sight, hearing, tasting, smelling, and touching, doth wound me with his arrowes, and *Death* entreth by my vwindowes into my soule.

Mine eye looketh backe, and turneth away my Vnderstanding. Mine eare heareth, and turneth aside the intention of my heart. Smelling hindereth my deuout cogitation. My mouth speaketh, and deceiueth. By touching, the burning of Lust is stirred vp, by any small occasion, and vnlesse it be quenched, it suddainely posselseth, burneth, and inflameth the whole body.

First, it tickleth the flesh a little with thought, afterward it defileth

leth the minde with filthy delight,
and at last it subiugateth and cap-
tiueth the minde by consent vnto
wickednesse.

Further, the *Diuell* vvhom I
cannot see, and therefore can the
lesse be vvarie of him, hee hath
bent his Bowe, and made readie
his Arrowes in it, that he may sud-
dainely wound me: Hee hath de-
clared that hee vvould hide his
Snares, and hath said, *Who shall*
see them? Hee hath laid a snare in
gold and siluer, and in all things
vvhich vvee abuse, vvith them
vvce are euilly delighted, and
are ensnared. Hee hath not one-
ly layde a Snare, but also Bird-
lime.

The Di-
uell, the
third ene-
mie of
man.

The Diuel
vseth gold
and siluer
for allu-
ring baits,
to procure
the soules
bane.

The loue of possessions is Bird-
lime, the affection of kindred, the
desire of Honour, and the plea-
sure of the flesh, by vvhich the
soule is glewed and entangled, that
it cannot see he through the streetes
of

The Di-
uels Bird-
lime.

ne Ar-
wes of
Diuell.

of *heauenly Syon*, vvith the wings
of *Contemplation*. The Arrowes
and Shafts of the *Diuell* are, *Anger*,
Enuie, *Concupiscence*, and other vi-
ces: vvith vvhich the soule is
wounded. And who is he which
is able to quench his fierie Darts?
Oh lamentable grieve! a faithfull
soule is often wounded with these
Darts, and ouercome with these
temptations. Alas for me, because
I see warres prepared for mee on
euery side, Darts flie about euery
where, on euery side assailements,
on euery side dangers, wherefo-
euer I shall turne my selfe there is
no safety, no security: I feare both
those things which delight mee,
and also those things which make
me sad, and molest me. I feare all
things: Hunger and refection,
sleepe and watching, labour and
resting doe fight against mee.
Leasting is no lesse suspected of me
then anger: for I after giuen of-
fence

fence vnto many by ieasting:
 Neither doe I leſſe feare proſperi-
 ti then aduerſity: For proſperous
 things, with their ſweetnes, make
 me careleſſe, and deceiue me: but
 aduerſe and contrary things, be-
 cauſe they haue ſome bitterneſſe,
 as bitter Potions, doe make mee
 ſuſpicious and fearefull. I feare the
 euill more vvhich I doe priuily,
 then that which I doe openly. For
 the Temptor commeth boldly to
 the euill, vvhich no man ſeeth,
 which no man comprehendeth,
 and where no man is feared which
 ſhould finde fault vvith it, and
 ſo iniquitie is more eaſily com-
 mitted.

Truly, there is Warre on both
 ſides, danger on both ſides, to be
 feared on both ſides. And euen as
 they which remaine in the Land
 of their enemies, muſt looke on
 this ſide, and that ſide, and muſt
 turne their head about at euerie
 Z noiſe:

noise : So the flesh suggesteth pleasant things to me, the vworld vaine things ; the Diuell bitter things, because so often as a carnall cogitation doth importunately moue & assaile my minde, concerning meate and drinke, sleepe, and other like things, belonging to the care and prouision of the flesh, the flesh speaketh to me. When a vaine thought is busied in my heart concerning worldly Ambition, bragging and boasting, it proceedeth from the world: But when I am prouoked to anger and wrath, and to bitternesse of minde, it is a diuellish suggestion, the which I must resist no otherwise, then the Diuell himselfe, neither must I any otherwise take heede and beware of it, then of damnation it selfe. It is the office of Diuels to bring in false suggestions : it is our dute not to consent to them ; For so often

often as we resist them, so often we overcome the *Diuell*, wee glad the Angels, we honour God. For he doth exhort and encourage vs that we may fight: hee helpeth vs, that wee may overcome: hee beholdeth vs fighting: he succoureth vs fainting: hee crowneth vs conquering.

From whence the flesh of Man proceedeth, and what it bringeth forth.

MOTIVE. XV.

MY flesh proceedeth from the clay; and therefore I haue voluptuous thoughts from it, vaine and curious cogitations from the world, euill & malicious suggestions from the *Diuell*. These three enemies doe assaile & persecute me, sometime openly, sometime secretly, but alwaies maliciously:

Flesh is
corrupted,
be birth,
nurture,
and cus-
tome,

For the Diuell trusteth most in the helpe of the flesh, because a domesticall enemy doth most hurt, and procureth greatest harme. For she hath entered a league with him for my ruine, ouerthrow, and destruction: to wit, being borne of sinne, and nourished in sinne, corrupted vvith vices from the very beginning: but made a great deale more vitious by euill custome. From hence it proceedeth, that she coueteth and lusteth so eagerly against the spirit, that she continually murmureth, and cannot abide good discipline and vvholsome correction, because she suggesteth vnlawfull things, will neither obey reason, nor is bridledd vvith any feare. That wretched Serpent approacheth to her, hee aydeth her, hee vseth her being the olde and deadly enemy of mankinde: who hath no other desire, no other businesse, no other exercise, but to destroy
destroy

destroy our selues. This is hee The continuall practice of the Diuell.
 which imagineth mischief continually, speaketh subtilly, suggesteth artificially, deceiueth craftily.
 Hee inspireth wicked and vnlawfull motions, raiseth warres, nourisheth hatred, stirreth vp gluttonie, incenseth lust, pricketh forward the vnbrideled desires of the flesh, and prepareth baits and occasion of sinne, and also assaulteth without ceasing, the hearts of men with a thousand slights, to hurt and destroy them. From hence it falleth out, that he beateth vs with our owne staffe, bindeth our hands with our owne girdle, and cutteth our throat with our owne knife, so that the flesh which is giuen to vs for a helpe, becommeth to vs ruine and hurt, and is as a blocke in our way, to make vs to stumble. It is a grievous combat, and a great danger to fight against such a domesticall
Z 3
enemie,

emie, especially, seeing wee are strangers, and hee a Citizen; hee inhabiteth his owne Country, we are banished men and strangers. It is also great perill and danger to endure so often, yea rather such continuall conflicts of his diuellish policie, whom, as well subtrill nature, as long exercise of his inueterate malice, hath made so politicke and crafty.

Of the short life of man.

MOTIVE. XVI.

THe day of man is as it were a shadow, or rather a shadow vpon earth, it hath no continuance: and then it is properly nothing, and more vaine then any thing, when it seemeth to stand surest, and to rest vpon a sound foundation.

Therefore why doth a couetous man

man hoord vp treasure here vpon earth so greedily, when both hee himselfe must passe away so suddenly, & also the treasure which he hath stored vp so carefully? And in truth (oh foolish man) what fruit canst thou expect in the vworld, whose sweetest fruit is vtter ruin; whose end is death and wofull destruction? Would to GOD thou wert wise, could vnderstand and carefully prouide in thy short life, against the day of thy certaine and vncertaine death. I know one who many yeeres hath liued familiarly with thee, hath sat downe at thy Table, hath receiued meat from thine owne hand, hath slept in thy bosome, and when he would, hath had priuate conference with thee.

The folly
of rich
men.

A notable
description
of the olde
man, or
sinne.

He by hereditary law is but thy seruant. But because from his tender yeeres, thou hast pampered him delicately, brought him vp very wantonly, and hast spared

the rod foolishly, hee is now become stubborne and rebellious against thee.

Hee hath lifted vp his heele aboue thy head, hee hath brought thee into slauish bondage, and doth cruelly tyrannize ouer thee. But peraduenture thou wilt say; *Who is hee?* It is thy olde man, vvhich treadeth and trampleth thy Spirit vnder feete, who disdaineth, contemneth, and reputeth lesse then nothing that blessed Land, which is solely and wholly to be desired, because nothing can giue a sweet taste, or procure a pleasing rellish to his corrupted humour, but onely such things as may please the wanton flesh, and her vntemperate desires. This man is blinde and deafe from his *Natiuitie*, dumbe, ancient with dayes many and euill, rebellious against vertue, opposite to verity, an Enemy of the Crosse of Christ. Hee
scor-

scorneth, derideth, and flowteth the innocent, and that man which walketh vprightly in truth and sincerity. He busieth himselfe, and intermedleth with great and wonderfull matters, which doe farre exceede his weake capacitie, and much surpasse the short reach of his dull & doltish vnderstanding. His arrogancie and impudent boldnesse, is more then all his fortitude and forces: hee dreadeth none, nor standeth in awe of any: but saith proudly in his doting foolishnesse, *There is no God.* Hee pineth and consumeth with good things, he is also fed and nourished with other mens euils, hee is fat- ted and cherished with vncleane thoughts, and impure cogitations, he is neuer tyred, nor wearied with them, rebelling and transgressing euen vnto the end: hee disperfeth & scattereth abroad his owne, like an vnthrifty & wastling

Prodigall: he coueteth and raketh to himselfe other mens goods, like a couetous and greedy Miser; he heapeth vp to himselfe Ignominie and foule reproach, by his odious fraud and dissimulation, and through his malicious subtilty, kindleth the wrath of God against him, and daily addeth more fewell to augment the flame.

This man was conceiued, bred, and borne in sinne, and so being nurtured, and nussed in sinne, is become a friend of iniquitie, the childe of death, the vessell of wrath, exposed to contumelious reproach, and finall destruction. Who, although hee be so corrupted with wicked manners, depraued with vile conditions, and deprived of all commendable vertues, yet hee vttereth forth the sacred Iustice of God, with his dissembling words, and taketh his holy couenant in his prophaned mouth.

mouth. He hateth discipline, and scorneth correction, he dishonoureth his soueraigne Lord, and casteth his commaundements contemptuously behinde his backe.

When hee spieth a Thiefe, hee entereth a league of societie, and runneth to mischief with him, he shareth and hath his portion with filthy and vncleane Adulterers, he is vvholy delighted vvith their scandalous amitie, he alwaies frequenteth their damnable societie. Hee forgetteth many false accusations and criminall obiections against the sonne of his owne and onely mother; hee also treasureth wrath vpon thee against the day of wrath and vengeance, to worke and contriue thy wofull and eternall perdition: he would rob and quite depriue thee of thy rich and royall inheritance, and would banish thee for euer from thy heavenly and most happy Country,

to

to dwell in a land of perpetuall darknesse, full of euerlasting woes and lamentations.

Yet thou art so blinded vvith selfe-conceited folly, and so besotted vvith thy doting affections, that thou wilt not lift vp so much as thy little finger, to reuenge so great, so notorious, and grieuous an iniurie, but are content to dissemble thy hurts, and to put vp all his vvronges hee hath done vnto thee, to hold thy tongue, and so to let them passe away in silence; neither doest thou speake an vnkinde or froward word, nor shew him a frowning or soure looke, but thou smilest vpon him vvith a ioyfull face. When he flattereth & sootheth thee in thy dangerous follies, thou doest sport, play, dally, and solace thy selfe vvith a scornewfull mocker, thou knowest not that it is a deriding *Ismael*, which sporteth and playeth vvith thee.

This

This is no Childish sport acted in simplicitie, and qualified vwith harmeleſſe innocency: but the beginning of it is bloody perſecution, and the end of it euerlaſting death and damnation: hee hath tumbled thee downe headlong into the deepe pit which hee digged and made for thy eternall deſtruction: now thou art become an effeminate Coward, and haſt loſt the vigor of thy manly forces: now thou being a wretched Captiue, preſſed downe with the grieuous yoke of moſt miſerable and ſlauiſh bondage art baſely deiected, trampled, and trod vpon vnder his feet.

O wretched, wofull, and miſerable man, who ſhall deliuer, reſcue, and redeeme thee from the heauy band and bondage of this ignominious, and opprobrious Nick-name? Let God ariſe, and let that armed man fall downe to
the

If God be
on our
side, wee
need not
care who
be against
vs.

the ground, let him fall flat on the ground, & let that direfull foe, and bloody Tyrant be beaten into pieces, as small as the dust, to be scattered abroad with the violence of the stormy windes. A proud contemner of God, and all that are good; a worshipper of himselfe; a friend of the world, a seruant of the deuill. What thinkest thou? What is thy opinion? How inclineth thy minde and affection? If Reason be thy Pilot to direct the course of thy opinion, and Wisdom the Master to stirre the helme of thy Vnderstanding, thou wilt say with mee, Hee hath committed most vile and horrible treason against the highest Maiestie, hee is guiltie of death, let him be crucified, and let him suffer (as he hath well deserued) the extreame rigour of most bitter and painefull Torments of the flesh.

Do not therefore play the Hypocrite,

pocrite, and maske thy counterfeiting affections vvith the vizard of dissimulation, deferre not his execution from day to day, by a fond retriuall, spare him not for foolish pittie, but speedily, boldly, & instantly crucifie that sinfull and guilty Traytor.

But on the Crosse of Christ, by whose death wee are restored and raised to life, made coheyres vvith him of his glorious Kingdome, and of euerlasting Saluation: to whom if thou shalt cry vvith a sorrowfull compunction of a groaning heart, and vvith the deepe sighes of a grieued and penitent minde: then thy *crucified Christ* will heare thee speedily, answering thee kindly: To day thou shalt be vvith me in Paradise.

Oh wonderfull pittie of Christ, a most louing Sauour! oh vnderferued, nay vnexpected Saluation of a great and grieuous Sinner!

So

So bountifull, so gracefull, and so delightfull is the exceeding loue of God : so admirable is his sweetnesse, so farre beyond our opinion is his fauourable kindnesse, so immeasurable is his meekenesse, that his eares are alwaies open to heare the complaints of his pleople : he is alwaies at leisure to receiue with kindnesse, and to answere with speedinesse, the humble petitions of those which in time of their distresses, will faithfully call vpon him, and with contrite and relenting hearts, will reuerently approach neere vnto him, because his mercy toward vs, is without measure, and his tender compassion knoweth no bounds.

Oh how great, worthy, and wonderfull is the mercy of our gracious God ! Oh how vnnutterable is the powerfull alteration of the right hand of the highest ? Yesterday I was fast fettered in the
Prison

Prison of darkenelle, vnder the
checke of a cruell and mercileſſe
Murtherer : to day I am in the
hand of a pittifull and mercifull
Mediator. Yesterday I was in the
gate of deuouring hell, on euery
ſide affrighted with feare, and af-
flicted with miſery : to day I am
in the pleaſant *Paradiſe*, of eternall
delights and pleaſure, totally re-
plenished with neuer-decaying
ioy, endleſſe delight, and euerla-
ſting felicitie. But how may theſe
Letters of admonition preuaile?
how may they profite? vnleſſe
thou race out of the Booke of thy
Conſcience, the blacke letters of
thy bloody death, and ſinnefull
debt? How can theſe ſentences
aſſoord thee any ſolace, procure
any profit, or bring any comfort
when they are read and vnder-
ſtood, vnleſſe thou read thy ſelfe
truly, know and vnderſtand per-
fectly? Doe thy beſt diligence, af-
forde

How plea-
ſant is the
freedome
of ſinne.

The true
end and
vse of rea-
ding
bookes.

forde thy chiefeſt indeauours to
internall and mentall reading:
that thou mayeſt read thy ſelfe
truely, looke into thy ſelfe cir-
cumſpectly, and know thy ſelfe
thoroughly.

Read, that thou mayeſt loue
God vnſainedly, that thou mayeſt
fight, and hold out vntill the end
of the battell couragiously, and
that thou mayeſt ouercome the
world, and euery cruell enemy vi-
ctoriously: ſo that thy toyling la-
bour may be turned into eternall
reſt and quietneſſe: thy wofull
mourning into mirth and glad-
neſſe, thy ſtreames of teares, into
riuers of comfortable vvaters:
and that when Death hath quite
put out the twinckling Lampe of
thy daily conſuming life, thou
mayeſt ſee the bright and glori-
ous appearing of that euer-ſhining
Morning; whoſe euer-glittering
Sunne ſhall neuer ſet, nor his gol-
den

den beames be euer obscured with any cloudy Euening.

And that thou mayest also see with thy cleere-sighted eyes, neuer wearyed in beholding, to thy Soules eternall solace, to the infinite ioy of thy triumphing minde, and constant delight of all thy purified senses, the resplendant and radiant beames of the glistering Sunne of conspicuous righteousness, in vvhich thou mayest behold the bountifull, the beautifull, the glorious *Bridegroom*, the Lord *Iesus Christ*, vnited vvith his euerlasting, most deere, best, and onely beloued Spouse, whom hee hath decked with his rich and royall Robes, adorned with super-excellent and admirable beauty, hauing with his owne pretious Blood, yea, his Heart-blood, vvashed, cleansed, and rinsed her from all the foule staines, spottes, and blemishes

Wee are
cleansed by
Christs

blemishes of her former sinnefull
deformitie: Hee that is one, and
the same Lord of Eternall glory,
vvhoe liueth and raigneth, by
Times which are vvithout any
bounds of measure, and
whose euer-durable
continuance shall
neuer haue any
ending.

FINIS.

A





A most zealous and deuout Lamentation of blessed *Anselmus*, sometime Arch-bishop of Canterbury, for the losse of his Soules virginie, appliable vnto the soule of euery mortified Christian.



O my soule, sorrowfull soule! Oh miserable soule, of a miserable, wretched, and contemptible Creature! Arise out of the bedde of senselesse security, and narrowly examine the particulars of thy great and grievous transgressions, rouze vp thy drouzie vnderstanding, let the sence of thy haynous sinnes wound thy heart

Iob 14. 1. 5.

7.

Eccles. 1. 13

& 3. 10.

Great sins
desire and
deserue
great sor-
rowes.

heart with such a dolefull compunction, that thy deepe fetcht lighes may pierce the skies with the sharpe accent of thy sorrowes.

^b Exech.

18.4.5.

The terror
of a wicked
conscience.

^c Eph. 2.22

Rom 3.25.

and 5.10.

Let the greatnesse of thy ^bwickednesse affright thee with dismayng horreur, and deeply wound thee

with intollerable dolour. Thou, I say, which some-time being made as white as Snow with the ^ccele-

stiall Fountaine and Lauor, endowed with the holy Spirit, bound by a sacred oath to maintaine thy

Christian profession, being a Virgin hast beene obedient, espoused to Christ thy glorious ^cBridegroom.

^d Mat. 19.

15 & 25.

1.5.6.

Alas! too well I remember it. Oh whom haue I named? verily

^e Wis. 17.1.

Mat. 16.27.

Rom. 2.1.

not so kinde a Spouse, of my chaste Virginitie, as a terrible ^cIudge of my odious impuritie! Alas, wofull is the remembrance of my decayed pleasure. Why dost thou more and more increase the sorrow of
the

the possessor? How miserable is the lot of vicked and hainous offences, to whom both good and euill, doe breed nothing else, but torment and torture? For an euill f Conscience doth trouble and vexe mee, and horroure of that vnquenchable fire doth terrifie me, in which I feare I shall burne continually, and neuer be consumed. The remembrance of a good Conscience, and of the rewards of it, doth afflict and affright mee, vvhich I know I haue lost, and shall neuer repossesse or recouer.

Wis. 17.
16.

Woe is me to lose, to lose that without hope of recouery, which should haue beene carefully preserved for euer. Oh comfortlesse sorrow, to lose that which doth not onely depriue mee of good things, but doth also multiply my torments? Oh Virginitie, now not beloued of mee, but

Acts 23.
16.

but lost & departed from me, thou art now not my onely solace, and felicitie, but alone my onely sorrow, and incurable misery; how is thy former beauty changed into disdainfull deformitie? Into what deepe pit of calamitie hast thou deiectioned me?

Oh thou hatefull Fornication, which hast defiled my minde with thy contagious vncleanness, and infected my soule with deadly diseases; how and from whence didst thou creepe into my wretched bosome, to vexe and molest mee? From what glorious and delightfull state of Felicitie hast thou tumbled me headlong, to languish in continuall miserie? On this side bitter sorrow doth sting mee, on the other side extreame pangs and terrible feare doth torment mee, while my minde is distracted with heauy meditations vpon my vnreouerable losses.

And

And as my losses are voyd of hope and consolation, so my torment will admit no moderation; and a Sea of woes doth ouerflow mee. But if that which is good, and that which is euill doe both alike punish, and iustly afflict me, so that I often feele the horror of death, while I liue in this wretched life, my guilty conscience doth tell mee, and my perplexed thoughts teach mee, that I haue worthily deserued it.

For thou my Soule, disloyall, periured against God thy Creator, and become a filthy strumpet, to the dishonour of Christ thy louing Lord and Redeemer; art woefully throwne downe from thy glorious & high estate of vnspotted Virginitie, into the bottomles lake of loathsom Adultery. Thou, sometime espoused to the King of Heauen, art now become an Harlot to the tormentor of Hell.

Aa

Alas,

Alas, for thee that art cast out of the fauour of God, who did so kindly regard thee, and art exposed to the malice of the diuell, vvhich will most cruelly torment thee ! Nay, rather thou vvhich hast cast away God, and embraced the diuell. For thou being changed most miserably from a vertuous Virgin, to a vitious strumpet, and an impudent Harlot ; thou first hast offered an vnkinde refusal of thy first loue to God, thy gracious Creator: and wilfully and willingly hast prostituted thy selfe to the lust of the deuill, a cunning deceiuer, and thy cruell murtherer.

Oh damnable exchange, most miserable, and more then most miserable alteration ! Alas, from what high seat of blessednesse art thou throwne downe? into vvhich deepe dungeon of cursednesse art thou ouerwhelmed? Alas, how kinde

kinde and louing a Husband hast thou treacherously reiected? how malicious, mercileſſe, and dreadful a Tyrant hast thou accepted! Ah, vvhat hast thou done, thou furious madneſſe of my doting vnderſtanding, thou doting vncleanneſſe, and vncleane impiety, what hast thou done? Thou hast vtterly forſaken thy chaſte and faithfull Spouſe, vvho gloriously raineth in Heauen, and hast eagerly followed the Authour of thy odious vncleanneſſe into hell: and in that deepe gulfe of euerlaſting darkeneſſe, hast not prepared for thy ſelfe a Bride-chamber, to ſolace thy ſelfe vvith thy true and chaſte beloved; but a filthy Brothel-houſe, where thou mayeſt bee defiled, and polluted vvith incurable vncleanneſſe.

What wonderfull horror doth attend vpon thee? vvhat peruerſe

will and lustfull desires hath bewitched thee? Oh horrible wonder, oh voluntary madnesse!

How, oh God, am I fallen into the corruption of such great impietie? How oh Lord God, shall I make satisfaction vnto thee for my grieuous iniquitie? Throw thy selfe downe, thou miserable and cursed Creature, into the depth of immoderate mourning and misery, who hast willingly cast thy selfe downe into the Gulfe of immeasurable and horrible iniquity. Let the waight of thy wickednesse ouerwhelme thee, let the heauy burthen of thy vn-supportable sorrow wholly depresse thee which art willingly tumbled into the filthy Mire of infernall stincke, and hellish sa-uours: bee thou ouerwhelmed vvith the horrible darkenesse of comfortles and in consolable sorrow, which hast wittingly cast thy

thy selfe downe into a gulfe of
such beastly and luxurious plea-
sures. Wallow thou in the whire-
poole of bitterneſſe, which haſt
ſported and delighted thy ſelfe in
the puddle of laſciuious filthines.
Oh yee horrible terrour, terrible
ſorrow, vncomfortable mour-
ning, muſter your ſelues againſt
mee, aſſault, ouerwhelme, vexe,
couer, trample vpon me. It is iuſt,
it is iuſt, my wicked deeds haue
deſerued it.

I haue with impudent boldneſſe
diſdained and contemned your
forces, and with ſhamefull ſensua-
lity haue procured your diſplea-
ſure: yea, rather I haue prouoked
God, and not you, and now with
lamentable repentance I deſire
you to poure your full meaſure
of vengeance vpon me. Torment
and torture the guilty, that my ſo-
ueraigne Lord may be auenged,
whom I haue ſo highly offended.

Let the vitious Fornicatour feelee
beforehand the Torments of *Hell*,
which hee hath deserued: let
him taste before hand, that
which hee hath prepared: let
him haue some smacke of those
tormenting pangs and passions,
which hee shall abide and suffer
hereafter.

Extend and augment, (thou
immoderate and vnsatiable sin-
ner) thy sorrowfull and dolefull
repentance, vvhich hast so farre
enlarged the leprous vncleannesse
of thy odious and detestable vices.
Tumble thy selfe, and throw thy
selfe againe into the vvhirlepoole
of ceaselesse sorrow, bitternesse, and
dolefull distresses, vvhich hast so
oft throwne downe thy selfe into
the filthy pit of thy lustfull de-
sires, and carnall pleasures. Con-
solation, securitie, delightfull plea-
sure, and ioy, doe yee now no
more approach neere vnto mee,

I hate and loath your delectable company, vnlesse pardon of my sinne shall reconcile and restore you. Let heauy pensiuennesse and bitter mourning, bee still at hand, like cruell Tormentors, and bloudy executioners, to vexe mee in my growing youth, and to trouble mee in my vwearisome age. VVould to God, vvould to God it may be so, I vvish, pray, desire it may be so. If I bee not vvorthy to list vp my eyes towards H E A V E N, when I put vp my humble supplication, truly I am not vnworthy to obscure them, and to put out their light vvith the streames and fountaine of teares, and lamentable vweeping.

If my minde bee confounded with great shamefulness of my guiltie Conscience, that it cannot pray and craue for mercy: it is meet that it should bee ouerwhelmed

with the tempest of exceeding sorrow and dolefull sadnesse. If it feare to come in the sight of God grievously offended: it is iust that the vn sufferable torments prepared for rebellious sinners, should alwayes appeare, and be presented before it. Therefore let my heart thinke, and thinke againe, what hainous treason it hath committed, what endles torments it hath deserued.

Let my vnderstanding descend into it selfe, & make a priue search in euery corner, before it goe downe into the land of darkenes, which death obscureth with his grosse and mistie vapours, and meditate who doth attend and wait there for my wicked soule: let it behold and view, see and be troubled. What is it, oh God, what is it, which I behold in the Land of misery and darkenesse? Horror, Horror. What is it which I doe
view,

view, where no order, but wofull confusion inhabiteth?

Woful are the out-cries of some, howling out with lamentable voyces: Wofull is the noyse of others, gnashing their teeth, tortured with 'intollerable torments. Lamentable is the sight of the confused multitude, sobbing, and sighing out, woe, woe! How many, and how many woes? Woe for that fire, which burneth with brimstone, whose flame is neuer extinguished: and wofull is that obscure and darke Dungeon, where there dwelleth euerlasting darkenesse! With what terrible roaring doe I see you, oh Wormes, tossed and turned about, liuing in that flaming fire which continually burneth? What direfull and greedy desire doth inflame you to returne out of it, whom yet that fire of fires cannot so burne, as that euer yee shall be consumed?

A15

Oh

Oh yee Deuils, burning together with them; roaring vwith burning, and raging with fury; wherefore are yee so terrible and cruell to them, which are tumbled, and rowled vp and downe among you? Oh torments intollerable! Oh extreame sentence of Iustice insupportable, shall no meane, no remedy, no end mitigate or asswage you? Are these the things, oh great and powerfull God, which are prepared for filthy Fornicators, and wicked contemners of thee, of which I am one? I, I am verily one of those.

Oh my soule, tremblethou with terrour: faint and faile thou my vnderstanding, with quaking feare; and thou, oh my heart, cut and wound thy selfe with immoderate sorrow. Whither doe yee hale and tug me, ye cruell tormen-tors, while you execute your fury
and

and wrath against mee, for my great and grievous offences? Whither dost thou deliuer mee, oh my sinne? Whither dost thou deliuer me, oh my God? whither dost thou deliuer me? If I haue effected by my hainous and detestable rebellions, that I should be thy guilty offender, could I also bring it to passe, that I should not bee thy Creature? If I haue robbed my selfe of my chastitie, haue I also robbed thee of thy Mercy? Oh Lord, Lord, if I haue lost that, for vvant whereof thou mayest condemne mee a grievous offender, hast thou also lost that, whereby thou art wont to saue a penitent sinner?

Doe not, Oh LORD, doe not so narrowly attend to my vvickednesse, that thou forget thy vvonted goodnesse. Where is it true, oh true GOD, vvhere is, *As I liue, I will not the death*
of

of a sinner, but rather that he be converted and live?

Oh Lord, thou vvhich doest not lye, Lord, what is, *I will not the death of a sinner*: If thou doest burie in Hell a sinner which crieth vnto thee? or is it to throw a sinner into the Lake of neuer-ceasing Torments, *I will not the death of a sinner*? Or is this, *I will that a sinner be converted and live?*

I am a sinner, oh Lord, I am a sinner. If therefore thou wilt not the death of a sinner, what doth compell thee (which thou wouldest not) that thou deliuerest mee to death and destruction? If thou vvilt that a sinner be converted, and live, vvhat doth let thee to performe that which thou willest; namely, that I be converted, live, and be saued?

If the enormitie of my sinne doth constraine mee to doe that vvhich thou hatest, doth it also hinder

hinder thee to doe that vywhich thou desirest, when as thou art a God omnipotent? Farre be it, oh God, farre be it oh Lord my God, that the wickednesse of a repenting and lamenting Sinner, should preuaile more, then the sentence the Omnipotent.

Remember, oh iust, holy, and mercifull God, that thou art mercifull, and also my Creator, and Recreator. Therefore good Lord, remember not thy Iustice against thy sinner, but remember thy vvonted clemencie, towards thy poore creature. Remember not thy anger against a guiltie offender, but be mindfull of thy accustomed commiseration, and mercie towards a miserable sinner.

It is true, that my conscience doth merit damnation, and that my repentance doth not suffice for satisfaction: But it is certaine, that thy exceeding mercie, doth surpasse

surpasse all my vile iniquitie.
Therefore good Sauour, spare
that of which thou art the Salua-
tion; yea, thou that desirest not
the death of a sinner: Spare, oh
spare, my sinfull soule; for it be-
ing vtterly dismayed, flieth from
thy terrifying Iustice, to thy com-
forting mercie, that because the
reward of her virginitie being
corrupted, (oh heart-wounding
sorrow) is vnreouerable: the pu-
nishment of hatefull Fornication,
to her repenting, at least may not
be vneuitable; because it is not a
thing impossible to thy omni-
potence, neither vnseemely to thy
Iustice, nor vnaccustomable to
thy mercie: Both because thou art
good, and because thy infinite
mercie endureth for euer. Which
art blessed, vworld without end,
Amen.

A Medi-



A Meditation of S. Bernard,
concerning the
Passion of Iesus
Christ.

*Divided into twentie and
one Sections.*

SECTION. I.

LEt vs vvho are true
Christians, graced
with so noble a name,
so high a stile, and so
glorious a title, honour and cele-
brate, with true, sorrowfull, relent-
ing, & repenting harts, the *Funerall*
Obsequies of our noble Lord, Iesus
of

of Nazareth, that meeke, spotlesse, innocent, and harmelesse Lambe, who did not so much as open his mouth, being vnder the hand of the Shearer; maliciously accused, odiouly reuiled, innocently and wrongfully condemned of the furious and bloody Iewes, extreame-ly tortured, spitefully disdained, shamefully spetted vpon; and lastly, cruelly crucified, by the barbarous and brutish Gentiles.

It is an exployt full of honour, full of renowne; it is most healthfull and wholsome for our sickly soules, that we *Christians*, dayned worthie of such a gracious and honourable Name, should reuerently adore, louingly embrace, valiantly imitate, the weake infirmities, scornfull disgraces, base pouerty, painefull labours, sore and sorrowfull agonies, the deadly pangs of the bitter Passion of our louing Redeemer, and sweet
Sauour,

Sanjour, Christ Iesus the righteous. For these are the powerfull instruments, and most strong weapons, by which the omnipotent vertue, and the infinite inuestigable, and vnsearchable wisedome of God, hath mightily and vvonderfully effected, and wrought the restoration, and renouation of the decayed World, the eternall Saluation of vs men ; yea, of vs most miserable and wretched men, and the endlesse and vtter destruction of *Hell, Death, and the Diuell* : *Heb. 2. 14. Luke. 1. 71.* And in the working of this great worke, and admirable misterie of our Saluation, the Lord *Christ* was made lesse then the Angels, that he might make vs equall with the Angels, hee descended from his *Throne* of glory, that hee might deliuer vs from ignominie. *Heb. 2. 9.* Hee being Lord of Lords, tooke vpon him the shape of a seruant, that he might

might make vs honourable : hee willingly dispossessed himselfe of all his *Royalties*, that he might eternally possesse vs with the everlasting treasure , and full inheritance of his heavenly Kingdome. 2 *Cor.* 8. 9. And who is hee if hee could tast his infinite kindnesse, (but alas, who is able to fount the bottomlesse depth, of this more then meruailous, yea miraculous loue?) but vvould willingly forsake his goodly earthly possessions, leaue all his worldly honours and dignities , subiect euery moment to decay and vanity, as soone gone as they are gotten, disroabe the stout *Bride* of her gay and gorgeous apparell , and strip her naked from all her borrowed feathers ; cloath himselfe vvith the sackcloath of lowly humility, cut off his curled lockes, and sprinkle his head with ashes, that he might truly humble, prostrate, and debase him-

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himselfe ; cast downe his high lookes, curbe his proud aspiring and vntamed thoughts: for Christ Iesus, his meeke and mercifull Sauiour, vwho came downe from Heauen, out of the bosome of his Father, being coeternall, and coequall with him in euerlasting glorie, leauing the ioyfull societie of blessed Angels aboue, to conuerse here below amongst cursed men ; nay, to abide and patiently to beare, the curses and bitter taunts of blasphemous and fiery-minded men.

SECTION. II.

THis Lord Christ, was tyrannically tortured, & cruelly crucified for our, yea rather for my sins, and hath sweetned his bitter crosse to all that zealously loue him, & faithfully beleeeue in him. Hee died a most shamefull, cruell, & cursed death on the Crosse, that
he

he might deliuer vs from the curse of the condemning and killing Law, and taken vs out of the iawes of the deuouring Lyon, redeemed vs from Hell, from infernall fire, and euerlasting perdition.

Hee shed, yea powred out his most precious blood, spouting out the same from all the vaines of his pierced and martyred body, that with his precious and so-ueraigne Balme, he might saue all our deadly wounds, and saue our dying soules. He died, and by his death, killed death, that we might liue eternally in him, and by him.

And who may not amazedly admire, the incomparable loue of so milde, so mercifull, and so potent a Sauour? Who cannot, at least, who ought not, with raiuished affections to loue (and like ioyfull *Simeon*, with both armes to imbrace) so magnificent, but for vs sinfull men, and for our sakes, made

made so humble and lowly, and yet a most powerfull Redeemer? The dulcet taste of vvhose loue, doth farre exceede the Hony, and the Hony-combe in sweetnesse.

And although the least drop of it, be sufficient to fill all, and euery part of an hungry soule, yet it hath in it such a fauourie relish, and an appetite procuring quality, that the more the desirous soule eateth, the more it coueteth, the more it feedeth, the more eagerly it longeth and thirsteth after it. Why should we not patiently suffer, and constantly endure whatsoever the inueterate malice of the Diuell can imagine against vs, or the furious madnesse of vicked men, (his wilfull Ministers) can lay, or impose vpon vs, for Christ Iesus his cause, for the honouring of his truly and honourable name, and for our constant profession of a true Christian Faith? Christ
passed

passed through the ignominie,
shame, & contempt of the Crosse,
to supernall dignity, infinite Ma-
iestie, and endlesse glory, & all po-
wer & authority was giuen vnto
him, for the aduancement of his
euerlasting dominion, both in hea-
uen aboue, and in earth beneath,
by God his heavenly Father: all
the Angels, Gods heavenly He-
raulds, with ioyfull humility, me-
lodious Harmony, and with con-
tinuall laud and thankes-giuing,
doe worship and adore his incom-
prehensible, exceeding-glorious,
and eternall Maiestie, and at the
honourable name of Iesus, let eue-
rie knee be bowed of things in
Heauen aboue, and things in the
darkest Caues of Hell belowe:
Where is thy glory (oh Christi-
an?) Where is thy reioycing?
Where is thy boasting? not in
Nobilitie, honour and riches, but
in the glorious name of thy cruci-
fied

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hied Lord , thy eternall God, and
euerlasting Sauour , and in the
gratious, gracefull, and sweet name
of *Christ*, which is a name aboue
all names, farre surpassing all No-
ble , honourable , and glorious
earthly titles, and the highest stile
of vworldly Maiestie. And who-
soeuer is blessed in this name, shall
be truly blessed here vpon earth,
and afterward shall be eternally
happy in Heauen.

Let vs glory , reioyce, and tri-
umph in the blessed Name of our
mighty Redeemer , and giue all
honour , iurisdiction, dominion,
and maiestie, to our mercifull Sa-
uour, vvhich hath done great,
meruailous, and admirable things
in vs, and for vs, exalt, extoll, and
magnifie his glorious Name, toge-
ther with me, and let our tongues
tuned with one Harmonicall con-
cord , like Golden Trumpets,
sound forth his meritorious, im-
measu-

measurable, still encreasing and neuer-diminishing praises, saying; wee adore and worship thee, oh Christ, King of *Israel*, and also of all the Nations, Prince, and Monarch of Kings, Lord of the Earth, GOD of the Sabaoth, the most powerfull power of GOD omnipotent. Wee adore thee being the precious price of our Redemption, the all-sufficient Sacrifice of our peace, attonement, and peaceable reconciliation, which alone vvith the inestimable, most pleasant, and fragrant sweetnesse of thy odoriferous sauour, hast moued and induced the Father of eternity, which dwelleth and resideth in the highest Heauens, to turne his eye of prouidence, and compassion towards base, vile, and contemptible things vpon earth, and hast reconciled and pacified him towards the sonnes of wrath, Hell, and damnation: to enter a
new

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new couenant of grace with them, to forgiue and forget all their rebellious trespasses, and treacherous transgressions, and to extend the tender bowels of his most desired and euer-vnderferued mercie towards them.

Wee ioyfully proclaime, oh Christ, the worthinesse of thy merit, the multitude of thy mercies, and magnificence of thy commiseration, we sound and eccho forth; wee record the sacred memorie of thy eare-delighting and heart-pleasing sweetnesse.

Wee cleerely offer vnto thee, oh Christ, the Sacrifice of euerlasting praise and heartie thanksgiving for the innumerable multitude, and immeasurable magnitude of thy goodnesse, vvhich thou hast vouchsafed, shewed, manifested, and extended to vs, as a wicked seede and gracelesse generation,

ration, sonnes of wickednesse, and
heires of hell and damnation.

SECTION. III.

VHen as yet, oh gracious
Lord, we were thy cru-
ell enemies, by our treasonable
practises, and monstrous vngrate-
full vnkindnesse, daily kindling
thy consuming wrath against vs,
and when as deuouring death ex-
ercised his rage, fury, and domini-
on against all mortall flesh, and
vpon euery miserable creature, to
which all the seed of *Adam* was
obnoxious and subiect, tainted
with the leporous infection of his
first deadly transgression: thou
diddest kindly remember the most
infallible vvord of thy infinite
mercie, when we were ready to be
drowned and swallowed vp (like
proud hard-hearted *Pharo*) in the
bloody Sea of our swelling, and
ouer-

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ouer-flowing iniquities. Thou diddest looke from thy holy and high habitation, and cast downe the pittifull eye of thy sauing, tender, and mellow-hearted compassion vpon this vally, streaming with riuers of teares, showers of ceaselesse weeping, and deluge of our ouer-flowing misery. Thou sawest the heauie affliction, afflicted condition, imminent danger, nay the instant destruction of thy distressed people, and touched with a true-delicious sweetnesse of thy inward loue, and bountifull charity, did thinke & ponder, to medicine, heale & recure the deadly-diseased state and desperate condition of thy forlorne and languishing people. *Mat. 9. 13. 1 Tim. 15.* moued & incited towards them with amiable thoughts of a new perpetuall peace & eternall redemption. And thou being the onely and dearly beloued Son of God, the very true
 B b 2 God,

God, coeternall & substantiall to
God the Father, & the Holy-ghost,
enhabiting the light, to vvhich
no man may approach, dazeling
the eyes of euery mortall crea-
ture with the super-excellent lu-
sture, and gouerning all things
vvith the creating vvord of thy
omnipotent power; thou hast
not despised to subiect thy selfe to
the close & noysome prison of our
base estate, vvhere thou mightest
tast, and also swallow vp our mi-
serie, and so restore vs to glory.
It was enough, oh sweet Sauour,
to demonstrate thy incomprehen-
sible and vnspeakeable mercie, it
was too little, Oh thou mirrour
of mercie, to coole the ardent heat
of thy burning loue.

It vvvas not sufficient for thee,
our gracious Redeemer, to appoint
a *Cberubin*, *Seraphis*, or one of
the Angels to consummate and
finish the worke of our saluation:
thou

thou thy selfe being king of kings,
and God of eternall glory, hast
vouchsafed to come to vs, thy
poore vassales, and captiue crea-
tures, by the commandement of
thy supernall Father. *Psal. 40. 8. 9.*
Acts. 2. 23. Whose vnlimited mer-
cie, bottomlesse bounty, immuta-
ble loue, wee now plentifully en-
ioy in thee, and hereafter shall ioy-
fully, fully, and euerlastingly pos-
seise by thee.

Thou cam'st vnto vs I say, not
by changing the place, but by
yeelding thy presence vnto vs by
the flesh.

Thou cam'st from the regall
Throne of thy most high Glorie,
into an humble, lowly, and abiect
Mayden, in her owne eyes, al-
though indeede she was most ho-
nourable for her chaste vertues, and
of the blood Royall by her Noble
birth, vvhose life vvas adorned
with the pretious Iemme of vnde-

filed virginie; in vvhose sacred wombe, the sole, wonderfull, and vnspeakeable power of the Holy-Ghost, caused and effected thy sanctified and blessed conception, and that thou shouldst so be borne in the very nature of true humanitie, that the occasion and manner of thy pure Natiuitie should neither violate the Maiestie of *Diuinitie* in thee, nor the integritie of vndefiled Virginie in thy blessed Virgine-Mother. Oh amiable! Oh admirable fauour! Thou being God of immeasurable glorie, infinite power, and most magnificent Maiestie, hast not disdained, nor despised to become a contemptible worme, and to put vpon thee the ragged garment of our fraile and miserable nature. Thou being God of all, didst appeare as a fellow-seruant of seruants, vnto all. It was too little to satisfie thy louing affection, and to quench the
the

the thirstie desire of thy loue towards vs, to be a kinde Father vnto vs, and a gracious Lord, but thou hast vouchsafed to be our deere and vvelbeloued brother. What minde is not ouer-ioyed with the delectable meditation of thy vvonderfull fauour? What hart is not rauished with the sweet sent of thy admirable humilitie? And what soule can euer be satisfied with the sweetnesse of thy exceeding mercie? When all our obedience towards thee, be it neuer so great, or our praises, be they neuer so many, cannot paralel and equall the least iot of thy infinite goodnesse towards vs.

SECTION. IIII.

ANd thou Lord of all things, possessor of the highest heauens, and sole Commander of the whole earth, which hast no neede

of any thing, because the fowles of the ayre, fishes of the Sea, beasts of the field, are all at thy prudent and prouident disposition: yea, the greatest worldly Monarch, is but thy poore slaue and submissive Vassall: at the beginning of thy birth, and first entrance into this transitorie world (the sweetest ioyes whereof are soone sowed with sodaine misery, and the chiefest treasures liable euery moment, to wauering mutability) thou diddest not abhorre to taste the bitter gall of pinching necessity, and to feele the irksome discommodities of beggarly, base, and abiect povertie: so ill was thy entertainment, so bad was thy welcome, and vile vvas thy estimation amongst vngratefull men.

For as the thrise-holy, and Diuine Scripture testifieth, vwhen thou wert borne, there vvas no roome in the Inne to receiue thee,
 10 4 88 nor

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nor any Cradle, vvherein they might repose thy tender body, but thou wert thrust vnkindely into a noysome Stable, in stead of thy Princely Chamber, and layd in a homely Manger, for thy bed of honour, wrapped in swatheling clouts, and fettered like a prisoner, whose greatnesse cannot be contained of the heauens, and whose hand in the palme of it doth comprehend the vvhole earth. And thy blessed Mother did borrow this homely Chamber and hard bed, of brute beasts, vvho were more willing to shew her a kinde fauour, then any hard-hearted men, though hee came to be their seruant.

Comfort your selues; cheere vp your dismayed mindes, and banish away all pensie thoughts, who-soeuer haue had your drink mingled with teares, and haue bin long fed with the bread of affliction;

being scorned, disdained, reiected of the proud and wealthy, because you haue been pined and pinched vvith needie pouertie, vvhen as Christ, who as the neuer-dried Fountaine of euerlasting plentie and abundance, did willingly vndergoe, and patiently beare the heauieburden of needy want and grieuous necessity.

In the time of his blessed birth he did not take his rest in a sumptuous Chamber, adorned vvith carued Wainscot, or furnished vvith gorgious and costly hangings, neither was he found in the land of them which solace themselves with variety of pleasant delights, and spend their dayes in continuall sport and pleasure.

Why doest thou boast, oh thou vvanton rich man, vvhen thou stretchest thy selfe vpon thy bed of Iuorie, painted with the choysest colours that may please the eye,

eye, beautified with the rarest deuices that Art can inuent, and garnished vvith the most delicate furniture that may breed wanton and carnall delight: when as the King of Kings did rather chuse a noysome Stable, then a Princely Pallace; a homely Manger, then a stately Cradle; rather hard straw to lay his tender body vpon, then a bed stuffed with Downe, or soft feathers? *Luk. 2. 7. 8.*

Why art thou then so proud that thou scornest to lye vpon straw, with contented humility? when as this tender Infant, who had all things vnder his hand and iurisdiction, preferred hard straw before thy costly silkes, and soft feathers?

SECTION. V.

BVt this thy tender and weake Infancie, oh Christ, was not safe

safe from the malice of thy furious foes, nor murdering swords of bloody persecutors, who craftily plotted, greedily fought, and would haue most grievously wrought, thy cruell, bloody, and sodaine death, so soone as thou beganst to draw thy breath. For as yet thou wert sucking the sweet breasts of thy louing Mother; when as an heavenly Messenger appeared to *Ioseph* in his sleepe, saying: *Arise, and take the Childe and his Mother, and flye into Egypt, and tarrie there untill I shall bring thee word: For it shall come to passe, that Herode shall seeke the Childe to destroy him.* Matth. 2. 13. 14. 15.

Since that time, oh sweet Iesus, thou beganst to taste of the bitter Cup of humane miserie, to bee touched with sense of our sorrow. and patiently to beare the heauie burden of our infirmities.

For

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For when bloudy *Herod* had heard vnwelcome newes of the birth of an other King dreading he should be forced to forgoe his royall dominions, goodly kingdomes, and golden Crowne (for Tyrants dreame alwayes of their downefall, at the surmised noyse of any little rumor) hee quickly vnsheathed his cruell Sword, to make a speedy end of thy beginning dayes, and to cut asunder the slender thread of thy Infant life, plaid the bloody Butcher, and made a most cruell slaughter of many thousand of innocent Babes, sucking the nourishing breasts of their louing and lamentable Mothers, *Matth. 2. 16.* so that hee dyed the streets with the streames of their guiltles bloud, mingled with the teares of lamenting mothers, *Mat. 2. 18.* thinking to murther thee in this great slaughter of so many harmelesse sucklings.

Oh

Oh miraculous immanitie! monstrous murder! more then brutish, yea, hellish Tyranny! And when thou hadst escaped the sting of this Tyrants malice, being appointed to bee transported into *Egipt*, to be safe there, vvithout the bounds of his bloody mischief, and not without care of thy Father, and sorrow of thy Mother, wert deliuered from stormes of thy persecuted Infant-age: thou diddest meekely giue vs an example of trueth, worthy to bee praysted of vs, and to bee seriously practised by vs: for thou diddest not sit in the counsell of idle vanities, nor follow the vile and wilde affecti-
ons of vnbrideled desires, but wert found in the midst of the Doctors, propounding questions to them, and attentiuely hearing their discourses, although in thy breast did euer flow a continuall

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tinuall Spring of infinite knowledge, being the Lord of all hidden sciences, and the most perfect and absolute wisdom of God the eternall Father.

Also thou hast shewed vs a perfect patterne of due obedience, to be truly performed, and duely obserued of Children towards their Parents, when thou being the great commander of the whole World, and Supream head in all causes, and ouer all persons within thy boundlesse Dominions, didst yet humbly obey the commandement of thy parents, in performing the deeds of willing obedience towards them, in whatsoever the duty of a Childe might inioyne thee, or the iust commandement of thy earthly Parents impose vpon thee: But when by the course of Nature, thou camest to the fulnesse of a stronger age, about to take in hand things

things of greater weight, to be acted vwith greater might, thou didst come forth for the saluation of thy people, like a valiant and stately Gyant, to runne the vway of all our miserie, & passe through the race of humane calamitie.

And that thou mightest make thy selfe like vnto thy brethren in all things, and in thy selfe make a resemblance of their depraued nature, thou as it were a sinner, didst goe to thy Seruant, baptizing sinners vnto true repentance, thou, oh innocent Lambe of God, didst require to be Baptized. *Mat. 3. 13. 14. 15.* who euer wert free from the least staine of iniquitie, and neuer subiect to any little spot of our sinfull infirmity, but hauing put on thee the fleshly garment of our weake nature. thou didst still continue pure, cleane, and vndefiled. And being baptized in the waters, thou doest not sanctifie thy selfe
with

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with the waters, but doest sanctifie the waters by thee, that by them thou mightest sanctifie vs.

SECTION. VI.

After thy Baptisme by the Spirit, of inuincible fortitude, thou didst enter into the solitary desert, *Mat. 4. 1.* that by thy example thou mightest teach vs, to depart as it were, out of the World, when we give our selues to diuine Meditations, that worldly impediments being remoued from our outward senses, the zeale of our Spirits might the better be inflamed, our prayers haue freer passage, and the deuotion of our willing hearts lesse hindered. Thou didst constantly endure, and patiently beare what discommodities soeuer the vncouth wildernesse might bring, or the bitternesse of fasting for the space of forty daies
and

and forty nights breed vnto thee,
Mat. 4. 2. Thou didst mildely suffer
 the temptations and illusions
 of the Deuill, and at last with thy
 holy word, didst put him to a
 shamefull foyle, and forced him
 like a coward to flie the field,
Matth. 4. 10. 11. to make such bick-
 erments more tollerable and easie
 vnto vs, and to instruct vs, that
 whensoever Christian warriours
 shall manage this double-edged
 sword aright, that their common
 enemy will soone be danted, take
 himselfe to flight, and they al-
 wayes obtain a glorious conquest.

SECTION. VII.

AT length thou camest to the
 lost sheepe of the house of *Is-
 rael*, lifting vp the bright lampe of
 thy diuine word, openly to giue
 light to the world, which was ob-
 scured with thicke clouds of sin-
 full

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full darkenesse, that men seeing their sinnes, might then sigh for their forepassed iniquities, & seeke by speedy and true repentance to saue their soules, *Matth. 5. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. & c.* And thou also proclaiming the Kingdome of God, to all obeying the word, didst confirme the verity of thy infallible words, with many wonderous and miraculous deeds: thou diddest plainly declare the vertue of thy diuinitie, and manifest the incomprehensible essence of thy *God-head* in all things, to those which vvere diseased, and were affected and grieuously afflicted with many infirmities, *Luke 5. 12. 18.* Performing all things of thy free mercy, without any merits, to all nations, that by thy gracious words, and mercifull workes, thou mightest gaine the Saluation of all, truly repenting for their sins, & seeking by thy only mercy to saue their soules.

But

But their foolish heart, oh Lord, was darkened, their reason infatuated, & their vnderstanding blinded, they maliciously despised, proudly contemned, and carelessly reiected thy blessed words behind them, neither did they, Oh Lord, admire, no, not so much as regard thy wondrous workes, which by the Finger of thine owne hand, thou hadst powerfully wrought among them, except a few Noble Champions, which thou diddest chuse among the weake and abiect things of the World, that by them thou mightst batter downe strong holds, & throw downe high Towers, that thy inuincible power might appeare in their weaknes, & so the glory of thy Maiestie might shine the brighter. Neither vvere they onely vnthankfull to thee, for thy gracious benefits and great kindnesse, but they did very spightfully reproach thee, oh Lord of
Lords,

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Lords, and spit out the Gall of their malice against thee, plotting in their Diuellish mindes, and performing with their desperate hands, whatsoeuer their vnbridled lust did command them. For thou doing the workes of God, which no other hath done, how malignant were their words? How malicious were their speeches? For they sayd in their mad mood and furious folly, *This man is not of God, he casteth out Devils by the Prince of Devils, he hath the Denill, hee seduceth the people, hee is a Glutton and a Drinker of Wine, a Friend of Publicanes and sinners*, Marth. 11:9. Why dost thou weepe (oh man) why are thy thoughts perplexed, and the peace of thy minde disturbed, when thou doest feelee the sting of venemous tongues, or endure the stormy tempest of iniurious words? Doest thou not heare what monstrous slanders, bitter taunts, and

and opprobrious speeches vvere belched out against the Lord thy God, onely for thy cause and thy sinnes, yet he did patiently digest the extreame bitterneſſe of their cruell malice, and did alwayes ſeek by gentle mildeneſſe, and workes of mercy, to mollifie their hard hearts, and to induce them to true repentance: *If they haue called the Maſter of the houſe Belzebub, how much more will they call them of his houſehold? Mat. 10.25. Luke 11.15.* But thou, oh righteous and innocent Ieſus, diddeſt patiently heare, and conſtantly ſuſtaine their blaſphemous words, ſpightfull deriſions, and taunting ſpeeches; although oftentimes they were carried with ſuch a violent ſtreame of raging fury againſt thee, that they aſſailed thee vvith ſtones, hating nothing ſo much as thy bleſſed life, and haſting nothing ſo much as thy curſed death.

And

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And thou becamest before them
as a man vvhich heareth not all,
and as one that is dumbe, ha-
uing no word of reproofe in thy
mouth.

SECTION. VIII.

LAstly, they valued thy righte-
ous and precious bloud, but
at thirtie peeces of siluer, betray-
ed vnto them by thy vnkinde
Disciple, the sonne of Perdition;
greedily desiring with extreame
hate, vwithout any shadow of
iust cause, to hasten thy cruell
death.

It was not a strange thing, or a
concealed secret excluded from
the search of thy knowledge,
(because the most couert cogi-
tations of euery heart, are open
vnto thee,) that one of thine
owne Disciples should proue di-
sloyall, treacherously conspire
against

against thee, and like a Traytour, sell thee his gracious Lord & kind Master, for a small piece of money. When as at the Supper, where thou didst wash thy Disciples feet, thou didst not disdain to handle, wash, and wipe with thy most holy hands, the cursed feet of that damned Traytor, swift to shedde blood, kneeling downe before him, *Iohn* 13.4.5. Oh wonderfull example of humilitie! oh patience most worthy of continuall admiration! But why dost thou walke with thy out-stretched necke, oh earth and ashes? Doth Pride still lift thee vp? Doth fretting anger euermore molest thee? Behold, and looke vpon the Lord Iesus, the mirror of Humilitie and Meekenesse, the Creator of euery Creature, the fearefull Iudge of the quicke and the dead, bowing his knees before the feet of a man, that should traiterously betray him

him into the hands of his deadly Foes, who long thirsted for his innocent blood, loathed his godly life, and could neuer quench the raging flame of their furie, vntill they had acted the lamentable Tragedy of his most cruell death.

Learne therefore of him, because he is meeke in minde, and lowly in heart, debase thy high and loftie lookes, and let the feeling sence of thy scornfull Pride, confound and cast downe thy haughty thoughts, and blush at thy furious madnesse, and sigh at the inward sight of thy impatient folly.

This also (oh louing Lord) was a plaine argument of thy meruailous kindnesse, and extraordinary fauour, that thou wouldest not publikely detect the mischieuous malice, and openly disclose the horrible Treason of thy gracelesse Disciple, and odious Traitor, but diddest onely in the assembly of

C c

his

his brethren, very slightly admonish him to hasten his intended purpose, *Iohn 13. 27.* Neuertheless, neither the sweet streames of thy mercy could quench the burning fire of his fury, nor the graces of thy Humility, stay the rage of his madnesse: but he departing out of the house, laboured diligently to bring his wicked designement into act, which as yet lay covered in his treacherous heart, *Iohn 13. 30.*

SECTION. IX.

HOW didst thou fall from Heauen, oh cleere-shining *Lucifer*, which didst appeare so bright at thy rising in the morning? Thou once wert beautifull with exceeding glory, placed in pleasant *Paradise*, where all things were abounding which might breed

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breed delight, whose happy state did stand still at a stay, subject to no contrary change, having the Citizens of Heauen for thy loving companions, & pure *Manna* of the Diuine Word for thy daily food: How art thou now tumbled downe, and consoorted vvith the sonnes of darkenesse?

Why hast thou refused sweet Hony, to feed on Gall, and wholesome food to cloy thy stomacke with stincking dung?

At that time, oh sweet *Christ*, thy *Family* was cleared, & thy *Housshould* purged, when such a leaproous person, and deadly diseased creature, went out into the world, from the company of the Angels societie.

For then at last were the thirsty soules of that blessed company, plentifully filled with sweet flowing streames of thy Diuine Word, and vvith the most pleasant liquor of thy true celestiall Nectar,

(which thou art alwayes able, and euermore willing to giue vnto thy faithfull Seruants,) when hee was worthily cast out from thy most holy and blessed Family, whom thou didst know to be vnworthy, to taste one drop of that *living water* which quencheth the thirst of all sinfull soules for euer: when thou of thy free loue, dost afford them to drinke of that blessed Fountaine, be their thirst neuer so great, or the people neuer so many, which resort to receiue refreshing by it.

SECTION. X.

NOW when thou hadst giuen a new Commaundement to thy louing Disciples, that they should knit their hearts together, with the true vnion of perfect loue, *Iohn 13.34.* and arme themselues with patience against the approaching

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proaching day of their fiery triall; and also hadst disposed the kingdome of thy heauenly Father to thy faithfull Brethren, thou camest to the place with them, well knowne vnto couetous *Iudas*, that Traitor, which did betray thee into the hands of the cruell Iewes, who were as greedy to buy, as he was couetous to sell thy innocent and precious blood.

Yet thou diddest not audaciously obiect thy selfe vnto suddaine danger, or desperately throw thy selfe into perill, but thou wert willing to offer and lay downe thy owne life, to deliuer vs poore condemned vassals from the heauy doome of eternall death; knowing all things which should come vpon thee, *Iohn 18.4.*

Oh vnsearchable profundity of thy infinite loue! Oh glorious beames of thy gracious mercy! For like a tender-hearted Father, thou

haddest willingly cast thy selfe into suddaine danger, to haue deliuered thy Children from some imminent perill: or if thou haddest aduentured thy life, to haue rescued thy friends from threatned death, this without doubt had beene a deed of true naturall affection, and excellent loue. But that thou shouldest of thine owne accord offer thy selfe to death, to saue thy deadly enenies, and willingly shed thy bloud, to ransom thy mortall foes: This, oh sweet Sauour, is a miracle of superadmirable kindenesse, beyond the compasse of all vnderstanding.

SECTION. XI.

VHen thou wert come to the place where wretched *Iudas* had bargained to betray thee into the hands of the wicked Iewes, thou wert not ashamed

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med to confesse the heavy pangs which thou didst sustaine by thy approaching Passion, in the audience of thy Brethren, which thou wert willing to endure, not for thy owne desert, but by thy owne desire, for our sakes, and our sins, saying; *My Soule is heavy, even unto death*, Mat. 26. 38. So ponderous was the burden of our iniquities; so heavy was the weight of mine, yea of all our sins, layd vpon thy shoulders. And there bowing thy knees on the ground, and falling downe with thy face on the earth, thou diddest in thy bitter agonie offer vp thy humble petition to God thy Father, saying: *My Father, if it be possible, let this Cup passe from me*, Matth. 26. 39.

Indeed that Cup contained a deepe draught to be taken of thee, for the health of our languishing soules; more bitter then *Colloquintida* to the mouth, or Gall in the maw.

And no doubt but the bloody sweat, which trickled downe on the earth by drops from thy most holy flesh, did plainly declare the sorrowes of thy perplexed minde, and the anguish of thy sorrowfull Soule, *Luke 22.44.*

Oh powerfull Lord Iesus, what meaneth, or what is the cause of thy lamentable supplication? Didst thou not wholly of thine owne accord offer vp thy selfe, for a Sacrifice to thy Father, and willingly shed thy bloud, to pay the price of our ransome?

Yes verely, oh gracious Lord, it was thy exceeding great loue, and onely mercy, that did moue thee so patiently to vnder-goe the wrath of thy Father, that thou mightest deliuer vs condemned sinners, from his iust and heavy displeasure, that by thy stripes wee might be healed, and that by thy free and voluntary death, wee might

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might be restored to a second and euerlasting life.

But we thinke, that thou didst willingly taste the bitternesse of our miseries, and in thy selfe expresse vnto vs a true passion of our weakenesse, for the comfort and consolation of all thy feeling members, that no man might dispaire, or let goe the Anchor of stedfast Hope, when our weak flesh fainteth, and our naturall faculties faileth; but yet the spirit is ready to abide the painefull pangs of any passion, and to suffer the conflicts of any affliction whatsoever. Truly thou didst expresse the naturall weakenesse of the flesh in thy selfe, by those tokens vnto vs, that wee might the sooner be prouoked to embrace thee with more loue, and gratefully to yeeld thee greater thanks. Whereby also we are taught, that thou didst truly beare our diseases,

and infirmities, and that thou hast not runne through the thornes of grieuous passions vvithout the sense of painefull afflictions. For that voyce seemeth to be the voice of the flesh, not of the Spirit, by that which thou hast added, *The Spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weake*: Marke 14. 38. And thou diddest openly declare, that the Spirit was willing to suffer the deadly pangs of thy grieuous passion, when thou diddest goe forth of thine owne accord, to meete those bloody minded persons, conducted by their damnable General trayterous *Judas*, in the night time, furnished with lanternes, torches, and weapons, seeking without any cause, raging vvith malice to destroy thy harmelesse life, and cruelly to shed thy innocent blood, and there didst openly discover thy selfe to their eyes, and offer vp thy selfe to their bloody hands,

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hands, least they might thinke themselves beholding to their bloody guide, and that by his craftie pollicie, thou hadst beene suddainely and vnwillingly apprehended. For thou diddest not repell, or put back that cruell monster, comming to kisse thy most holy mouth; but diddest gently put thy mouth, in which there was found no guile, to his mouth abounding with venome, and filled with malice, who vnder token of loue, pretended nothing but deadly hate; and with a dissembling kisse, to betray thee into the hands of those, who were ready armed to kill thee.

And although desperate *Indas* became his owne hangman, *Mat. 27.5.* yet many doe follow his steps, and desperately runne to their wilfull & wofull destruction. Oh innocent Lambe of G O D, how couldest thou endure that
such

such a rauenuous Wolfe should come neere vnto thee, that came so greedily to deuoure thee?

What fellowship hath light with darkenesse? What agreement hast thou with *Beliall*? But this, oh Lord, was a deed of thy gracious benignitie, and an act of thy exceeding bounty, that thou mightest shew vnto him all tokens of thine accustomed fauour, which might mollifie the hardnesse of his wicked heart, and quaille the malice of his couetous minde.

For, thou not forgetfull that once hee was sorted among thy Friends, & had tasted of the sweet fruit of thy former loue, admitted into the holy societie of thy faithfull Disciples, didst kindly admonish him, saying, *Friend, wherefore comest thou?* Mat. 26. 50. And thou wouldest haue smitten the guilty conscience, and wounded the hardened heart of that odious dissem-

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dissembler and damnable Traytor, with the horroure of his hellish deede, and detestation of his execrable fact, when thou spakest to him, saying: *Iudas, dost thou betray the Sonne of man with a kisse?* Luk. 22.48. And behold, *the Philistines are upon thee Sampson.*

SECTION. XII.

IT did nothing mittigate the rage of their furious mindes, nor stay the audacious attempts of their bloodie hands, when in the houre of thine apprehension, thou diddest throw them flatte on the ground vvith thy omnipotent arme, and make them to fall backward vvith the breath of thy mouth: yet it was not done to defend thy selfe from the edge of their malice, or to make an escape out of their cruell hands, but that humane presumption might know,

know, that it could deuise nothing, nor act any thing against thee, but whatsoeuer was permitted by thee.

And vvho can restraine his eyes from showers of teares, and his heart from the ouer-flowing waues of sorrow, when he heareth how violently they were carried against thee, and how furiously they laid their murdering hands vpon thee; and how quickly binding thy tender and innocent hands, they currishly haled thee, a most meeke Lambe, not once opening thy mouth against them, to bring thee (vvho neuer had offended,) to a most bloodie slaughter: As if thou haddest beene (most innocent and louing Iesus) a cruell Theefe, a cursed Traytor, or a bloodie murderer. Their outrageous vsage towards thee vvas so farre out of measure, and their mischie-
uous

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uous deedes so farre voyde of reason.

And then (oh Christ) thou didst not cease to powre downe showers of mercy, and to let the honey-deaw of thy abundant sweetnesse to distill vpon the head of thy cruell enemies, vvhen thou diddest vvith milde vvords and gentle speeches, calme the burning zeale of thy forward Disciple, vvho drew forth his sword, and beganne to lay about him in the defence of his louing Master.

Luke. 22. verse 49. 50. For hee had no sooner giuen a vvound, but thou diddest miraculously heale the hurt. *Luke. 22. verse. 51.* vvilling him to put vp his sword, keepe the peace, and make no resistance.

But such cursed fury had blinded their eyes, such stubborne grosnesse ouer-clowded their vvnderstanding, and such stonie hard-

hardnesse had ouer-growne their hearts, that neither the Maiestie of the miracle, nor mercy of the benefit, could chase away the helish vapours of their franticke furie, or soften the extreame hardnesse of their hearts; that seeing their Bedlam folly, they might haue relented with pittie.

SECTION. XIII.

THou wert brought before the High-Priests, *Iohn* 18.24. who maliced and hated thy vnblameable life; wickedly imagined, and cruelly sought thy bloody death.

When thou wert churlishly examined, and falsly accused, thy modest reply was voyd of bitterness, and thou didst confesse the truth vvith much humilitie and mildnesse: yet they cried out in their raging madnesse, He speaketh blasphemous words; What neede
we

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we stand vpon further triall? He is worthie of a shamefull death.

Oh most louing Lord, how shamefully wert thou handled, how despightfully wert thou scorned, how cruelly wert thou abused of thine owne people? They polluted thy amiable face vvith their noysome spettle. *Mat. 26. 67.* which the Angels doe alwaies desire to behold; and which hath filled the heavens with ioy; and shall be desired of the most rich & Noble of the people: And which not long before, shined more bright then the Sunne, & appeared most beautifull in glory, they did beat, and strike it with their sacriligious hands. They couered it vvith a vaile, to floute and deride thee, and did cruelly buffet thee with their fists, being Lord of euerie creature, like a base and contemptible seruant. Yea, they deliuered thee to bee swallowed vp,
and

and deuoured of the vncircumcised.

SECTION. XIII.

FOr after they had railed vpon thee with reuiling words, and buffeted thee with store of blowes, they brought thee bound like a Theefe before the face of *Pilate*, *Mark. 15. 1.* requiring in their franticke fit, and heate of their furie, that hee vould pronounce sentence of death against thee. And they would neuer cease their clamorous voyces, neither were their outragious out-cries appeased, before thou wert condemned to suffer a most cruell and cursed death of the Crosse, vvhich neuer knew sinne, or thought any euill.

And although that vicked Iudge had certaine knowledge, and his owne conscience did testifie

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stifie vnto him that thou vvere
 falsly accused, brought like an in-
 nocent Lambe to the slaughter,
 and that all these things were for-
 ged of enuie against thee, vwhen
 those hard-hearted *Iewes* earnest-
 ly desired, that a Murderer might
 be giuen them, and haue pardon
 for his bloody offence, and that
 thou mightest vniustly bee con-
 demned, to suffer a most cruell
 death, preferring a deuouring
 Wolfe, before an innocent Lamb,
 and dirty drosse before pure gold:
 yet his words towards thee were
 without any mildnesse, and his
 deeds quite without mercy, filling
 thy soule with gall and bitternesse,
 when as hee could finde no cause,
 or ferrit out any occasion, where-
 by hee might iustly reprove thee.

Luk. 23. 14.

He receiued thee at their hands,
 after they had tauntingly flou-
 ted, bitterly derided, and scorne-
 fully

fully disgraced thee, and commanded thee to stand in the midst of those malicious scoffers, who had vsed thee for a foole, to cause their mirth, and to encrease thy sorrow. Neither did he spare to teare thy vndefiled flesh vvith most bitter blowes; multiplying stripes vpon stripes with excessiue crueltie, and bleeding wounds vpon wounds, without any humane pittie. *Matth. 26. 67.* Oh thou beloued Sonne of my God! vvhat haddest thou committed worthie of such barbarous immanitie? What haddest thou done worthie of such wofull and bitter confusi-on? In very deede nothing at all. I wretched man, I alone a most horrible sinner, haue beene the sole cause of all thy painefull sufferings: my grieuous sinnes haue hardened their hearts, and armed their bloody hands against thee. I oh Lord, haue eaten a sower Grape,

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Grape, and thy teeth are set on edge ; because then thou didst make satisfaction vwhen thou hadst done no iniurie, and payd my infinite debt with thy most innocent death. But all these iniurious deeds, proceeding from malicious hate, and acted with cruell hands, could not satisfie the vn-sati-able impietie of the perfidious & vnfaithfull Iewes, against thee most righteous and innocent Ie-sus ; who diddest neuer cease to doe them good, but euermore healed their incurable diseases : making the lame to walke, the blinde to see, the dumbe to speake, and the deafe to heare.

Thou didst cleanse loathsome Leapers, cure dead Palsies, and raise from death to life. *Mat. 4. 24. Iohn. 7. 23.* Yet for all thy paines, kinde benefites, and store of good workes, some for feare of their imperious Rulers, durst not, and the greatest

greatest sort would not scarce afford thee a good word; For they that of late sung ioyfully, *Hosanna, Hosanna*, calling thee happie and blessed: soone changed their note, and blasphemously termed thee *Beelzebub*, Prince of Devils.

SECTION. XV.

ANd lastly, thou wert hurried and haled with the murderous hands of the bloodie vncircumcised Souldiers, to die on the Crosse, a most shamefull, cruell, cursed death.

But it vvas not enough for those vnbeleeuing miscreants, and bloody wretches, to torment thee without any pittie, and to nayle thee to the Crosse with most hateful cruelty, but before hand they vexed, and filled thy heauie soule with blasphemous speeches, outrageous

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ragious raylings, and despightfull disgraces.

For vvhat saith the Scripture concerning them? *And they gathered about him the whole Band: And they stripped him, and put upon him a purple garment, and a robe of scarlet, in their mad merriment, to flout, deride, and scoffe him.*

And plattig a crowne of Thornes, they put it upon his head, in steede of a golden Diademe, that being pressed downe with their buffetting hands, might enter the flesh, and make the veines to spout out bloud.

And then they put a feeble Reede in his right hand, (in stead of his royall Scepter) and bowing their knees before him, saying: *GOD saue the King of the Iewes.* And they did buffet him, and spetting vpon him, tooke a Reede and smote him on the head. And when they had mocked him, they put
his

his owne rayment upon him, and led him away to crucifie him, bearing his owne Crosse. And they brought him to a place named Golgotha, and they gaue him Wine tempered with Myrrhe, and mingled with Gall. And when hee had tasted of it, hee would not drinke. Then they crucified him, and also two Theeues with him, one on the right hand, and another on the left, and Iesus in the middle. But Iesus said, Father forgine them, for they know not what they doe. Afterward Iesus knowing that all things were finished, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, hee said, I thirst: And one of them running, tooke a sponge, and filled it with Vinegar, and put it on a Reede, and they gaue it him to drinke. When hee had receiued the Vinegar, hee said, It is finished. And crying with a loud voyce, he said, Father into thy hands I commend my spirit. And bowing his head, he gaue up the ghost. Then one of the hard-
harterd

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hated Souldiers with a Speare pierced his side, and forth-with there came out blood and water, for the redemption of our salvation: Iohn. 19.
 Christaline water, to wash away the staines of our sinnes, and pure blood, to nourish our soules.

Awake now my soule, rise out of the dust, stirre vp all thy faculties, and behold this memorable man in the Christall-Looking-glasse, of the Euangelicall word, as it were present before thee.

Consider (oh my soule) vvhoe he is, which commeth, hauing the Image of a King, and neuertheless is filled with the scornfull reproaches of a most base and contemptible seruant: Hee goeth with a Crowne, but that Crowne of his is his cruell torment, and woundeth his beautifull and blessed head with a thousand sharpe-pointed prickles.

Hee is cloathed with a royall

Dd

roabe

roabe of purple, but is rather flouted and despised, then honoured by it.

Hee beareth a Scepter in his hand, but his blessed head is cruelly smitten with it. They adore him, bending their knees to the ground, and with loud voyces call him King, but they doe disdainfully deride him, and proudly contemne him, with their counterfeited worship, for by and by they spet vpon his amiable face, buffet his louely cheekes with their mercilesse hands, and load his necke with their cruell blowes.

Behold (oh my soule) vvith what extreame cruelty, immeasurable impiety, and barbarous inhumanity, that most holy and sacred person is vexed, tormented, and despised of that irreligious people, who in all their odious actions, belched out the Gall of most bitter malice against him
with

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with their venemous mouthes:
and inflicted the most grievous
torture of their damnable mis-
chiefe vpon him, with their bloud-
thirstie hands. Hee seemeth to
faint, and his legges to faile him
vnder the burthen of his heauie
Crosse, which they had vnmerci-
fully without any compassion im-
posed vpon him, while he beareth
the burthen of thy shame, and is
pressed downe, with the weight
of thy ignominious reproaches.

Being brought to the place of
execution, they gaue him *Myrrhe*,
mingled with Gall to drinke, in
stead of a comfortable *Cordiall*,
hee is lifted vp on the Crosse, and
saith: *Father forgive them, because
they know not what they doe.* Luke
23.34.

SECTION. XVI.

WHat admirable spectacle of rare mildenesse, doth he afford to our eyes? with what couragious magnanimitie doth he animate our hearts? vvhich in all the horroure of his intollerable torments, and in the middest of his painefull Agonies, and most bitter afflictions, did not open his mouth to vtter forth so much as one word, either to complaine against them for their beastly crueltie, to speake in his owne defence, iustifying his innocencie, or to vse any bitternesse of commination, or malediction against those cursed Dogges, for all their monstrous and bruitish immanitie?

But lastly, hee powreth forth such sweet words of blessed Benediction, for the good of his deadly
and

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and diuellish foes, as were neuer heard since time had a beginning, or the world a foundation.

What may be conceiued, more milde then this blessed Martyr, and our louing Sauour, the true mirrour of vvonderfull meeke-nesse? Didst thou euer see, oh my loule, a more rare example of excellent bounty? Or was there euer presented before thine eyes a more liuely Image of exceeding benignity? And this may teach thee to beare thy Crosse vvith patience, and to follow the steps of Christ with constant perseuerance, to forgiue and pray for our bloody persecutors. For God will reiect our petitions, if they be sowed vvith the Leuen of maliciousnesse, and our sacrifices of thankes-giuing, can send vp no sweet smelling sa- uour into his nostrils, if we dare approach neere his holy Sanctu- aric vvith hearts affected vvith

D d 3 hate,

hate, or mindes infected with malice.

As yet, oh my soule, turne hither thine eyes, and more stedfastly behold him, how worthie hee appeareth of wonderfull admiration, and most tender compassion. Behold him naked, beaten, bruised, and mangled with stripes, nailed to the Crosse vvith iron nailes, most shamefully betweene two Theeves, hauing Vinegar giuen him to drinke without any compassion, in the extreame fits of his bitter Passion on the Crosse. Oh hard-hearted wretches, to giue such a sowre Potion, to so milde a Patient !

SECTION. XVII.

LOoke vpon him, my weeping soule, being vvounded after his death vvith a sharpe-pointed speare, thrust into his side, by the hand

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hand of a violent Souldier, *Iohn.*
 19.33. View him, powring out
 plentifull streames of blood, gush-
 ing out from the five wounds of
 his tender hands, feete, and side,
 pittifully vvounded, and cruelly
 pierced: so that in thy serious Me-
 ditation, thou mayst be touched
 to the quicke, with a patheticall
 compunction, and bathe his blee-
 ding wounds with the streaming
 teares of thy true and zealous re-
 pentance.

Weepe forth showers of teares,
 and melt thou also my soule with
 the fire of compassion, and sigh
 with hartie contrition, and make
 deepe wounds in thy selfe with a
 sharpe point of sorrowfull com-
 punction, when thou dost medi-
 tate of the bitter Passion of this
 louely and vvorthy person, whom
 thou seest afflicted vvith such ter-
 rible torments, and vvounded
 from the crowne of the head to

the sole of his feete, that with the plentifull streames of his most precious blood, he might wash away the multitude of thy sinnes. And now my perplexed soule, thou hast scene the sorrowes, distresses, weakenesse, and miserie of thy louing Sauour, as hee was the seede of the Woman, ordained to breake the head of the Serpent: who cloathed with the base garments of our fraile humanity, was subiect to all our infirmities, (the infection of our sinnes onely excepted) and seeing him languishing on the Crosse, tormented, flouted, scorned, and villainously handled by the barbarous multitude, thou hast had cause to groane, sigh, and sob, moued with a sensible pittie, and touched with a feeling and vvofull compassion.

SECTION.

SECTION. XVIII.

BVt now direct thine eyes from this lamentable miserie, and seriously contemplate the mighty power of his magnificent Maiestie, and then all thy senses vwill be amazed with sodaine feare, and thy selfe astonished with wonderfull admiration.

For what saith the Scripture? *Now from the sixt houre was there darknesse ouer all the land, untill the ninth. And the Sunne was darkened. And the vaile of the Temple was rent in twaine, from the top to the bottome, and the earth did quake, and the stones were clouen. And the granes did open themselves, and many bodies of the Saints, which slept, arose.* Matth. 27.

What manner of man is hee? what kinde of Person? Because Heauen and Earth hath such a

Sympathie of his Passion: The Sunne mourning vvith his darke-
nesse, for his wofull miserie, and
denying the light of his beames to
the cruell tormentors, at the
execution of their bloodie Ty-
rannie.

How powerfull? how potent?
how auailable vvvas his death?
which opened the Graues, raised
and reuiued the dead. conquering
Sunne, death, hell, and the diuell?
Oh worke of more then admira-
ble wonder! Oh honourable con-
quest and glorious victorie! For
in the thickest clouds of his dark-
est miserie, there appeared cleere
beames of his brightest Maie-
stie.

Christ per-
fect God,
and perfect
man,

Know my soule, know thou my
soule, this is the Lord our God,
Iesus Christ thy Sauour, the one-
ly begotten Sonne of God, true
God. true man, who alone vnder
the Sunne vvvas found pure from
the

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the spotted of sinne, and onely cleare from the stainses of iniquitie, among the Sonnes of men. And behold how hee is sorted in the damnable ranke of the wicked, excluded like a loathsome Leaper from the fruition of common societie, reputed as an abiect, and one of the worst among the basest people; cast out from the wombe of the vnhappy Synagogue his Mother, like an abortive, projected out of the wombe of a woman. How is hee that was so beautifull aboue the Sonnes of men, become so deformed and vncomely to the eyes of them that behold him? How are the Ornaments of his amiable feature diminished? How is his royall dignity disgraced? How is he become a subject of nothing else but of sorrow & calamity, and a wofull object of lamentation and pittie? He is wounded for our iniquities, he is
bruised

bruised for our vicked offences, and is made an acceptable Sacrifice of a most sweet smelling sa- uour in thy sight, oh God of eter- nall glory; that thou mightest a- uert thy indignation from vs, and reuerse the sentence of thy heauie displeasure gone out against vs, and make vs Co-heires with him for euer, in his heavenly habita- tion.

Looke downe, oh Lord, holy Father, from thy holy Sanctuarie, and from the high Throne of thy infinite Maiestie, and behold this holy Sacrifice, vvhich our great high Priest doth offer vnto thee, thy holy Childe, the Lord Iesus, for the sinnes of his brethren, and let thy wrath be appeased, which our iniquities haue most iustly procured against vs, remouing farre out of thy sight, the mul- titude of our innumerable trans- gressions.

And

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And let his innocent death pay
the full summe of our heauy debt.
Behold the voice of the bloud of
our Iesus, doth cry vnto thee from
the Crosse, begging mercy at thy
hands for our many misdeeds,
pardon for all our haynous sins,
and speaking better things then
the bloud of *Abell*. What meaneth
this, Oh Lord? Doth he still hang
naked and nailed on the Crosse?
Are his veines newly lanced, will
his bleeding wounds neuer bee
stanch'd? Shall his side remaine
euermore pierced, and his skinne
alwayes dyed with bloud? Did not
his Disciples behold him with
their eyes, ascending aboue the
Cloudes, really and royally, into
the Mansion of eternal glory, and
now hath he not his residence in
Heauen, sitting at the right hand
of thy Omnipotent Maiestie, lea-
ding Captiuitie Captiue, and gi-
uing gifts vnto men? Wee know
oh

All times
are present
with God.

oh Lord, and are certainly assured, that our blessed Saviour ruleth and raigneth with thee in euerlasting glory, and yet hee remaineth fixed on the Crosse, his wounds still streaming out precious blood, to wash away our sinfull blots, because his painefull passion, with thee is euermore in action, and things long past are alwayes present before thee.

And we daily see him crucified, paying the price of our Redemption, in our spirituall contemplation & diuine Meditations. Know thou, oh heauenly and louing Father, the Coat of thy true Son *Ioseph*. Alas, a most cruell Beast deuoured him, and hath trodden his Garment vnder feet in his fury, and hath stained all the beauty, and disgraced all the glory of it, with spots of gore-blood.

Behold, that rauenous beast hath left five pittifull rents in it. This,
oh

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oh Lord, is the Garment which thy innocent Childe left in the hand of the *Egyptian* Harlot, chusing rather to loose his Cloake, then to forgo the precious Lewel of his vnspotted Chastity, by polluting his vndefiled body with filthy adultery, chusing rather being spoiled of garment of the flesh, to descend into the prilon of death, then to obey that adulterous voice, by which it was very well said, *All these things I will give thee, if thou wilt fall downe & worship me, Mat. 4. 9.* As Ioseph did willingly forgo his cloake when he was allured to haue committed folly with his adulterous Mistris. And now omnipotent Lord, and gracious Father, we know that thy Son liueth & raigneth ouer all the land of *Egypt*, & in euery place of thy vniuersall Monarchy, for he is brought out of the prilon of death & hell, into thy glorious Kingdom, crowned with the Imperial crown
of

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of eternall immortalitie, and ha-
 uing changed his Garment of the
 flesh, immortalitie flourisheth for
 euer, being receiued of thee with
 exceeding glory. For hee hath
 subdued and conquered the king-
 dome of *Pharo*, and with his owne
 noble valour, with an honoura-
 ble triumph hath entred the hea-
 uens. And behold, he being crow-
 ned with glory and honour, sit-
 teth at the right hand of thy Ma-
 iestie, who being our Aduocate,
 maketh continuall intercession
 for vs, that we being the children
 of wrath, and disobedience by
 Nature, may bee reconciled vnto
 thee for euer, by the exceeding
 riches of thy grace: For hee is
 flesh, & he is our brother. Looke,
 oh Lord, vpon the amiable face
 of thy sweet Christ, which became
 obedient vnto thee, euen vnto
 death, that thou being well plea-
 sed in beholding him, mayest send
 downe

downe the comfortable dewe of thy mercy vpon vs: neither let his scarres depart for euer out of thy sight, that thou mayest remember what a great satisfaction thou hast receiued of him for our sinnes. I wish it might please thee to balance the sinnes, wherewith vvee haue deserued thy wrath and indignation, together with the calamitie and sorrow, which thy innocent Sonne hath suffered for vs. Certainly the waight of his heauy miserie, vvill more then counterpoysse the waight of all our iniquities, and it hath rather deserued, that thou shouldest raine downe the sweet shewers of thy mercy vpon vs, then that our sinnes haue demerited to kindle the fire of thy deuouring vvraath against vs, that wee should vtterly be depriued of thy wonted clemency, which should flake the fury of thine incensed ire, and put
out

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out the flame of thy burning indignation.

But; oh gracious and mercifull Father, let euery tongue proclaime immortall thanks vnto thee, and sound forth aloud thine eternall praises; for the exceeding largenesse of thine immeasurable bounty, vvhich hast not spared thine onely Sonne, which was as decre, and neere as thine owne heart vnto thee, but hast deliuered him vp vnto death for vs all, that we might haue him as a faithfull Aduocate, and louing Mediatour before thee in Heauen.

And to thee, oh Lord Iesus, a most couragious and constant Louer, and my gracious Redeemer, what thanks be they neuer so many, can I returne, or what praises, be they neuer so great, may I vtter, which might counteruaile the least iot of thy vvorthy merit?
when

when as I am but a base creature, made of dust, and shaped out of the clay, whose breath is in my Nostrils, and I subiect euery moment to forgoe it, (although I commonly forget it) and to returne againe into the wombe of the Earth, from whence I vvas taken.

SECTION. XIX.

FOR what, oh sweet Sauour shouldest thou haue done, which thou hast not vvillingly done, to finish the great worke of my saluation? Thou hast diued and cast thy selfe over head and cares into the troublesome Ocean of thy stormy Passions, that thou mightest draw mee wholly out aliue, from those perillous Waters, when the waues haue entered euen into thy Soule? For thou
diddest

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diddest willingly subiect thy selfe to the paines of Death, that thou mightest restore my soule vnto mee, which I had so wilfully lost, *Luke 1.71.*

And now behold, I am obliged vnto thee by a double debt, because thou hast twise giuen mee my soule, once by Creation, and once by Redemption: what haue I, that I may more iustly giue thee then my soule? But for thy precious soule, vexed, perplexed, and troubled vvith so many, and such heauy tribulations, I finde not what recompence man can bee able to render vnto thee, in any sort to gratifie the worthinesse of thy desert. For if I should be able to giue thee Heauen and Earth, and all their beautifull furniture, and the glorious ornaments of them, I could in no wise attaine the measure, or discharge the infinite sum of such an euerlasting debt:
But

But that I may render both that which I owe, and also that which is possible for mee, is a matter wholly belonging to thy liberall bountie, and must onely flowe from the sweet fountaine of thy beneficiall goodnesse.

Thou art to be loued, oh Lord, with all my heart, vvith all my strength, I must tread in thy path, and follow thy steps, vvich hast endured all the extremities of thy bitter Passions, with exceeding patience, and being Lord of life, hast of thine owne accord, vouchsafed to yeeld thy selfe vnto death, to redeeme mee, and all faithfull repentant sinners, to the ioyes of eternall life. And how shall that thing bee effected and wrought to mee, but onely and wholly by thee, through thy mightie power, which is able to worke all things in Heauen aboue, and in the Earth beneath?

Let

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Let my Soule cleaue vnto thee
 let it be vnited vnto thee, with the
 bond of euerlasting *love*, because
 all the vertue and faculties of it
 depend onely vpon thee, and be-
 cause it must needs sinke into a
 bottomlesse pit of endles misery,
 if it bee but a moment debarred
 from thy louing mercy.

And now, oh Lord, my graci-
 ous *Redeemer*, I worship thee as
 true God, I trust in thee, I hope in
 thee, I couet & long to approach
 so neere vnto thee, as the feeble
 wings of my mounting desires
 will carry me; Let thy strong hand
 support my weakenesse: Let the
 rich treasure of thy mercy supply
 the wants of mine infirmity. Let
 the greatnesse of thine vnsearch-
 able goodnesse neuer depart out
 of my remembrance. Let a me-
 moriall of thy bitter passion, by
 which thou hast wrought mine
 euerlasting Saluation, be perfectly
 written

written vwithin the palmes of my hands, so that mine eyes may still be viewing it: and let it be deeply ingrauen in my heart, that mine inward thoughts and cogitations may euermore be meditating and musing vpon it.

Let thy Crowne of Thornes, thy redde bloody nailes, thy pierced side, thy grievous vvounds, thy precious bloud, thy death and buriall, bee euermore presented before the eyes of mine vnderstanding, that I may vva-ter my Couch, and make my bedde to swimme vvith teares of true sorrowfull repentance, that I may duely and truely bewaile the multitude of my haynous sinnes, vvich haue beene like so many Iron-nayles, to enter through thy harmeless hands and innocent feete, and like so many sharpe Speares, to pierce thy blessed side, to make thy wounded heart

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heart send forth plentifull streams
of thy deere and precious blood.

Lastly, let the fresh remembrance of thy most glorious and victorious Resurrection, and the blessed memory of thy triumphant Ascension, comfort the fainting Spirits of my drooping soule, & with a sweet taste of ioy, mittigate the sorrowes of my perplexed minde. For in all these, the sweet odour of life doth ascend vp into my nostrils. Raise thou, (oh Lord) my spirit, with their reuiuing odour, from the death of sinne, and out of the Graue of perpetuall darkenesse.

Touch my heart, oh Christ, that I may touch thee: yea, although it bee but the hemme of thy Garment, that Vertue may come out of thee, *Matth. 14. 32.* *Marke 6. 56.* Which may keepe me from the snares of Sathan, and comfort me in the houre of tribulation,

lation, so that the yoke of thy commaundements may be made easie vnto mee, and the burthen of the Crosse, which thou commandest mee to carry after thee may be light to my soule.

What am I a silly worme? What is my strength? What are mine vnited forces, to sustaine so heauy a burthen of worldly miseries, with such an invincible minde, and peaceable patience as thou hast commaunded? How can I saile in this troublesome Ocean, but I must needs runne against the rockes of wofull Desperation, vnlesse thou be my Pilot, and guide my sterne?

It is fond to put any confidence in men; It is vaine to put any trust in Princes. For although thou hast called them Gods, to teach them how high thou hast exalted them, (and they indeed are truly honorable, that remember thee to bee

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the author of their exaltion) yet by and by thou hast giuen them a cooling Carde, to quail and qualifie their haughtie pride, telling them plainely; that for all that, they shall die like men, and returne, and be turned into dust, as vvell as the meanest of the people.

SECTION. XX.

AR E my feet (oh Christ) like vnto the feet of a swift Hart, that I should bee able to follow thee, so swift a runner, through the thornes and pricking Bushes of thy painefull Passion? Doe I not walke vpon the *Water*, alwayes ready to sinckewith fearefull *Peter*, vnlesse thou put forth thy powerfull hand to succour me? *Mat. 14. 29. 31.* But heare my voyce (oh thou *Sonne of David*)
my

my mercifull Sauour, infuse the precious Quintessence of thy celestiall Graces into my bosome, and then lay thy sweet Crosse vpon thy seruant, which is the Tree of Life, to them which apprehend it, then (as I hope) I shall runne forward cheerfully, and I shall carry that Crosse after thee with great willingnes, which thy cruell enemies did maliciously impose vpon thee.

Lay that most hard Crosse (I say) vpon my shoulders, vvhose breadth is Chastity, whose length is Eternity, whose height is Omnipotency, whose depth is vnsearchable Wisedome. Naile my hands and my feet vnto it, and make thy seruant, oh LORD, in all things conformable to thy Passion.

Graunt mee (oh Lord) to abstaine from the works of the flesh, which thou hatest, and to doe righteousness, which thou louest,

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and in both to seeke thy glory. Naile my left hand with the naile of Temperancie, and my right hand with the naile of Iustice, vpon that high Crosse.

Graunt my minde continually to meditate on thy holy Law, and to cast all my cogitations vpon thee; and fasten my right foot to the same tree of life, with the naile of wisdome. Graunt that the vnhappy happinesse of this life, sliding away euery moment, may not allure mee like an enticing Harlot, to yeeld to the wanton inducements of carnall sensuality, and to weaken his vigour, by the intemperate abuses of vnlawfull pleasures. Neither let pynning cares, pensiue thoughts, and suddaine vnhappy chances trouble the peace of it, or procure any turbulent motions: but let my Spirit, as well in the Sunnesheine dayes of calme prosperitie, as in the

the blustering weather of stormy aduersitie, bee fastened to thy Crosse with the nailes of prudent moderation, and Christian fortitude, that neither in prosperitie I may soare too high, with the wings of aspiring pride, nor in the aduersitie bee depressed too lowe, with the weight of dispairefull care: But that there may appeare some similitude of the pricking thornes, which pearcing the vaines of thy head, made a passage for thy precious bloud, to runne downe to the skirts of thy cloathing; graunt I pray thee, that my minde may bee so deeply wounded, with the forcible compunction of healthful repentance, that mine eyes may shewre downe plenty of teares, to wash away the spots of my defiled Conscience: So mollifie the hardenesse of my heart, that it may bee pliable to receiue the impression of

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tender pittie, so that it may still haue a feeling compassion of other mens miserie.

Let an earnest zeale, to emulate and imitate that which is righteous before thee, so pricke forward my minde, that I may alwayes place thy perfect Law before mine eyes, and walke in the way of thy Commaundements; and that in the extreamest fits of my greatest sorrow, I may turne vnto thee for my consolation and comfort, and that dispayring of my owne merit, I may bee relieued by thy Mercy.

I am well pleased, that thou put a Sponge by a Reede to my mouth, and that thou giue sowre Vineger to my taste. It liketh me, that thou shouldest teach my reason by thy holy Word, that the glorious pride of the World, is nothing else but an emptie Sponge, which appeareth more in shew then

then it is in substance, and that the sweetest taste of it, is more sowre then vinegar, which exceedeth in sharpenesse, and all the concupiscence of it, more bitter then gall or worme-wood.

Euen so, oh heavenly Father, let the cup of *Babylon* be bitter vnto me, let not the pleasant colour of the wine allure me to taste of that poysoned liquor, neither let the deceitful sweetnes of it ouercome my vnderstanding, nor drowne my reason, as it hath done theirs, which thinke darknes to be light, and light to be darkenes, bitter to be sweet, & sweet to be bitter. I dare not drinke of the wine tempered with Mirrhe, and mixed with gall, because thou wouldest not drinke of it, *Mark. 15. 23.* For thereby appeared the bitternesse of the enuy and malice which thy furious Foes did beare against thee, who would afforde thee no humane

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pitty in thy greatest extremitie, no
 not so much as to giue thee a cup
 of sweet water. Fashion thy ser-
 uant, oh Lord, like vnto thy quick-
 ning death, that according to the
 flesh I may die daily, crucifying
 my carnall lusts, alwayes loathing
 the thing that is euill, and that ac-
 cording to the Spirit, I may daily
 be reuiued, imbracing and louing
 the thing that is righteous and
 good. And that I may reioyce to
 carry in me the perfect Image of
 thee my Lord and crucified Savi-
 our, expresse also a similitude of
 that in mee, which the vnsociable
 crueltie of the euill ones acted a-
 gainst thee, after thy cursed and
 yet most blessed death: Let thy
 liuely and powerfull Word pierce
 into my side, and wound my hart:
 For thy word, oh Lord, will sooner
 enter then a double-edged sword,
 and penetrate deeper then the shar-
 pest speare, euen to the diuision of
 my

my soule, and the marrow inclosed in my bones, that in steed of blood and water, there may issue forth continuall streames of loue, towards thee and thy brethren. So that as thou hast not spared to shed thy heart blood for me, I may alwayes be willing to expresse my gratuitie towards thee.

Lastly, wrap my Spirit in the pure linnen cloth of thy righteous garment, in which I may safely rest, comming out, and going into the place of thy holy Tabernacle, and wherewith thou mayest hide mee vntill thine anger be appeased, and thy heavy displeasure remoued. But the third day, after the day of labour and punishment, earely in the dawning of the Sabbath day, raise mee euerlastingly amongst thy children, that in my flesh I may see thy brightnes, and be filled with the ioy of thy countenance.

SECTION. XXI.

OH my Sauour and my God,
 let the time come I pray
 thee, let that blessed time come,
 wherein I may see that with my
 inward eyes, which now I belecue
 by faith, which now I enioy by
 hope, and apprehend a farre off.

And that I may embrace that
 with mine armes, and kisse that
 with my ioyfull lips, which I now
 long to haue, with such thirstie
 desires, as will neuer be satisfied,
 vntill they be wholly possessed of
 it, and that I be swallowed vp in
 the deepe Sea of thine infinite
 goodnesse, oh my Sauour and
 my God. But praise thou, oh my
 Soule, my God my Sauour, and
 magnifie his Name. For it is holy,
 replenished with store of most ho-
 ly delights, whose quantitie is stin-
 ted with no measure, nor qualitie
 subiect to any mutability.

Oh

Oh how good, how sweet art thou, Lord Iesus, to the soule that seeketh thee? Oh Iesus, the Redeemer of those which were lost, the Sauour of those which are redeemed, the hope of the banished, the strength of those that are troubled, the libertie of a Spirit afflicted with bondage, the comfortable solace, and sweet refreshing of a sorrowfull Soule, which sheddeth teares, and sendeth forth sweat, while it runneth after thee; the Crowne of the Triumphing, the onely reward and ioy of all celestiall Citizens, the most plentifull Fountaine of all Graces, the glorious Sonne of the highest God, and also the highest God; *Roman. 3. 25. Matth. 9. 12. Zach. 13. 1. Psal. 16. 5. Iohn 10. 7. 9.* Let all things praise thee, which are in Heauen aboue, and which are in Earth beneath. Thou art great, and thy name is wonderfull.

Oh

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Oh exceeding glory of the high God, and most pure brightnesse of eternall light; oh life quickening euery life; oh light illuminating euery light, and preserving them in eternall brightnesse. A thousand thousands of glistering lights are before the Throne of thy Diuinity for euer.

Oh eternall and vnaccessible substance, the most cleere & sweet streame of a Fountaine hidden from the eyes of all mortall Creatures . whose water is without beginning, profunditie without any bottome, depth without any end, amplitude vnsearchable, purity vncorruptible. The heart of the highest God hath sent thee out from his bottomlesse deepenesse; life hath sent forth life, light hath sent forth light, the Eternall hath sent forth the Eternall, the incomprehensible hath sent forth the incomprehensible, and coequall
to

to himselfe in all things; all of
vs receiue from thy fulnesse.
For thou a most plentifull Foun-
taine; doest send out from thy
Treasures, a precious Riuer of
euery good thing of thy seauen-
folde Graces; vvith vvhole plea-
sant sweetnesse thou dost vouch-
safe to sweeten the saltnesse of
the salt Sea of our infirmities. A
riuer of the oyle of gladnesse, a
riuer of pure Wine, a riuer of
fierie courage. The holy spirit,
the comforter, is poured forth
from thee and the Father into
the World, equall to both, fil-
ling all things, contayning all
things, the Spirit proceeding from
thee, proceeding from the Father;
one Spirit proceeding from both,
vniting both; to wit, the vnsepa-
rable connexion; the glewe of
perfect Vnion; the Cymment that
can neuer be dissolued; the euerla-
sting knot of eternall coniunction
of

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of both ; and peace passing all vnderstanding.

This is the flood, oh Lord, of abounding and exceeding pleasure, wherewith thou doest water continually that pleasant, and glorious Citie *Ierusalem*, which is aboue, so that the furrowes thereof are filled with the streames of eternall delight: Where the bright and glistering Organs sound out sweet songs of continuall reioicing, whose melody exceedeth in sweetnesse, neuer ceaseth, but hath an euerlasting continuance. With the sweet drops of this pleasant riuer, the thirsty iawes of thy banished people, oh Lord, doe waite continually to bee refreshed by thee. Suffer, oh Lord, the whelpes to drinke vp the droppes that fall from the Table of their Masters.

Let the Heauens send downe from aboue, the comfortable deaw, and let the clouds poure forth

forth a gracious rayne, oh Lord,
of that righteous Spirit, vvhich
thou diddest cause to streame
downe vpon the famous first
fruits of thy people; an euident de-
monstration of our future try-
umphing.

With the heauenly distillation
of those fierie drops, we pray thee,
oh Lord, that thou wilt vouchsafe
to purge, renew, illuminate, en-
flame, to make ioyfull, confirme
and vnite the harts of them which
belecue in thee, that they may be
one, saour one thing, require, and
apprehend one thing; with one
minde, that they may see and laud
thee the G O D of Gods in Sion.
Glory, thank-giuing, honour, and
dominion be ascribed to the inse-
parable Trinitie, now and for euer,
A M E N.

*Damona non armis, sed morte
subegit Iesus.*

The



The Authors deprecation,
or Petition, for
himselfe.

DEliuer mee from mine
enemies, oh my God,
and from them which
hate mee; because of
their multitude I dread them, and
because of their might I am too
weake to encounter them. And I,
which euen vntill this day haue
liued against my selfe, vwill euen
now begin, through thy grace, to
liue to my selfe.

For we ought to liue so here in
this World, that when the body
shall be deuoured of the Wormes
in the graue, the soule may re-
ioyce

ioyce with the Saints in Heauen. We ought
The Spirit is to bee directed to- to seeke
wards that place to which it shall after the
goe, and wee ought to make hast heauenly
thither, where wee may alwaies Ierusalem.
liue, and neuer stand any more in
feare of our loue.

If we so deerely loue and high-
ly esteeme this sliding, fickle, and
fraile life, in which wee liue vvith
toyle & labour, and yet by eating,
drinking, and sleeping, can scant
satisfie the necessities of the flesh,
and supply her daily wants, wee
ought farre dearer to esteeme and
feruently to desire, to attaine to
eternall life in the Hauen of rest,
where we shall sustaine no labour,
where is alwaies the chiefest plea-
sure, greatest happinesse, happy li-
berty, and endlesse blessednesse;
where men shall be like vnto the
Angels of God, and the righteous
shine like the Sunne in the King-
dome of their Father. How won-
derfully

derfully and gloriously doest thou thinke, that the soules of the iust shall excell in brightnesse, when as the light of their bodies shall equall the splendour of the Sunne, when as his golden beames doe shine clearest?

There shall be no sadnesse, no pensiuenesse, no paine, no feare: there shall be no labour, no death: but perpetuall health dwelleth there, and abideth for euer: there breedeth no spitefull malice, no miserie of the flesh, no dolefull calamitie. There is no grieuous sickness, no pinching want, no carefull necessitie. There is no hunger, no thirst, no colde, no heate, no wearisomnesse of Fasting, no temptation of the enemy: neither is there any will to sinne, nor facultie to offend, but ioy and gladnesse ouer-spreadeth all, reioycing and exultation possesseth all. Men there also associated
with

with the Angels, and freed from all fleshly infirmitie, shall remaine and continue for euer. There shall be infinite pleasure, euerlasting blessednesse, in which who-soeuer shall once be happily inuested, hee shall surely and securely liue, possessed with it for euer. There shall be quiet rest, from our toying and tiring labours, perpetuall peace vvithout any dreadfull feare of our enemies, delightfull pleasantnesse, proceeding from flourishing and continuall newnesse: securitie arising from Eternitie: delectablenesse and sweetnesse, flowing from the glorious vision of GOD, our omnipotent Creatour. And who doth not hourelly long, and daily desire, to dwell and remaine in this heauenly *Paradise*, and celestiall *Pallace*, of true and euerlasting pleasure, both in regard of that perpetuall peace, delight.

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delightfull pleasantnesse, neuer-decaying eternity? and also in respect of the glorious Vision and sight of God; who shall replenish vs with infinite ioy and immeasurable gladnesse. No man shall be there a Pilgrime and Stranger, but whosoever shall be admitted, as vvorthy to come and enter into this celestiall City, they shall dwell there for euer in their owne Country, secure from all feare of any dreadfull danger, alwayes ioyfull, alwayes satisfied with the most delightfull sight of GOD their Creator.

And by how much the greater obedience any one shall performe towards God heere; by so much the more bountifull reward hee shall receiue of him there: and by how much the more entierly and deerely he shall long after God, by so much the neerer hee shall approach vnto him, and see him,
whom

vvhom so exceedingly hee cou-
teth to view , and desireth to be-
hold. To this Kingdome
bring mee oh God, by
the merits of thy
Sonne Christ
I E S V S.

FINIS.

